



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

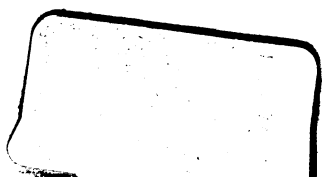
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



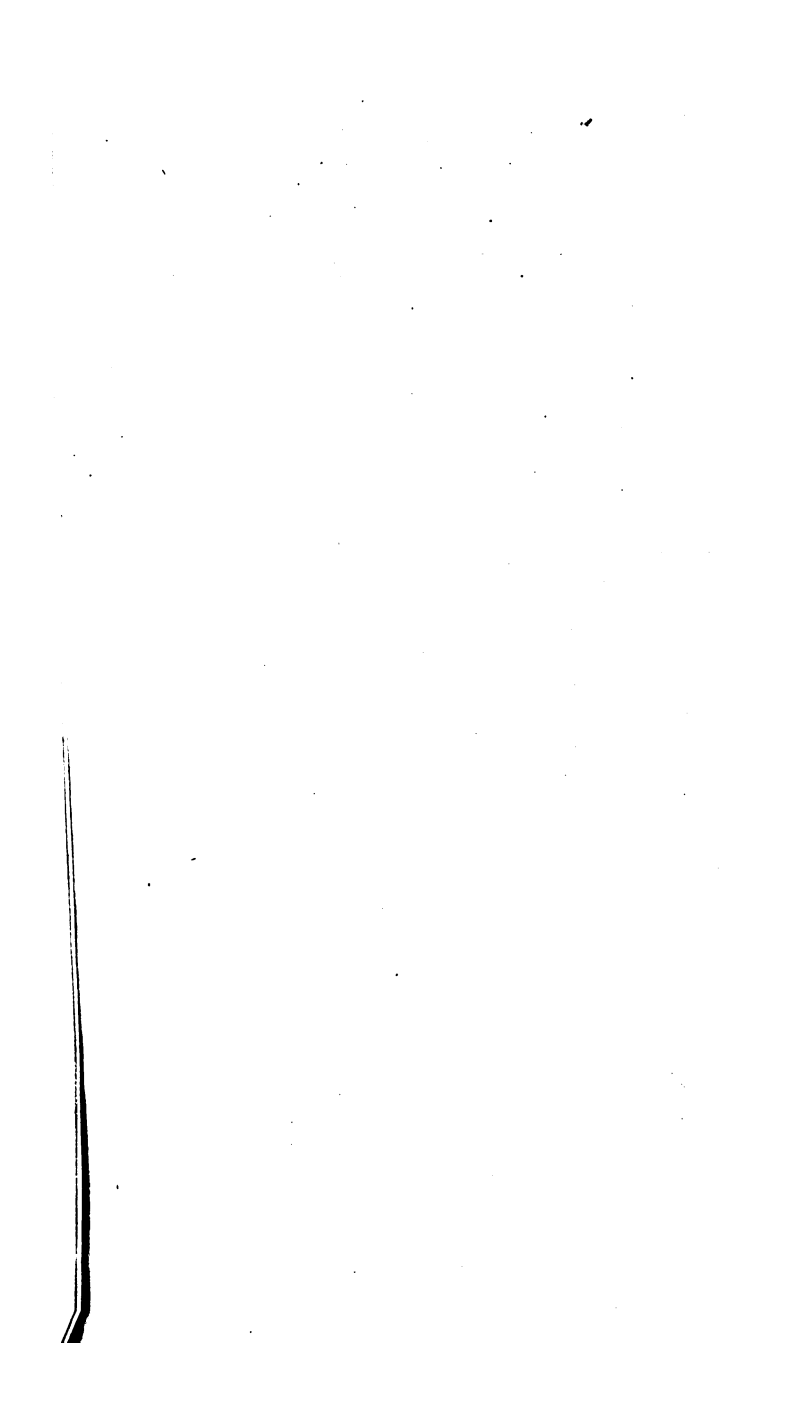
3 3433 07492281 0



NDM

Pinker







Bd together

NDM

10/10/10

John

Pringle

see p. 18

[Pinkerton, John]

S E L E C T
SCOTISH BALLADS.

VOLUME I.

P. 28.



L O N D O N,
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS.

MDCCLXXXIII.

1783.

M. Smv

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

2810411

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

52 1045 L

H A R D Y K N U T E,

AN HEROIC BALLAD,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED COMPLETE;

WITH THE OTHER MORE APPROVED

SCOTISH BALLADS,

AND SOME NOT HITHERTO MADE PUBLIC,

IN THE TRAGIC STYLE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

TWO DISSERTATIONS,

I. ON THE ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY.

II. ON THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

JAMQUE SACRUM TENERE VATEM VENERETUR AB ANNIS.

Welby 30 June, 1944

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

284641B

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1844

L

(vii)

T O

H I S G R A C E

T H E

Duke of BUCCLEUGH.

MY LORD,

IT is with much pleasure I embrace this opportunity of testifying my sincere respect for YOUR GRACE's exalted character, as the friend and as the ornament of your country, by addressing these volumes to a name so much revered and beloved by the nation

a 4

whose

whose poetry they are intended to preserve and to illustrate.

The chief compositions in this volume, MY LORD, will be found to breathe the living spirit of the Scottish people, a race of men who have left monuments of their martial glory in every country. YOUR GRACE, it is hoped, will with pleasure here recognise the noble ardour your example lately tended to revive, by raising and commanding in person a military force in defence of your country, at a period when her natives had not discernment to perceive, nor spirit to assume, the privileges of British subjects.

The second volume, MY LORD, contains chiefly pieces descriptive of rural merriment, and of love and domestic happiness. Even these, it is humbly believed, YOUR GRACE will not disdain; for it is well known that the felicity of the poor in general, and of your numerous tenants and dependants in particular,

particular, is regarded by YOUR GRACE as essential to your own. In reward, YOUR GRACE enjoys a domestic felicity now seldom or never known to the great, who are generally obliged to exchange the free enjoyment of true pleasure for the gaudy slavery of ostentation.

At a period when many of the British nobility are wasting their patrimonial estates in profligate dissipation; men trained to arms in defence of their rights and liberties, villages beautified and rendered salubrious, and their inhabitants rendered happy, have been the monuments of expence of the DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

The silent gratitude of the poor will ever speak YOUR GRACE's praises with an expression unknown to the most exalted elocution; and it were surely absurd for any writer to enlarge on what is the common subject
of

of conversation, and known to all; I shall not therefore any longer intrude on **YOUR GRACE's** patience.

That **SCOTLAND** may long consider **YOUR GRACE** as one of the best guardians of her liberty, and the living assertor of her ancient spirit, is the earnest wish of,

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE's

Most obedient Servant,

JOHN PINKERTON.

C O N T E N T S.

DISSERTATION I.	Page xv
DISSERTATION II.	xxviii
1. <i>Hardyknute</i> , Part I.	i
Part II.	16
2. <i>Childe Maurice</i> .	34
3. <i>Adam o Gordon</i> .	41
4. <i>The Childe of Ellic</i> .	52
5. <i>Gilderoy</i> .	62
6. " <i>The Gyffies came to our good Lord's gate</i> .	67
7. <i>The Cruel Knight</i> .	69
8. <i>Young Waters</i> .	72
9. <i>Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter</i> .	75
10. <i>Flodden Field, or the Flowers of the Forest</i> .	78
11. <i>Edward</i> .	80
12. <i>Sir Patrick Spence</i> .	83
13. <i>Lady Botbwell's Lament</i> .	86
14. <i>Earl of Murray</i> .	88
14. <i>Sir James the Rose</i> .	90
	16. <i>Laird</i>

16. <i>Laird of Woodhouselee.</i>	94
17. <i>Lord Livingston.</i>	98
18. <i>Binnorie.</i>	102
19. <i>Death of Menzies.</i>	105
20. <i>Lord Airth's Complaint.</i>	107
21. <i>"I wish I were where Hark bys."</i>	109
<i>Fragments.</i>	111
<i>Notes.</i>	115
<i>Glossary.</i>	156

DISSERTATIONS
ON THE
ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY,
AND ON
THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

DISSERTATION I.

ON THE ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY.

IT has long been a subject of regret, that the inventors of the fine Arts have by oblivion been deprived of the reputation due to their memory. Of the many realms which lay claim to their birth, Egypt seems to possess the preference. Yet, like the Nile, which animates that country, while they have diffused pleasure and utility over kingdoms, their origin remains hid in the most profound obscurity.

That poetry holds a distinguished superiority over all these sciences is allowed; yet the first practiser of this enchanting art has lost the renown it was designed to confer. We must either allow the contested claim of the Osiris of the Egyptians, and Apollo of the Greeks, or be content to withhold from any, the fame which indeed seems due to as many inventors as there are distinct nations in the world. For poetry appears not to

require the labour of disquisition, or aid of chance, to invent; but is rather the original language of men in an infant state of society in all countries. It is the effusion of fancy actuated by the passions: and that these are always strongest when uncontrouled by custom, and the manners which in an advanced community are termed polite, is evident. But the peculiar advantages, which a certain situation of extrinsic objects confers on this art, have already been so well illustrated by eminent critics *, that it is unnecessary here to remember them. I have besides noted a few such as immediately concern the compositions now under view in the subsequent Dissertation; and only propose here to give a brief account of the utility of the Oral Tradition of Poetry, in that barbarous state of society which necessarily precedes the invention of letters; and of the circumstances that conspired to render it easy and safe.

Among the Egyptians, probably the most ancient authors of the elegant, as well as useful sciences, we find that verses were originally used solely to preserve the laws of their princes, and sayings of their wise men from oblivion †. These were sometimes inscribed in their temples in their hieroglyphic character, but more

* Particularly Dr. Blackwell, in his Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer; and Dr. Blair, in his elegant Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian.

† Herodot. Diodor. Sicul. &c.

frequently only committed to the memory of the expounders of their Law, or disciples of their sages. Pythagoras, who was initiated in their secret science, conveyed in like manner his dictates to his disciples, as appears from the moral verses which pass under his name at this day. And though the authenticity of these may be questioned, yet that he followed this mode of bequeathing his knowledge to his followers, is proved from the consent of all antiquity *. Nay, before him, Thales composed in like manner his System of Natural Philosophy. And even so late as the time of Aristotle, the Laws of the Agathyrsi, a nation in Sarmatia, were all delivered in verse. Not to mention the known laws of the Twelve Tables, which, from the fragments still remaining of them, appear to have consisted of short rhythmic sentences.

From laws and religion poetry made an easy progress to the celebration of the Gods and Heroes, who were their founders. Verses in their praise were sung on solemn occasions by the composers, or bards themselves. We meet with many before Homer, who distinguished themselves by such productions. Fabricius † has enumerated near seventy whose names have reached our times. That immortal author had the advantage of

* Jamblichus de vita Pythag. *passim*; and particularly *lib. I. cap. 15. and 25.*

† In Bibliotheca Græca, *tom. I.*

hearing their poems repeated; and was certainly indebted to his predecessors for many beauties which we admire as original. That he was himself an ΑΟΙΔΟΣ, or Minstrel, and sung his own verses to the lyre, is shown by the admirable author of the Enquiry into his Life and Writings *. Nor were his poems rescued from the uncertain fame of tradition, and committed to writing till some time after his death †.

Such was the utility of the poetic tradition among the more polished nations of antiquity: and with those they denominated Barbarians we find it no less practised ‡. The Persians had their Magi, who preserved, as would seem in this way, the remarkable events of former times, and in war went before the army singing the praises of their illustrious men, whom the extraordinary gratitude and admiration of their countrymen had exalted into Deities. If they gained the victory, the Song of Triumph recorded the deeds of those who had fallen, and by their praises animated the ambition of those who enjoyed the conquest to farther acts of valour. The latter custom

* Sect. VIII.

† Ælian. Var. Hist. lib. xiii. c. 14.

‡ The reader, who would desire more intelligence on this head, may consult a curious *Dissertation on the Monuments which supplied the Defect of Writing among the first Historians*, by the Abbé Anselm, in *Les Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, &c.

D I S S E R T A T I O N I. xi

was in use still more anciently among the Jews, as appears from the songs of Moses * and Deborah † preserved in Sacred Writ.

The Druids of Gaul and Britain afford a noted instance ‡. Such firm hold did their traditions take of the memory, that some of them are retained in the minds of their countrymen to this very day §. The

* Exod XV.

† Judges V.

‡ Et Hardi quidem fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus, cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantantur. *Ammian. Marcell. lib. xvi.*

§ Atque horum (Bardorum seu Druidarum) cantiones, aut ad similitudinem potius earundem fictæ etiamnum aliquæ extant *die Meißer Gesänge*, sed recentiores pleræque, nec vel quingentos annos excedentes. *Bessel. in notis ad Eginhart. Traject. 1711, p. 130.* Nonnulli eruditi viri observarunt veterem illam Gallorum consuetudinem (*scil. visci sacrum usum apud druidas*) etiam nunc multis Galliæ locis retineri, cum anni initio clamitant, *Au guy l'an neuf. i. e. Ad viscum; annus novus. Hotoman. ad Cæs. l. 6.* Druydes vero Heduoꝝum, qui tunc habitabant in quodam loco, hodiernis temporibus Mons druidum dictus, distans a nostra civitate Heduenſi per unum milliare ubi adhuc restant vestigia loci habitationis eorum, utebantur pro eorum armis anguib; in campo azureo; habebant etiam in parte superiore ramum visci quercinei (*ung rameaul de guyg de chasne*) et in parte inferiore unum cumulum parvorum anguium seu serpentium argenteorum quasi tunc nascentium, qui vulgo dicitur, *coubes de serpent d'argent. Gbasseneux Catalogi Gloriarum mundi, 1529, folio verso 26.*

Germans, as we learn from Tacitus, had no other mode of commemorating the transactions of past times than by verse. The brave actions of their ancestors were always sung as an incentive to their imitation before they entered into combat. The like we read of the ancient Goths *, those destroyers of all literature, who yet possessed greater skill in the fine arts than is commonly ascribed to them. From them this custom passed to their descendants the inhabitants of the Northern regions, many animated specimens of whose traditional poetry have been preserved to our times † and quoted by their modern historians as uncontrollable vouchers; as the Arabian historians refer for the truth of many events to the Spanish romances, saved in like manner by tradition for many ages, many of which are of very remote antiquity, and abound with the higher beauties of poetry ‡. Traditional verses are to this day a favourite amusement of the Mahometan nations; though, instead of recording the illustrious actions of their real heroes, they chaunt the fabled exploits of

* Jornand. See *Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*.

† See the Histories of Saxo Grammat. Jo. Magnus, Torfæus, &c. *passim*; and Dr. Percy's *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*.

‡ *Hist. de las guerras civiles de Granada*. A most beautiful imitation of their manner may be found among the Poems of Voiture. The Spanish word *Romanes* seems now applied to any short lyric tale on whatever subject. We find in Gongora, their most eminent poet, *Romances Amórosos, y Burlescos*.

Buhalul their Orlando*, or the yet more ridiculous ones of their Prophet †. From them it would appear that rime, that great help to the remembrance of traditional poetry, passed to the Troubadours of Provence; who from them seem also to have received the spirit and character of their effusions. Like them, they composed amorous verses with delicacy and nature; but when they attempted the sublimer walk of the Heroic Song, their imagination was often bewildered, and they wandered into the contiguous regions of the incredible and absurd ‡.

In proportion as Literature advanced in the world, Oral Tradition disappeared. The venerable British Bards were in time succeeded by the Welsh Beirdd §,

* Huet, Lettre à Monsieur Segrain, sur l'origine des Romans, p. LXVII. edit. d'Amst. 1715.

† Historiale description de l'Afrique, écrite de notre temps par Jean Leon, Africain, premièrement en langue Arabesque, puis en Toscane, et à présent mise en François—En Anvers, 1556, lib. III. p. 175.

A curious specimen of the Eastern religious poetry may be seen in Sir John Chardin's Voyage to Persia, vol. I.

‡ Huet, ubi supra, p. LXX. Ermengarde vicomtesse de Narbonne—L'accueil favorable qu'elle fit aux Poètes Provençaux, a fait croire qu'elle tenoit cour d'amour dans son Palais, mourut 1194. Almanach Historique de Languedoc, à Toulouse, 1752, p. 277. See Hist. Liter. des Troub. Paris, 1774. Translations of Provençal Sirventes, and an imitation of the Provençal Heroic Romanze, may be found in a volume lately published by Mr. Dilly, intituled, RIMES. Odes, Book II. Odes, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. 16.

§ History of Wales, by Caradoc of Lhancarvan, &c. 1792. p. 159

whose principal occupation seems to have been to preserve the genealogy of their patrons, or at times to amuse them with some fabulous story of their predecessors sung to the harp or crowd *, an instrument which Griffith ap Conan, King of Wales, is said to have brought from Ireland, about the beginning of the twelfth century.

In like manner, among the Caledonians, as an ingenious writer † acquaints us, “ Every chief in process of time had a bard in his family, and the office became hereditary. By the succession of these bards the poems concerning the ancestors of the family were handed down from generation to generation; they were repeated to the whole clan on solemn occasions, and always alluded to in the new compositions of the bards.” The successors of Ossian were at length employed chiefly in the mean office of preserving fabulous genealogies, and flattering the pride of their chieftains at the expence of truth, without

* This is the instrument meant in the following verses of Ven. Fortunatus, lib. vii.

Romanusque lyra plaudat tibi, barbarus harpa,
Græcus Achilliaca, Crotta Britannia canat.

See more of the Harp in War. Antiq. Hibern. esp. 22. And Mr. Evans, Dissert. de Bardis, p. 80.

† Mr. Macpherson, in his Dissertation on the Era of Ossian, p. 228. ed. 1773.

even

even fancy sufficient to render their inventions either pleasing or plausible. That order of men, I believe, is now altogether extinct; yet they have left a spirit of poetry in the country where they flourished *; and Ossian's harp still yields a dying sound among the wilds of Morven.

Having thus given a faint view of the progress of the Oral Tradition of Poetry to these times †, I proceed to shew what arts the ancient bards employed to make their verses take such hold of the memory of their countrymen, as to be transmitted safe and entire without the aid of writing for many ages. These may be considered as affecting the passions and the ear. Their mode of expression was simple and genuine. They of consequence touched the passions truly and effectively. And when the passions are engaged, we listen with avidity to the tale that so agreeably affects them; and remember it again with the most prompt facility. This may be observed in children, who will forget no circumstance of an interesting story, more especially if striking or dreadful to the fancy; when they cannot remember a short maxim which only occupies the judgement. The passions of men have been and will be the same through all ages. Poetry is the sovereign of the passions, and will reign while they

* See Martin's, and other Descriptions of the Western Isles, passim.

† For an account of the more modern minstrels see Dr. Percy's Dissertation, which is so complete that it leaves nothing to add.

exist. We may laugh at Sir Isaac Newton, as we have at Descartes; but we shall always admire a Homer, an Ossian, or a Shakspeare.

As the subjects of these genuine painters of nature deeply interested the heart, and by that means were so agreeable and affecting, that every hearer wished to remember them; so their mode of constructing their verse was such, that the remembrance was easy and expeditious. A few of their many arts to aid the memory I shall here enumerate.

I. Most of these Oral poems were set to music, as would appear, by the original authors themselves. That this was the custom so early as the days of Homer, may be seen in the excellent author formerly adduced*. How should we have been affected by hearing a composition of Homer or Ossian sung and played by these immortal masters themselves! With the poem the air seems to have passed from one age to another; but as no musical compositions of the Greeks exist, we are quite in the dark as to the nature of these. I suppose that Ossian's poetry is still recited to its original cadence and to appropriated tunes. We find, in an excellent modern writer †, that this mode of singing poetry to the harp was reckoned an accomplishment so late as among the Saxon Ecclesiastics. The ancient

* Enquiry, &c. Sect. VIII.

† Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry.

music was confessedly infinitely superior to ours in the command of the passions. Nay, the music of the most barbarous countries has had effects that not all the sublime pathos of Corelli, or animated strains of Handel, could produce. Have not the Welsh, Irish, and Scottish tunes, greater influence over the most informed mind at this day than the best Italian concerto? What Modern refined music could have the powers of the *Rance de Vaches* * of the Swiss, or the melancholy sound of the Indian Bansha †? Is not the war-music of the rudest inhabitants of the wilds of America or Scotland more terrible to the ear than that of the best band in the British army? Or, what is still more surprizing, will not the softer passions be more inflamed by a

* See Rousseau, Dict. de Musique, *sur cette article*. Though the Swiss are a brave nation, yet their dance, which corresponds to the *Rance des Vaches*, is, like their others, rather expressive of an effeminate spirit. ‘Les dances des Suisses consistent en un continuel trainement de Jambe, ces pas repondoient mal au courage ferme de cette nation. Coquillart en son Blazon des armes, et des dames.’

‘Les Escossoys font les repliques,
 ‘Pragois et Brétons bretonnans,
 ‘Les Suisses dancent leurs Moresques,
 ‘A tous leurs tabourins sonnans.’

Monf. L. D. Notes à Rabelais, Tom. IV. p. 164. 1725.

† See Grainger's Prose-poetic Account of the Culture of the Sugar-cane, Book IV.

Turkish

xxvi D I S S E R T A T I O N I.

Turkish air than by the most exquisite effort of a polite composer? as we learn from an elegant writer *, whom concurring circumstances rendered the best judge that could be imagined of that subject. The harmony therefore of the old traditional songs, possessing such influence over the passions, at the same time that it rendered every expression necessary to the ear, must have greatly recommended them to the remembrance.

II. Besides musical cadence, many arts were used in the versification to facilitate the rehearsal. Such were;

1. The frequent returns of the same sentences and descriptions expressed in the very same words. As for instance, the delivery of messages, the description of battles, &c. of which we meet with infinite examples in Homer, and some, if I mistake not, in Ossian. Good ones may be found in Hardyknute, Part I. v. 123, &c. compared with part II. v. 107, &c. and in Child Maurice, v. 31, with v. 67; and innumerable such in the ancient Traditional Poetry of all nations. These served as land marks, in the view of which the memory travelled secure over the intervening spaces. On this head falls likewise to be mentioned what we call The Burden, that is, the unvaried repetition of one or more lines fixing the tone of the poem throughout the whole. That this is very ancient among the barbaric nations, may be gathered from the known Song of Regner

* Letters of Lady M. W. Montague, XXXIII.

DISSERTATION I. xxvi

Lodbrog, to be found in Olaus Wormius *; every stanza of which begins with one and the same line. So many of our ballads, both ancient and modern, have this aid to the memory, that it is unnecessary to condescend on any in particular.

2. Alliteration was before the invention of rhyme greatly used, chiefly by the nations of Northern origin, to assist the remembrance of their traditional poetry. Most of the Runic methods of versification consisted in this practice. It was the only one among the Saxon poets, from whom it passed to the English and Scottish †. When rhyme became common, this which
was

* Regner Lodbrog, King of Denmark, flourished in the Ninth Century.

† See Hickes, *Ling. Vet. Sept. Thes.* c. 23. From the Saxons he observes, that the author of *Pierce Plowman* drew this practice, c. 21. This poem was written about 1350. There is a remarkable similarity in its style and manner with those very curious pieces of ancient Scottish poetry, styled The Prophecies of Thomas Rhymer, Marvellous Merling, Beid, Berlington, Waldhave, Eltraine, Bannister, and Sybilla, printed at Edinburgh in 1615, and reprinted from that edition, 1742, 8vo. It is very surprising that the respectable editor of *Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, 1568. Edin. 1770, seems to regard these as not more ancient than the time of Queen Mary. His reasons are only founded on the modern appearance of some particular passages. That they have been modernized and corrupted, I will readily allow;

xxviii D I S S E R T A T I O N I.

was before thought to constitute the sole difference between prose and verse, was still regarded as an accessory

allow; but that they are on the main nearly as ancient as Rymer's time, who died about the beginning of the 14th Century, I believe the learned must confess from intrinsic evidence, in such cases the surest of all. Not to mention that Sir David Lindsay, who wrote in the reign of James V. is an undoubted witness that they must be more ancient than this eminent Antiquary would infer. For in enumerating the methods he took to divert that prince while under his care in his infancy, after condescending on some risible circumstances, as

When thou wast young I bare thee in my arm
Full tenderly till thou began to gang;
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
With lute in hand than sweetly to thee sang,
Sometime in dancing fiercely I sang,
And sometimes playing fairies on the flure,
And sometimes of mine office taking cure.
And sometimes like a feind transfigure,
And sometimes like a greesy ghost of gay,
In divers forms oft times disfigure, &c.

He adds,

The Prophecies of *Rymer*, *Bede*, and *Merlin*,
And many other pleasant history
Of the red *Erin*, and *Gyre Carlin*,
Comforting thee when that I saw thee sory.

Epistle to the King, prefixed to his Dream.

They

DISSERTATION I. xxix

fary grace, and was carried to a ludicrous length by some poets of no mean rank in both nations. So late

They begin thus :

Merling says in his book, who will read right,
 Although his sayings be uncouth, they shall be true found,
 In the seventh chapter read who so will,
 One thousand and more after Christ's birth.
 Then the Chalnaler of Cornwall is called,
 And the wolf out of Wales is vanquished for aye,
 Then many ferlies shall fall, and many folk shall die.

This exordium is evidently retouched by a modern hand.—But very many of the passages seem to stand in their original form, as the following lines, which are all in the Saxon manner, will testify :

And derfly dung down without any doome—
 A proud prince in the preis lordly shall light,
 With bold Barons in bushment to battle shall wend.—
 There shall a galyart goat with a golden horn.—

And many similar. That prophecy which bears the name of Thomas Rymer is not destitute of poetic graces. It opens with the following lines :

Still on my ways as I went
 Out throuch a land beside a lee,
 I met a bairn upon the bent *,
 Methought him seemly for to see,

* *Modernized way, though against the rime.*

I asked

~~THE~~ DISSERTATION: I.

late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find the following lines in a court poet :

Princes puff'd; barons blustered; lords began lowr,
Knights storm'd; squires startled, like steeds in a stowr;
Pages and yeomen yelled out in the hall*.

And William Dunbar, the chief of the old Scottish poets, begins a copy of verses to the King thus,

Sanct Salvator send silver sorrow †.

I asked him wholly his intent;
Good Sir, if your will be,
Since that ye bide upon the bent,
Some uncouth tidings tell you me:
When shall all these wars be gone?
That leil men may live in lee;
Or when shall Falschude go from home,
And Lawtie blow his horn on hie?
I looked from me not a mile,
And saw twa knights upon a lee, &c.

Imagine, however, they are all the compositions of one hand; and, if I may use a conjecture, were written immediately after the visions of Pierce Plowman, every English poem of note in those days being soon succeeded by an imitation in Scotland.

* *King Ryence's Challenge*, in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Vol. III. p. 27.

† Bannatyne's *Scottish Poems*, p. 68.

DISSERTATION I. xmi

III; But the greatest assistance that could be found to the tradition of poetry was derived from the invention of rime; which is far more ancient than is commonly believed. One of the most learned men this age has produced *, has shown that it is common in Scripture. All the Psalms consist of riming verses, and many other passages which he names. They were used among the Greeks so early as the time of Gorgias the Sicilian, who taught the Athenians this practice. And though the spirit of the Greek and Latin languages did not always admit of them in poetry, yet they were used as occasional beauties by their most celebrated writers. Homer, Hesiod, and Virgil, have a few, though apparently more from chance than design. The ancient Saturnine verses were all rimes, as an old commentator † informs us. And it is more than probable they were so constructed merely that the memory might the more easily preserve them, their licence forbidding their being committed to writing. Those who would wish to know more particularly the universality of this mode of versifying among the other ancient nations, may consult the *Huetiana* of the most learned and respectable Bishop of Avranches ‡. The Eastern poetry consists altogether, if I mistake not, of riming lines, as may be observed in the specimens of Hafiz their most

* Le Clerc, *Biblioth. Universelle*, tom. IX.

† Servius ad Georg. II. ver. 386,

‡ Sect. 78.

illustrious writer, lately published *. It appears, however, that alliteration supplied the place of rime with the Northern nations till within a recent period †. Ossian's poetry, I suppose, is in stanzas something like our ballad measure; though it were to be wished the translator had favoured us with some information on this head evidenced by specimens of the original. He indeed acquaints us that "Each verse was connected with those which preceded, or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest ‡:" but this stands greatly in need of explanation.

The common ballad stanza is so simple, that it has been used by most nations as the first mode of constructing rimes. The Spanish romances bear a great resemblance in this, as in other respects, to the Scottish Ballads. In both, every alternate line ends with similar vowels, though the consonants are not so strictly attended to. As for instance, in the former we have *bana, espada; mala, palabra; vega, cueva; rompan, volcanos*; for rimes: and in the later, *middle, girdle; keep, bleed; Bulcighan, tak him*; &c. The English, even in the ruder pieces of their first minstrels, seem to have

* Jones, Comment. Poeseos Asiaticæ—Richardson's Specimen of Persian Poetry.

† Ol. Worm. Lit. Run. p. 165 & 176.

‡ Dissert. on the Era of Ossian, p. 228. ed. 1773.

DISSERTATION I. xxxiii

paid more attention to the correspondence of their consonants, as may be observed in the curious Collection published by Dr. Percy.

As the simplicity of this stanza rendered it easy to the composer, and likewise more natural to express the passions, so it added to the facility of recollection. Its tone is sedate and flow. The rimes occur seldom, and at equal distances: though when a more violent passion is to be painted, by doubling the rimes, they at once expressed the mind better, and diversified the harmony. Of this the reader will observe many instances in this collection, as, *Here maun I lie, here maun I die: Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht: Na river beir, my dame! deir: &c.* and, to give a very solemn movement to the cadence, they sometimes tripled the rime, an instance of which may be observed in the first stanza of Child Maurice.

When all the circumstances here hinted at are considered, we shall be less apt to wonder, that, by the concurrence of musical air, retentive arts in the composition, and chiefly of rime, the most noble productions of former periods have been preserved in the memory of a succession of admirers, and have had the good fortune to arrive at our times pure and uncorrupted.

DISSERTATION II.

ON THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

THAT species of poetry which we denominate Ballad, is peculiar to a barbarous period. In an advanced state of arts, the Comic Ballad assumes the form of the Song or Sonnet, and the Tragic or Heroic Ballad that of the higher Ode.

The cause of our pleasure in seeing a mournful event represented, or hearing it described, has been attempted to be explained by many critics *. It seems to arise from the mingled passions of Admiration of the art of the author, Curiosity to attend the termination, Delight arising from a reflection on our own security, and the Sympathetic Spirit.

* Aristotle, Scaliger, Dubos, Trapp in his *Prælections*, *Hume*, *Essay on Tragedy*; but, above all, Mr. Burke in his *Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*.

DISSERTATION II. xxxv

In giving this pleasure, perhaps the Tragic Ballad yields to no effort of human genius. When we peruse a polished Tragedy or Ode, we admire the art of the author, and are led to praise the invention; but when we read an unartful description of a melancholy event, our passions are more intensely moved. The laboured productions of the informed composer resemble a Greek or Roman temple; when we enter it, we admire the art of the builder. The rude effusions of the Gothic Muse are like the monuments of their Architecture. We are filled with a religious reverence, and, forgetting our praise of the contriver, adore the present deity.

I believe no Tragic Ballad of renowned Antiquity has reached our times, if we deny the beautiful and pathetic *CARMEN DE ATY* in Catullus a title to this class; which, as a modern critic of note has observed *, seems a translation from some Greek *Ditbyrambic* †, far more ancient than the times of that poet. His translation of Sappho's Ode might shew that he took a delight in the ancient Greek compositions, from which indeed he seems to have derived in a great measure his peculiarly delicate vein.

* Essay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 324. 3d ed.

† The *Ditbyrambics* were Heroic Songs, written with the highest glow of poetic fancy in honour of the ancient deities. Aristotle informs us, that the Greek Tragedy originated from them; as their Comedy did from their Pastoral Love Songs.

xxxvi DISSERTATION II.

But it was with the nations in a state of barbarity that this effusion of the heart flourished as in it's proper soil; their societies, rude and irregular, were full of vicissitudes, and every hour subject to the most dreadful accidents. The Minstrels, who only knew, and were inspired by the present manners, caught the tale of mortality, and recorded it for the instruction and entertainment of others. It pleased by moving the passions, and, at the same time, afforded caution to their auditors to guard against similar mis-adventures.

It is amusing to observe how expressive the poetry of every country is of its real manners. That of the Northern nations is ferocious to the highest degree. Nor need we wonder that those, whose laws obliged them to decide the most trifling debate with the sword*, delighted in a vein of poetry, which only painted deeds of blood, and objects horrible to the imagination. The ballad poetry of the Spaniards is tinged with the romantic gallantry of the nation. The hero is all complaisance; and takes off his helmet in the heat of combat, when he thinks on his mistress. That of the English is generous and brave. In their most noble ballad, Percy laments over the death of his

* Frotho etiam III. Danorum rex, quemadmodum Saxo, lib. V. refert, de qualibet controversia ferre decerni sauxit: speciosius viribus quam verbis, conflegendum existimans. *Scbedius de diis Ger. Syg.* II. c. 46.

mortal foe. That of the Scots is perhaps, like the face of their country, more various than the rest. We find in it the bravery of the English, the gallantry of the Spanish, and I am afraid in some instances the ferocity of the Northern.

A late writer * has remarked, that, “ the Scottish tunes, whether melancholy or gay, whether amorous, martial, or pastoral, are in a style highly original, and most feelingly expressive of all the passions from the sweetest to the most terrible.” He proceeds, “ Who was it that threw out those dreadful wild expressions of distraction and melancholy in *Lady Culrofs’s Dream*? an old composition, now I am afraid lost, perhaps because it was almost too terrible for the ear.”

This composition is neither lost, nor is it too terrible for the ear. On the contrary, a child might hear it repeated in a winter night without the smallest emotion. A copy † of it now lies before me, and as some curiosity

* Miscellanies by John Armstrong, M.D. vol. II. p. 254.

† It is intituled, “ A Godly Dream compiled by Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culrofs younger, at the request of a friend.” Edinburgh, 1737, 12mo. p. 20. It is either reprinted from some former edition, or from a MS. It was written, I conjecture, about the end of the Sixteenth Century; but in this edition I suspect several expressions are modernized and altered to accommodate it to the common capacity.

curiosity may have been raised by the above remark, I shall here give an account of it. The dreadful and melancholy of this production are solely of the religious kind, and may have been deeply affecting to the enthusiastic at the period in which it was written: It begins thus;

Upon a day as I did mourn full sore,
For sundry things wherewith my soul was grieved,
My grief increased, and grew more and more,
I comfort fled, and could not be relieved;
With heaviness my heart was sore mischieved,
I loathed my life, I could not eat nor drink,
I might not speak, nor look to none that lived,
But mused alone, and diverse things did think;

This wretched world did so molest my mind,
I thought upon this false and iron age,
And how our hearts are so to vice inclined,
That Satan seems most fearfully to rage,
Nothing on earth my sorrow could aswage,
I felt my sin so strongly to increase;
I grieved the spirit was wont to be my pledge;
My soul was plunged into most deep distress.

The lady Culross here meant was Elizabeth daughter of Sir James Melvil of Halhill, and wife of John Colvil Commendator of Culross. She is believed to have been the mother of Samuel Colvil the satyrical poet, author of the Scots Hudibras, &c.

Her

DISSERTATION II. xxxix

Her Saviour is then supposed to appear in a dream, and lead her through many hair-breadth scapes into Heaven:

Through dreadful dens, which made my heart aghast,
He bare me up when I began to tire;
Sometimes we clamb oer cragie mountains high;
And sometimes stayed on ugly braes of sand,
They were so stay that wonder was to see;
But when I feared, he held me by the hand.—
Through great deserts we wandered on our way,—
Forward we past on narrow bridge of tree,
Oer waters great which hideously did roar, &c.

The most terrible passage to a superstitious ear, is that in which she supposes herself suspended over the Gulph of Perdition:

Ere I was ware, one gripped me at last,
And held me high above a flaming fire.
The fire was great, the heat did pierce me fore,
My faith grew weak, my grip was very small.
I trembled fast, my fear grew more and more.
My hands did shake that I held him withall,
At length they loosed, then I began to fall, &c.

At length she arrives in view of the Heavenly mansions in a stanza, which, to alter a little her own expression, ‘Glisters with *tinzel*.’

I looked up unto that castle fair
Glistening with gold ; and shining silver bright
The stately towers did mount above the air ;
They blinded me they cast so great a light,
My heart was glad to see that joyful fight,
My voyage then I thought it not in vain,
I him besought to guide me there aright,
With many vows never to tire again.

And the whole concludes with an exhortation to a pious life.

But what has the Christian religion to do with poetry? In the true poetic terrible, I believe, some passages in Hardyknute yield to no attempt of a strong and dark fancy. The Ballad styled Edward may, I fear, be rather adduced as an evidence that this displeases, when it rises to a degree of the horrible, which that singular piece certainly partakes of.

The Pathetic is the other principal walk of the Tragic Muse : and in this the Scottish Ballads yield to no compositions whatever. What can be imagined more moving than the catastrophes of Ossian’s Dardhula, the most pathetic of all poems ? or of Hardyk-

nute, Child Maurice, and indeed most of the pieces now collected? Were ever the feelings of a fond mother expressed in a language equal in simplicity and pathos to that of lady Bothwell?—This leads me to remark, that the dialect in which the Scottish Ballads are written gives them a great advantage in point of touching the passions. Their language is rough and unpolished, and seems to flow immediately from the heart *. We meet with no conceit or far-fetched thoughts in them. They possess the pathetic power in the highest degree, because they do not affect it; and are striking, because they do not meditate to strike.

Most of the compositions now offered to the public, have already received approbation. The mutilated Fragment of Hardyknute formerly in print, was admired and celebrated by the best critics. As it is now, I am inclined to think, given in it's original perfection, it is certainly the most noble production in this style that ever appeared in the world. The manners and characters are strongly marked, and well preserved; the incidents deeply interesting; and the catastrophe new and affecting. I am indebted for most of the stanzas, now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire.

* Ὁ γὰρ ὅτις διὰ τὸ ἐκ ἐκείνης ἀνέβηται.

DISSERTATION II.

A modern lyric poet of the first class * has pronounced Child Maurice a Divine Ballad. "Aristotle's best rules," says he, "are observed in it in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle." Indeed if any one will peruse Aristotle's Art of Poetry with Dacier's Elucidations, and afterwards compare their most approved rules with this simple Ballad, he will find that they are better illustrated by this rude effort of the Gothic Muse, than by the most exquisite Tragedy of ancient or modern times. The Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, the Athalie of Racine, the Merope of Maffei, and even the very excellent Drama, which seems immediately founded on it, not excepted; there being many delicate strokes in this original, which the plot adopted by that author forbade his making proper use of. This does honour at once to the unknown composer of this Ballad, and to the first of critics. In the former the reader will admire a genius, that, probably untracked by erudition, could produce a story corresponding to the intricate though natural rules of the Greek author. To the latter will be readily confirmed the applause of an ancient †, that, he was the secretary of Nature, and his pen was ever dipped in good sense.

* Mr. Gray. See his Letters published by Mr. Mason. Sect. IV. Let. XXV.

† Apud Suidam.

DISSERTATION II. xliii

These, and the other monuments of ancient Scottish Poetry, which have already appeared, are in this edition given much more correct; and a few are now first published from tradition. The Editor imagined they possessed some small beauties, else they would not have been added to this Selection. Their seeming antiquity was only regarded as it enhanced their real graces.

MDCCLXXVI *.

* These Dissertations, &c. were written of this date, but slight additions have been made to them from time to time; as the reader will observe from references to books published since that period.

HAVING



HAVING in the First of the foregoing Dissertations mentioned with applause the Spanish Ballads, or Romanzes, contained in the *HISTORIA DE LAS GUERRAS CIVILES DE GRANADA*, and that book being seldom to be met with, and written in a language of no wide study, the Editor has been induced to give a few translations from that work ; the two which Dr. Percy has published having rather excited than gratified curiosity.

Before producing these translations, it may be proper to give some short account of the work whence they are taken. The History of the Civil Wars of Granada is a well-written narration of those dissensions which tore that kingdom in pieces, for some years before the period that Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Christian Spain, conquered it, down to the time of conquest. The chief sources of those dissensions were the two great *Vandos*, or factions, of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages ; whose exploits and adventures, with those of their adherents, are here displayed with a minute detail that favours very strongly of romance, though the great outlines of the work are evidently founded on historical truth ; which, if the
reader

reader pleases, is indeed only another name for a certain species of romance.

This History, ~~as we learn from the~~ work itself towards the close, is a translation from the Arabic of an anonymous Moor, who fled to Africa with many of his countrymen, when Granada was yielded to the arms of Ferdinand. His grandson, by name Argutaafa, found this work among his grandfather's papers, and presented it to a Jew, called Rabbi Santo, who translated it into Hebrew; and gave the Arabic Original to Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Conde de Baylen. That lord being interested by it, as his ancestors had been concerned in the wars there related, ordered the Jew to translate it into Castilian Spanish; and afterwards gave the translation to the Spanish editor, whose name from the first edition, Barcelona printed by Seb. Matevad, 1610, appears to be Ginez Perez.

On almost every occasion the author produces some romance, as the voucher of his incidents, translations of a few of which shall now be produced. It must, however, be premised, that the first translation is merely meant to convey to the reader an idea of the verse in which most of the originals are written; for which purpose one of the feeblest was chosen, as, had strength of thought or incident been attempted in this way, the spirit would have totally evaporated in the midst of attention to the double rimes, of which the English language is remarkably penurious.

ROMANZE

ROMANZE I.

I.

AT the pleasant dawn of morning,
Moorish knights in numbers sally,
To maintain a solemn turney
In Granada's verdant valley.

II.

Justing they wheel their fleet horses ;
On his lance each warrior steady
Bears a rich and beauteous penon,
Wrought with art by his fair lady.

III.

The bright sun they dazzle, shewing
Jupes of silk and golden tissue :
Each young hero hopes to soften
His proud dame by that day's issue.

IV.

From the towers of proud Alhambra *
Moorish ladies view the trial ;
And among them two the fairest
Of the court without denial.

* The celebrated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada.

V.

Fatima they and Xarifa

Love on both has play'd his quiver ;

Thee, Xarifa, O that Alla

Would from jealousy deliver !

VI.

Tho friends they, for this has silence

O'er them spread his fullen pinion.

Fatima the heart has stolen

Of Xarifa's faithless minion.

VII.

Abendarrez call the rover ;

Guiltless she of his defection ;

For of Fatima's firm passion

Abenamar was th' election.

VIII.

Spoke at length the wrong'd Xarifa,

As with scorn her rage to cover ;

For she thought her friend with favour

Heard the suit of her false lover.

IX.

' Love cannot be hid, my sister,

' But himself he still discloses ;

' Of thy tongue where is the prattle ?

' Of thy cheeks where are the roses ?

X. ' Tho

X.

- ‘ Thou art not in love, I know it !
- ‘ See the cause of thy condition ;
- ‘ Thy knight, Abendarrez, tilting,
- ‘ Hopes the prize with fond ambition.

XI.

- Beauteous Fatima her silence
- In wise answer thus has broken :
- ‘ Never yet did Love, Xarifa,
- ‘ Of my heart receive a token.

XII.

- ‘ If my speech and colour leave me
- ‘ It is not without a reason ;
- ‘ Short time since my gracious father
- ‘ Died by Alabez’s treason.

XIII.

- ‘ And if ever Love, my sister,
- ‘ To his law could bring me over,
- ‘ Abendarrez should not win me,
- ‘ From thy charms a cruel rover.’

XIV.

- Thus the Moorish dames have spoken ;
- Their in silence clos’d their prattle,
- To remark each gallant chieftain
- Who maintain’d the seeming battle.

d

R O M A N Z E II.

I.

WHEN valiant Ferdinand beheld
Granada to his prowess yield;
And o'er Alhambra's highest tower
The banner fly of Christian power;

II.

Thus to the flower of Spanish ground,
His peers and loyal leaders round,
The mandates of his mighty breast,
The monarch in his pride address'd.

III.

' Who when the morning springs, will go
' Our chief against the mountain foe;
' And spread our princely ensign tall
' O'er Alpuxarra's rebel wall * ?

** When Ferdinand was occupied with the acquisition of Granada, Alpuxarra, and some other Moorish towns newly conquered, took the opportunity to revolt.*

IV. I.

ROMANZE II.

IV.

In silence every troubled peer
Read in each other's face his fear :
The journey full of perils great
They knew, and doubtful the retreat.

V.

Each tremulous beard in terror shook,
Till from his seat, with frowning look,
Alonso de Aguilar sprung
And thus bespoke with fearless tongue.

VI.

• O king, for me, is this emprise,
• And shame or praise that thence may rise ;
• The queen her sovereign promise gave
• No other the bright claim should have.

VII.

With joy the king the valiant heard.
Soon as the morrow's dawn appear'd,
Alonso with his eager van
To climb Nevada's heights began.

VIII.

Five hundred horse to battle bred,
A thousand infantry he led ;
The Moors in silent ambush lay.
In crowds to guard the rocky way.

IX.

Amid the pathless cliffs the cry
Of conflict echoes to the sky :
The cavalry no footing gain,
But fall by stony fragments slain.

X.

Alonso, and the foot-array,
Sore lessen'd by the bloody fray,
At length attain an upland dale,
Where countless Moors their ranks assail.

XI.

Tho bleed around whole bands of foes,
Yet who such numbers may oppose ?
The chief at length beheld his host,
In one unbounded slaughter lost.

XII.

Tho left alone, the lion-knight
Declines not the unequal fight ;
Where'er he turns his eyes of fire,
As struck by lightning crowds expire.

XIII.

Fresh Moors possess the bloody field ;
No longer strong his sword to wield,
The victim of a thousand wounds,
The shade of death the chief surrounds.

XIV.

XIV.

The bravely dead, each coward Moor
With caitiff lance his body tore;
Then to Ogixar they him brought;
Where all to see the warrior fought.

XV.

Each Moor and Moorish dame with joy
Saw him, who wont their hopes destroy,
No more exert his matchless force,
But harmless ly a bleeding corse,

XVI.

A Christian captive of the crowd
Yet mov'd their tears with outcry loud;
For she ha' nurs'd him at her breast,
And in the cradle sooth'd his rest,

XVII.

'Alonso, Oh Alonso brave!
'May heaven thy generous spirit have!
'The Moors of Alpuxara slew
'The bravest knight that fame e'er knew.'

R O M A N Z E III.

I.

EIGHT to eight, and ten to ten,
 Knights of valour and renown,
 Turney in Toledo fair
 The glad day of peace to crown.

II.

An high festival the king
 Gives his pleasure to evince;
 Concord reigns between his brother
 And Granada's warlike prince.

III.

Others say the feast is given
 Zelindaxa bright to please;
 Mistress of the king's affection,
 She ordains him pain or ease.

IV.

The Zarrazins and Aliatores,
 There in gallant union ride;
 The Alarifes and Azarqués
 Them oppose with equal pride.

V. The

ROMANZE XL.

V.

The Zarrazins, a noble band,
On sorrel horses there were seen;
Their mantles and their jupes distinguish'd
By the orange hue and green.

VI.

On their shields a cimiter,
Bent as Cupid's bow, they wore;
And the words FUEGO Y SANGRE*,
As the chosen motto bore.

VII.

Equals in the gallant show
Next the Aliatores shone;
In carnation garbs array'd
With white foliages bestrown.

VIII.

For device, upon the strength
Of Atlas stood a stable heaven;
TENDRELO HASTA QUE CANSE †
For the motto there was given.

* *Fire and blood.*

† *He will support it till he is weary.*

IX.

Them ensued the Alarifes
 In most costly manner clad ;
 Their sleeves right curiously were purfled
 On the yellow cloth and red.

X.

A naked Hercules they gave,
 Who a savage monster tore ;
 And above FUERCAS VALEN *
 As the valiant word they wore.

XI.

Them the eight Azarqués follow'd,
 And in pride exceeded all ;
 Straw's pale dye and brownish gray
 Were their hues of festival.

XII.

On each chieftain's verdant shield
 Held two daring hands a sphere ;
 EN LO VERDE TODO CABE †
 As the words of honour were.

* *Strength is powerful.*

† *In the green every thing is comprehended.*

XIII. A

XIII.

Among this band the king beheld
The rival of his lady's love,
And jealousy his cruel heart
To thoughts of utmost fury drove.

XIV.

To Selin thus, high constable,
The sovereign spoke in frantic mood ;
' The sun that dazzles now mine eyes,
' Ere long I trust shall set in blood.'

XV.

The graceful knight so strongly threw *
His rods, they vanish'd in the air ;
Nor could the power of keenest eye,
Their progress or their fall declare.

XVI.

Each lady, from the windows high,
Or scaffolds, that enjoy'd the sight,
With anxious looks of fond desire
Bent forwards to behold the knight.

* It was anciently the custom for the Spanish gentry to amuse themselves while on horseback with throwing small rods, or canes, into the air ; on darting of which with such force and skill as to delude the eye, they much valued themselves.

XVII.

As he advances or retires,
 ' May heaven thee save!' the vulgar cry :
 While, burnt with jealousy's fierce flames,
 The king still answers, ' Let him die!'

XVIII.

Bold Zelindaxa, fovereign fair,
 As near the royal tower he drew,
 Tho ' Hold! hold!' cried the angry king,
 Sprinkled the chief with fragrant dew.

XIX.

The turney stopp'd : in silence deep,
 And expectation, stood the ring ;
 While, giving reason's rein to rage,
 ' Arrest the traitor!' cried the king.

XX.

The two first troops their lances seize
 The princely mandate to fulfill.
 Alas! what barrier can be set
 Against an amorous monarch's will!

XXI.

The other two defence prepar'd,
 Had not the Azarqué to them said,
 ' Friends, tho the king's love has no laws,
 ' Remember laws for your's were made.

XXII. ' Lower

XXII.

‘Lower your lances, tho my foes
 ‘Ye eager see my blood to spill.
 ‘Alas, what barrier can be set
 ‘Against an amorous monarch’s will !

XXIII.

They took the noble Moor. His friends
 Drop’d tears of rage his fate to see.
 In wild disorder rush’d the crowd,
 By force the captive knight to free.

XXIV.

They had no chief to guide their ire,
 And fled before superior skill.
 Alas, what barrier can be set,
 Against an amorous monarch’s will !

XXV.

Fair Zelindaxa cried aloud,
 ‘Rescue, ye Moors, your warrior brave !’
 And rose as if she meant to leap
 From the high tower her knight to save.

XXVI.

Her mother her embrac’d, and cried,
 ‘Ah, are you mad yourself to kill !
 ‘Alas, what barrier can be set
 ‘Against an amorous monarch’s will !’

XXVII. The

XVII.

As he advances or retires,
 ' May heaven thee save !' the vulgar cry :
 While, burnt with jealousy's fierce flames,
 The king still answers, ' Let him die !'

XVIII.

Bold Zelindaxa, sovereign fair,
 As near the royal tower he drew,
 Tho ' Hold ! hold !' cried the angry king,
 Sprinkled the chief with fragrant dew.

XIX.

The turney stopp'd : in silence deep,
 And expectation, flood the ring ;
 While, giving reason's rein to rage,
 ' Arrest the traitor !' cried the king.

XX.

The two first troops their lances seize
 The princely mandate to fulfill.
 Alas ! what barrier can be set
 Against an amorous monarch's will !

XXI.

The other two defence prepar'd,
 Had not the Azarqué to them said,
 ' Friends, tho the king's love has no laws,
 ' Remember laws for your's were made.

XXII. ' Lower

XXII.

- ‘ Lower your lances, tho my foes
- ‘ Ye eager see my blood to spill.
- ‘ Alas, what barrier can be set
- ‘ Against an amorous monarch’s will !

XXIII.

They took the noble Moor. His friends
Drop’d tears of rage his fate to see.
In wild disorder rush’d the croud,
By force the captive knight to free.

XXIV.

They had no chief to guide their ire,
And fled before superior skill.
Alas, what barrier can be set,
Against an amorous monarch’s will !

XXV.

Fair Zelindaxa cried aloud,
‘ Rescue, ye Moors, your warrior brave !’
And rose as if she meant to leap
From the high tower her knight to save.

XXVI.

Her mother her embrac’d, and cried,
‘ Ah, are you mad yourself to kill !’
‘ Alas, what barrier can be set
- ‘ Against an amorous monarch’s will !’

XXVII. The

III.

Swift from his steed the warrior lights,
 And kneels upon the ground,
 As struck with awe : such power has love
 The valiant to confound.

- ‘ O fair,’ he cries with trembling voice,
- ‘ This day must fame be mine :
- ‘ What chance can hurt me now that I
- ‘ Have seen thy charms divine ?

IV.

- ‘ Yet of thy favour I beseech
 - ‘ Some badge to bear along * ;
 - ‘ That, with it grac’d, my haughty lance
 - ‘ May as my love be strong.’
- In jealous rage the maid replied,
 For then full well she knew
 That Zaida, his first desire,
 An elder duty drew.

V.

- ‘ If in the combat thy success
- ‘ My heart’s desire may crown ;
- ‘ No more, false knight, shalt thou return,
- ‘ But life lose, and renown.

* It was the custom for ladies to present their lovers with the penon or streamer they were to wear on their lance in combat or turney. The penon was commonly richly inscribed with the lady’s cypher. See Stanza XIII.

ROMANZE IV.

111

God I speak my eager wish,
ncere as thou dost lye,
t in the fight by secret foes
nobly thou mayst die.

VI.

ay thy enemies be strong!
y friends all dastards prove!
thou dead, as is thy fame,
id not even pity move!
ader thinks she speaks in jest,
thus in haste replies;
Moor who would us set at strife,
ieve me, lady, lies.*

VII.

all thy curses on him light!
foul must now abhor
Zaida; tho wont, I own,
beauty to adore.
long years of service, she
a base Moor me left—
r retired, nor more would hear,
atience quite bereft.

VIII. A

XIII.

- ' At zambra *, nor at festival,
 ' May never knight appear,
 ' Thy cypher on embroider'd sleeve,
 ' Or silken badge to bear.
 ' May jealousy ev'n of his age
 ' Thy peace still violate.
 ' May he live long ! Thy fiercest foe
 ' Can wish no worse a fate : '

XIV.

Thus as he spoke the gradual night
 Descended all around ;
 And, as he near the mansion drew,
 Of mirth he heard the sound.
 Sudden before a rushing croud
 The doors were open thrown ;
 And thro' the gloom in bright array
 A thousand torches shone.

XV.

In midst the future husband held
 Young Zaida's false hand.
 To church they went, where stood the priest
 To fix the sacred band.

* *A morefque dance.*

Thi

This cruel fight when Gazul saw,
 His madness found new flame ;
 A while he rested, till at hand
 The brilliant troop now came.

XVI.

Then spurr'd his steed into the midst,
 And thus his lady's choice
 Address'd, while all in sudden fear
 Stood trembling at his voice.
 ' Hope not, base traitor, to enjoy
 ' This lady, once my love ;
 ' Defend thyself if e'er thy arm
 ' Could skill or valour prove.

XVII.

He spoke. They fought. The aged Moor
 Lay dead upon the ground.
 Swift to revenge his wretched fall,
 His numerous friends drew round.
 Against their force the warrior stood
 With more than mortal might :
 Then, slow retreating, refuge found
 Amid the shades of night.

LA PLUPART DE CÉS CHANSONS SONT DE VIEILLES
ROMANCES DONT LES AIRS NE SONT PAS PIQUANS;
MAIS ILS ONT JE NE SAIS QUOI D'ANTIQUE ET DE
DOUX QUI TOUCHE A LA LONGUE.

ROUSSEAU.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

A N H E R O I C B A L L A D.

P A R T I.

STATELY stept he east the ha,
 And stately stept he west ;
 Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,
 With scerce sevin yeirs of rest.
 He livit whan Britons breach of faith
 Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost
 He was their deidly fae.

5

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a hicht,
 And gudely chambers fair to see,
 Whar he lodgit mony a knight.
 His dame fa peirles anes, and fair,
 For chaste, and bewtie, sene,
 Na marrow had in a the land,
 Save Emergard the quene.

10

15

Full thirtein fons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout,
In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;
Four yit remaind; lang mote they live
To stand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Greit luvè they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sifter fast and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
And gowdin glist her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred!
Waefou to young and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

The king of Norſe, in summer tide,
Puft up with pouir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
Wi mony a hardie knight.
The tidings to our gudè Scots king
Came as he sat at dyne
With noble chiefs in braive aray,
Drinking the bluid red wyne.

" To horse, to horse, my royal liege !
 " Your faes stand on the strand ;
 " Full twenty thousand glittering speirs
 " The cheifs of Norse command.
 " Bring me my steid Mage dapple gray." 45
 Our gude king raise and cryd :
 A trustier beist in all the land,
 A Scots king nevir feyd.

" Gae, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 " Wha lives on hill sa hie, 50
 " To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 " And haste and follow me."
 The little page flew swift as dart,
 Flung by his master's arm ;
 " Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute, 55
 ' And red your king frae harm.'

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks
 Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
 In danger grit to do. 60
 He has tane a horn as grene as gras,
 And gien five sounds sa shrill,
 That tries in grene wode shuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee
 Had past the summer's morn ;
 When lo ! down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
 ' That horn, quoth they, neir sounds in peace,
 ' We have other sport to bide ;'
 And fane they hied them up the hill,
 And fane were at his side.

" Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace
 " To end my lengthend lyfe ;
 " My age nicht well excuse my arm
 " Frae manly feats of stryfe :
 " But now that Norse does proudly boast
 " Fair Scotland to enthral,
 " It's neir be said of Hardyknute,
 " He feird to fecht or fall.

" Robin of Rothsay bend thy bow,
 " Thy arrows thute fa leil,
 " That mony a comely countenance
 " They've turn'd to deidly pale.
 " Braive Thomas taik ye but your lance,
 " Ye neid na weapons' mair ;
 " Gif ye fecht wi't, as ye did anes,
 " Gainst Westmoreland's ferce heir.

“ And Malcolm, licht of fute as stag
 “ That runs in forest wilde, 90

“ Get me my thousands thrie of men
 “ Weil bred to sword and shield :

“ Bring me my horse and harnifine,
 “ My blade of metal clere.”

If faes but kend the hand it bare, 95
 They fune had fled for feir.

“ Farewil my dame fae peirlefs gude,”
 And tuke her by the hand,

“ Fairer to me in age you seem
 “ Than maids for bewtie famd : 100

“ My youngest son fall here remain,
 “ To guard these stately touirs,

“ And shute the silver bolt that keips
 “ Sae fast your painted bowers.”

And first she wet her comely cheika, 105
 And then her boddice grene ;

The filken cords of twirtle twist
 Were plet with silver shene ;

And apron set with mony a dyce
 Of neidle-wark fae rare, 110

Wove by nae hand, as ye may gues, .
 Save that of Fairly fair.

SCOTISH

And he has ridden our muir and moss,

Our hills and mony a glen,

When he cam to a wounded knight,

115

Making a heavy mane :

' Here maun I lye, here maun I dye

' By treacheries fause gyles ;

' Witlefs I was that eir gave faith

' To wicked woman's smyles.'

120

" Sir knight, gin ye were in my bouir,

" To lean on silken feat,

" My lady's kindlie care you'd pruve

" Wha neir kend deidly hate ;

125

" Hirfell wald watch ye all the day,

" Hir maids at deid of nicht ;

" And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,

" As she stands in your sight.

" Arise young knight, and mount your steid,

" Bricht lows the shynand day ;

130

" Chuse frae my menie wham ye please,

" To leid ye on the way."

Wi smylefs luik, and visage wan

The wounded knight replyd,

' Kind chieftain your intent pursue,

135

' For heir I maun abide.

' To

' To me nae after day nor nicht,
 ' Can eir be sweit or fair ;
 ' But fune benethe sum draping trie,
 ' Cauld' dethe fall end my care.' 140
 Still him to win strave Hardyknute,
 Nor strave he lang in vain ;
 Short pleiding eithly nicht prevale,
 Him to his lure to gain.

" I will return wi speid to bide, 145
 " Your plaint and mend your wae :
 " But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
 " Before our countries fae.
 " Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird
 " The fields of stryfe fraemang ;
 " Convey Sir knight to my abode,
 " And meise his egre pang."

Syne he has gane far hynd, out owr
 Lord Chattan's land fae wyde ;
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay, 155
 Whan faes his courage seyde :
 Of Piëtish race, by mother's fide :
 Whan Piëts ruled Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
 When he fav'd Piëtish crown. 160

S C O T I S H

Now with his ferce and stalwart train

He recht a rising hicht,

Whar brad encampit on the dale,

Norse army lay in sicht;

“ Yonder my valiant sons, full ferce

“ Our raging rievvers wait,

“ On the unconquerit Scottish swaird

“ To try with us their fate.

165

“ Mak orisons to him that fav’d

“ Our fauls upon the rude;

“ Syne braively shaw your veins are filld

“ Wi Caledonian bluid.”

Then furth he drew his trustie glaive,

While thousands all around!

Drawn frae their sheiths glanc’d in the sun,

And loud the bugils sound.

175

175

To join his king, adown the hill

In haste his march he made,

While playand pibrochs minstrals meit

Afore him stately strade.

• Thrise welcum, valiant stoup of weir,

• Thy nation’s sheild and pride,

• Thy king na reasoun has to feir,

• Whan thou art by his side.

180

Whan

Whan bows were bent, and darts were thrawn, 180

For thrang scerce cold they fle,

The darts clave arrows as they met,

Eir faes their dint mote drie.

Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferce,

Wi little skaith to man ;

185

But bluidy, bluidy was the feild

Or that lang day was done !

The king of Scots that findle bruik'd

The war that luik'd like play,

Drew his braid fword, and brake his bow,

195

Sen bows feim'd but delay.

Quoth noble Rothfay, ' Mine I'll keep,

' I wate it's bleid a score.'

" Haste up my merrie men," cry'd the king,

As he rade on before.

200

The king of Norfe he focht to find,

Wi him to menfe the faucht ;

But on his forehead there did licht

A sharp unfonsie shaft :

As he his hand pat up to feil

205

The wound, an arrow kein,

O waefu chance! there pind his hand

In midft atweene his eyne.

' Revenge !

' Revenge ! revenge ! ' cryd Rothsay's heir,

' Your mail-coat fall nocht bide

210

' The strenth and sharpness of my dart,'

Whilk shared the reiver's side.

Anither arrow weil he mark'd

It pero'd his neck in twa ;

His hands then quat the silver reins,

215

He law as eard did fa,

' Sair bleids my liege ! Sair, sair he bleids !

Again with micht he drew,

And gesture dreid his sturdy bow ;

Fast the braid arrow flew :

220

Wa to the knight he ettled at ;

Lament now quene Elgreid ;

Hire dames to wail your darling's fall,

His youth, and comely meid.

' Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe,'

225

(Of gold well was it twin'd,

Knit like the fowler's net, throuch whilk

His steily harnes shynd.)

' Beir Norfe that gift frae me, and bid

' Him venge the bluid it weirs ;

230

' Say if he face my bended bow

' He sure nae weapon feirs.'

Prouce

TRAGIC BALLADS,

77

Proud Norfe with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong;
 Cryd, ' Whar is Hardyknute fae famd,
 ' And feird at Britain's throne?
 ' Tho Britons tremble at his name,
 ' I fune fall mak him wail,
 ' That eir my sword was made fae sharp,
 ' Sae fast his coat of mail.

235

240

That brag his stout heart could na bide,
 It lent him youthfu nicht:
 " I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cryed,
 " To Scotland's king I hicht
 " To lay thee law as horse's hufe;
 " My word I mean to keip :"
 Syne with the first dint eir he strake
 He gar'd his body bleid.

245

Norfe ene like grey gosehauk staird wilde,
 He sich'd wi shame and spyte;
 ' Disgrac'd is now my far famd arm
 ' That left thee pour to stryke.'
 Syne gied his helm a blow fae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 Sae law as he to ladies us'd,
 In courtly gyfe to lout.

250

255

Full

Full fune he rais'd his bent body ;
 His bou he marveld fair,
 Sen blaws till than on him but dar'd
 As touch of Fairly fair.
 Norfe ferlied too as fair as he,
 To see his stately luik ;
 Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

260

Whar, like a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae, with luik enrag'd,
 Up towards him did prance.
 He spurd his steid through thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell ;
 Wha stude unnuvit at his approach
 His furie to repell.

265

‘ That short brown shaft, fae meinly trimd,
 ‘ Lukes like poor Scotland’s geir ;
 ‘ But dreadfu seims the rusty point !’
 And loud he leuch in jeir.
 ‘ Aft Britons blude has dim’d its shyne
 ‘ ‘ It’s point cut short their vaunt.’
 Syne perc’d the bofter’s bairded cheik
 Nae time he tuke to taunt.

275

280

Short

Short while he in his 'fadil swang ;

His stirrip was nae stay,

But feible hang his unbent knie,

Sair taken he was, fey !

Swyth on the harden'd clay he fell,

285

Richt far was heard the thud ;

But Thomas luk'd not as he lay

All waltering in his blude.

Wi careles gesture, mind unmov'd,

On rade he north the plain

290

His seim in peace, or fercest stryfe,

Ay reckless, and the same.

Nor yit his heart dames' dimpeld cheik

Cold meise fast luv to bruik ;

Till vengefu Ann returnd his scorn,

295

Then languid grew his luke.

In thrauis of dethe, wi wallow'd cheik,

All panting on the plain,

The bleiding corps of warriours lay,

Neir to arise again :

300

Neir to return to native land ;

Na mair wi blythsum sounds

To boast the glories of that day,

And shaw their shynand wounds.

There

There on a lee, whar stands a crofs

309

Set up for monument,

Thousands fu ferce, that summer's day,

Fill'd kene wars black intent.

Let Scots while Scots praise Hardyknute

Let Norfe the name aye dreid ;

310

Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,

Sall lateft ages reid.

On Norway's coast the widow'd dame

May wafh the rocks wi teirs,

May lang luke ovr the shiples seas

315

Before her mate appeirs.

Ceife, Emma, ceife to hope in vain ;

Thy lord lyes in the clay ;

The valiant Scots na rievvers thole

To carry lyfe away.

320

Loud and chill blew the weftlin wind,

Sair beat the heavy shour,

Mirk grew the nicht ere Hardyknute

Wan neir his stately tour :

His tour that us'd wi torches bleife

325

To shyne fae far at nicht

Seim'd now as black as mourning weid :

Na marvel fair he ficht'd.

“ There's

TRAGIC BALLADS.

15

" There's na licht in my lady's bouir,
 " There's na licht in my ha; 330
 " Na blynk thynes round my Fairly fair,
 " Na ward stands on my wa.
 " What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say."
 Na answer fits their dreid.
 " Stand back my sons I'll be your gyde." 335
 But by they past wi speid.

" As fast I ha sped ovr Scotland's faes—"
 There ceis'd his brag of weir,
 Sair shamd to mind ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair. 340
 Black feir he felt, but what to feir
 He wist nae yit wi dreid:
 Sair shuke his body, fair his limbs
 And a the warriour flied.

PART

P A R T II.

“ **R**ETURN, return; ye men of bluid,
 “ And bring me back my chylde!”

A dolefu voice frae mid the ha

Reculd, wi echoes wylde.

Bestraught wi dule and dreid, na pouir

Had Hardyknute at a ;

Full thrife he raught his ported speir,

And thrife he let it fa.

“ O haly God, for his deir sake,

“ Wha sayd us on the rude——

He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,

Yet reid wi Norland bluid.

“ Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,

“ Grit cause we ha to feir;

“ But ay the canny ferce contemn

“ The hap they canna veir.”

‘ Return, return, ye men of bluid,

‘ And bring me back my chylde !’

The dolefu voice frae mid the ha

Reculd, wi echoes wylde.

The storm grew rife, through a the lift

The rattling thunder rang,

The black rain shour’d, and lichtning glent

Their harnifine alang.

TRAGIC BALLADS.

17

What feir posselt their boding breests 25

Whan, by the gloomy glour,

The caistle ditch wi deed bodies

They saw was filled out owr!

Quoth Hardyknute "I wold to Chryste

"The Norfe had wan the day, 30

"Sae I had kept at hame but anes,

"Thilk bluidy feats to stay."

Wi speed they past, and fyne they recht

The base-courts sounding bound,

Deip groans sith heard, and throuch the mirk 35

Lukd wistfully around.

The moon, frae hind a sable cloud,

Wi sudden twinkle shane,

Whan, on the cauldriif eard, they fand

The gude Sir Mordac layn. 40

Besprent wi gore, fra helm to spur,

Was the trew-heartit knicht;

Swith frae his steid sprang Hardyknute

Muv'd wi the heavy sicht.

"O say thy master's shield in weir, 45

"His sawman in the ha,

"What hatefu chance cold ha the pour

To lay thy eild fae law?"

C

To

TRAGIC BALLADS.

19

'Return, return, ye men of bluid

'And bring me back my chyld!

The dolefu voice frae mid the ha

75

Reculd wi echoes wylde.

"I am to wyte my valiant friends:"

And to the ha they ran,

The stately dore full streitly steiked

Wi iron boltis thrie they fand.

80

The stately dore, thouch streitly steiked

Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,

Richt sune his micht can eithly gar

Frae aff it's hinges flie.

"Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir?"

85

"Mair wold I see her deid

"Than see her in your bridal bed

"For a your portly meid.

"What thouch my gude and valiant lord

"Lye strecht on the cauld clay?"

90

"My sons the dethe may ablin spair

"To wreak their sisters wae."

Sae did she crune wi heavy cheir,

Hyt luiks, and bleirit eyne;

Then teirs first wet his manly cheik

95

And snawy baird bedecene.

20 S C O T I S H

' Na riever here, my dame fae deir,
 ' But your leil lord you fee;
 ' May hieft harm betide his life
 ' Wha brocht sic harm to thee! 100
 ' Gin anes ye may beleive my word,
 ' Nor am I ufd to lie,
 ' By day-prime he or Hardyknute
 ' The bluidy dethe shall die.

The ha, whar late the linkis bricht 105
 Sae gladfum stind at een,
 Whar penants gleit a gowden bleise
 Our knichts and ladys shene,
 Was now fae mirk, that, through the bound,
 Nocht mote they wein to fee, 110
 Alse throuch the southern port the moon
 Let fa a blinkand glie.

" Are ye in futh my deir luyd lord?"
 Nae mair she doucht to fay,
 But swounit on his harnest neck 115
 Wi joy and tender fay.
 To see her in sic balefu sort
 Revived his felcouth feirs;
 But sune she raifd her comely luik,
 And saw his faing teirs. 120

" Ye

" Ye are nae wont to greit wi wreuch,
 " Grit cause ye ha I dreid;
 " Hae a our fons their lives redem'd
 " Frae furth the dowie feid?"
 " Saif are our valiant fons, ye see,
 " But lack their sister deir;
 " When she's awa, bot any doubt,
 " We ha grit cause to feir."

125

" Of a our wrangs, and her depart,
 " Whan ye the suith fall heir,
 " Na marvel that ye ha mair cause,
 " Than ye yit weit, to feir.
 " O wharefore heir yon feignand knight
 " Wi Mordac did ye fend?
 " Ye funer wald ha perced his heart
 " Had ye his ettling kend,"

130

135

" What may ye mein my peirles dame?
 " That knight did muve my ruthe
 " We balefu mane; I did na dout
 " His curtesie and truthe.
 " He maun ha tint wi sma renown
 " His life in this fell rief;
 " Richt fair it grieves me that he heir
 " Met sic an ill relief."

140

Quoth she, wi teirs that down her cheiks
Ran like a silver shour,

“ May ill befa the tide that brocht

“ That fause knicht to our tour :

“ Ken’d ye na Draffan’s lordly port,

“ Thouch cled in knichtly graith ?

“ Tho hidden was his hautie luik

“ The visor black benethe ?”

‘ Now, as I am a knicht of weir,

‘ I thocht his seeming trew ;

‘ But, that he sae deceived my ruthe,

‘ Full fairly he fall rue.’

“ Sir Mordac to the sounding ha

“ Came wi his cative fere ;”

‘ My fire has sent this wounded knicht

‘ To pruve your kyndlie care.

‘ Your fell maun watch him a the day,

‘ Your maids at deid of nicht ;

‘ And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir

‘ As she stands in his sicht.’

“ Nae funer was Sir Mordac gane,

“ Than up the featour sprang ;”

‘ The luve alse o your dochter deir

‘ I feil na ither pang.

- 145 ' Tho Hardyknute lord Draffan's suit 170
 ' Refus'd wi mickle pryde ;
 ' By his gude dame and Fairly fair
 ' Let him not be deny'd.'
 ' Nocht muvit wi the cative's speech,
 ' Nor wi his stern command ; 175
 50 " I treafoun ! cryd, and Kenneth's blade
 " Was glisterand in his hand.
- 180
 " My son lord Draffan heir you see,
 " Wha means your sister's fay
 " To win by guile, when Hardyknute
 " Strives in the irie fray."
 ' Turn thee ! thou riever Baron, turn !'
 " Bauld Kenneth cryd aloud ;
 " But, fune as Draffan spent his glaive,
 " My son lay in his bluid." 185
- 190
 ' I did nocht grein that bluming face
 ' That dethe fae fune fold pale ;
 ' Far less that my trew live, through me,
 ' Her brither's dethe sold wail.
 55 ' But syne ye sey our force to prive, 190
 ' Our force we fall you shaw !'
 ' Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedeen
 " He tuik frae down the wa.

" Ere the portculie could be flung,
 " His kyth the base-court fand ; 195
 " When scanty o their count a teind
 " Their entrie nicht gainstand.
 " Richt sune the raging rievers stude
 " At their fause master's fyde,
 " Wha, by the haly maiden, sware 200
 " Na harm fold us betide.

" What syne befell ye weil may guesse,
 " Rest o our eilds delicht."
 ' We fall na lang be rest, by morne
 ' Sall Fairly glad your sicht. 205
 ' Let us be gane, my sons, or now
 ' Our meny chide our stay ;
 ' Fareweil my dame ; your dochter's luve
 ' Will sune cheir your effray.'

Then pale pale grew her teirfu cheik ; 210
 " Let ane o my sons thrie
 " Alane gyde this emprize, your eild
 " May ill sic travel drie.
 " O whar were I, were my deir lord,
 " And a my sons, to bleid ! 215
 " Better to bruik the wrang than sae
 " To wreak the hie mjdede."

The

The gallant Rothsay rose bedeen

His richt of age to pleid;

And Thomas shawd his strenthy speir;

229

And Malcolm mein'd his speid.

' My sons your stryfe I gladly see,

' But it fall neir be sayne,

' That Hardyknute sat in his ha,

' And heird his son was slayne.

' My lady deir, ye neid na feir;

225

' The richt is on our syde.'

Syne rising with richt frawart haste

Nae parly wald he byde.

The lady sat in heavy mude,

Their tunefu march to heir,

230

While, far ayont her ken, the found

Na mair mote roun her eir.

O ha ye fein fum glitterand tourir,

Wi mirrie archers crownd,

Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae

235

Keipt frae their countrie's bound?

Sic aulsum strenth shawd Hardyknute;

Sic feimd his stately meid;

Sic pryde he to his meny bald,

Sic feir his faes he gied,

240

Wi

Wi glie they past our mountains rude,
 Owr muirs and mosses weit;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan's touirs it gleit.
 O Fairly bricht I marvel fair
 That featour eer ye lued,
 Whase treasoun wrocht your father's bale,
 And shed your brither's blude!

245

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha sleipd his bouir intill:
 ' Nae time for sleuth, your raging faes
 ' Fare down the westlin hill.
 ' And, by the libbard's gowden low
 ' In his blue banner braid,
 ' That Hardyknute his dochtir feiks,
 ' And Draffans dethe, I rede.'

250

255

" Say to my bands of matchlefs nicht,
 " Wha camp law in the dale,
 " To busk their arrows for the fecht,
 " And streitly gird their mail.
 " Syne meit me here, and wein to find
 " Nae just or turney play;
 " Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 " War bruiks na lang delay."

260

His

TRAGIC BALLADS. 27

His halbrik bricht he brae'd bedeen ; 265

Fra ilka skaith and harm
Securit by a warloc auld,
Wi mony a fairy charm.

A feimly knicht cam to the ha :

‘ Lord Draffan I thee braive, 270

‘ Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,
‘ To fecht wi speir or glaive.’

“ Your hautie lord me braives in vain

“ Alane his micht to prive,

“ For wha, in fingle feat of weir, 275

“ Wi Hardyknute may strive ?

“ But fith he meins our strenth to fey,

“ On case he fune will find,

“ That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,

“ In force they’re far behind. 280

“ Yet cold I wete that he wald yield

“ To what bruiks nae remeid,

“ I for his dochter wald nae hain

“ To ae half o my steid.”

Sae Hardyknute apart frae a 285

Leand on his birnift speir ;

And, whan he on his Fairly deind,

He spar’d nae fith nor teir.

“ What

“What meins the felon cative vile?

“Bruiks this reif na remeid?

“I scorn his gylefu’vows ein thouch

“They recht to a his steid.”

Bownd was lord Draffan for the fecht,

Whan lo! his Fairly deir

Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha

Wi a the speid of feir.

Ein as the rudie star of morne

Peirs throuch a clouid of dew,

Sae did she seim, as round his neck

Her snawy arms she threw.

“O why, O why, did Fairly wair

“On thee her thouchtless luv?

“Whafe cruel heart can ettle aye

“Her father’s dethe to pruve!”

And first he kifsed her bluming cheik,

And syne her bosom deir;

Than sadly strade athwart the ha,

And drapd ae tendir teir.

“My meiny heid my words wi care,

“Gin ony weit to slay

“Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I fweir

“Wi lyfe he fall nae gae.”

TRAGIC BALLADS.

29

' My maidens bring my bridal gowne,

' I little trewd yestrene,

' To rise frae bonny Draffan's bed,

315

' His bluidy dethe to sene.'

Syne up to the hie baconie

She has gane wi a her train,

And sune the saw her stalwart lord

Attein the bleifing plain.

320

Owr Nethan's weily streim he fared

Wi seeming ire and pryde;

His blason, glisterand owr his helm,

Bare Allan by his fyde.

Richt sune the bugils blew, and lang

325

And bludy was the fray;

Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,

Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,

The mighty chief muv'd on;

330

His basnet, bleifing to the sun,

Wi deidly lichtning shone.

Draffan he focht, wi him at anes

To end the cruel stryfe;

But aye his speirmen thranging round

335

Forfend their leider's lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
 Ran reiking mony a mile;
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe alane
 Cold end their irie toil.
 ' Wha fle, I vow, fall frae my speir
 ' Receive the dethe they dreid !'
 Cryd Draffan, as along the plain
 He spur'd his bluid-red steid.

Up to him fune a knight can prance,
 A graith'd in silver mail :
 " Lang have I socht thee through the field,
 " This lance will tell my tale."
 Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill
 Oercame his youthful micht ;
 Perc'd through the visor to the eie
 Was slayne the comly knight.

The visor on the speir was deft,
 And Draffan Malcolm spied ;
 " Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
 ' And not your strenth, ha sey'd.'
 " Cative, awa ye maun na fle,"
 Stout Rothsay cry'd bedeene,
 " Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye heir
 " The wound ye fein'd yestrene."

ir o your kins bluid ha I spilt
 Than I docht evir grein ;
 Rothsay whar your brither lyes
 n dethe afore your cyne.'

Rothsay cried wi lion's rage, 365
 O hatefu curfed deid!
 Draffan seiks our sister's luve,
 Nor feirs far ither meid!"

on the word an arrow cam
 ae ane o Rothsay's band, 370
 smote on Draffan's lifted targe,
 ne Rothsays splent it fand.
 d through the knie to his ferce steid,
 ha pranc'd wi egre pain,
 chief was forcd to quit the stryfe,
 d seik the nether plain. 375

uinstrals there wi dolesfu care
 e bludy shaft withdrew ;
 hat he fae was bar'd the fecht
 r did the leider rue. 380
 ir ye my mirrie men,' Draffan cryd,
 meikle pryde and glie ;
 prise is ours ; nae chieftan bides
 /i us to bate the grie.'

That

'That hantie boast heard Hardyknute,

385

Whar he lein'd on his speir,

Sair weiried wi the nune-tide heat,

And toilsom deids of weir.

The first ficht, when he past the thrang,

Was Malco'm on the swaird :

390

" Wold hevin that déthe my eild had tane,

" And thy youtheid had spard !

" Draffan I ken thy ire, ' but now

" Thy nicht I mein to see."

But eir he strak the deidly dint

395

The fyre was on his knie.

' Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,

' I neir will stryve wi thee ;

' Forfend your dochter see you slayne

' Frae whar she sits on hie !

400

' Yestrene the priest in haly band

' Me join'd wi Fairly deir ;

' For her sake let us part in peace,

' And neir meet mair in weir.'

" Oh king of hevin, what seimly speech

405

" A featour's lips can fend !

" And art thou he wha baith my sons

" Brocht to a bluidy end ?

" Haste

"Haste, mount thy steid, or I fall light
 "And meet thee on the plain; 410
 "For by my forbere's faul we neir
 "Sall part till ane be slayne."
 "Now mind thy aith," syne Draffan stout
 To Allan loudly cryd,
 "Wha drew the thynand blade bot dreid 415
 And perc'd his masters fyde."

"Law to the bleiding eard he fell,
 And dethe fune clos'd his cyne.
 "Draffan, till now I did na ken
 "Thy dethe cold muve my tein. 420
 "I wold to Chryste thou valliant youth,
 "Thou wert in life again;
 "May ill befa my ruthless wrauth
 "That brocht thee to sic pain!"

"Fairly, anes a my joy' and pryde, 425
 "Now a my grief and bale,
 "Ye maun wi haly maidens byde
 "Your deidly faut to wail;
 "To Icolm beir ye Draffan's corse,
 "And dochter anes sae deir, 430
 "Whar she may pay his heidles luv
 "Wi mony a mournfu teir."

II. CHILD MAURICE

I.

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor yit his meikle pride;
 But it was for his mother gay
 Wha livd on Carron side.

II.

' Whar fall I get a bonny boy,
 ' That will win hose and shoen,
 ' That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
 ' And bid his lady come?

III.

' And ye maun rin errand Willie,
 ' And ye maun rin wi speid;
 ' When ither boys gang on their feet
 ' Ye fall ha prancing steid.'

IV.

" Oh no! oh no! my master deir f
 " I dar na for my life;
 " I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
 " For to grief furth his wife."

V. '1

V.

' My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
' My deir Willie,' he said,
' How can ye strive against the streim?
' For I fall be obeyd.'

VI.

" But O my master deir!" he cryd,
" In grenewode ye're your lane;
" Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,
" For feir ye sold be tane."

VII.

' Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha;
' Bid her come here wi speid;
' If ye refuse my hie command,
' I'll gar your body bleid.

VIII.

' Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
' Tis a gowd but the hem:
' Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
' Ein by herfel alane:

IX.

' And there it is, a silken farke,
' Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;
' And bid her come to Child Maurice,
' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.

X.

" Yes

X.

" Yes I will gae your black errand,

" Thouch it be to your cost ;

" Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,

" In it ye fall find frost.

XI.

" The baron he's a man o' micht,

" He neir cold bide to taunt :

" And ye will see before its night,

" Sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

XII.

" And sen I maun your errand rin,

" Sae fair against my will,

" I'll mak a vow, and keep it trow,

" It fall be done for ill."

XIII.

Whan he cam to the broken brig,

He bent his bow and swam ;

And whan he cam to grass growing,

Set down his feet and ran.

XIV.

And whan he cam to Barnards yeat,

Wold neither chap nor ea,

But set his bent bow to his breist,

And lightly lap the wa.

XV. He

TRAGIC BALLADS. 37

XV.

He wald na tell the man his errand
 Thoch he stude at the yeat ;
 But streight into the ha he cam,
 Whar they were set at meat.

XVI.

‘ Hail ! hail ! my gentle fire and dame !
 ‘ My message winna wait,
 ‘ Dame ye maun to the grenewode gat,
 ‘ Afore that it be late.

XVII.

‘ Ye’re bidden tak this gay mantel,
 ‘ Tis a gowd bot the hern :
 ‘ Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
 ‘ Ein by yourfell alane.

XVIII.

‘ And there it is, a filken fark,
 ‘ Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 ‘ Ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice ;
 ‘ Speir na bauld baron’s leive.

XIX.

The lady stamped wi her foot,
 And winked wi her eie ;
 But a that she cold fay or do,
 Forbidden he wald nae be.

XX.

‘ It’s

XX.

- "It's surely to my bower woman,
 "It neir cold be to me." 89
 'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
 'I trow that ye be she."

XXI.

- Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knie),
 "If it be come from Child Maurice" 85
 "It's deir welcum to me."

XXII.

- 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
 'Sae loud as I heir ye lie;
 'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady
 'I trow ye be nae shee." 90

XXIII.

- Then up and spake the bauld baron
 An angry man was he:
 He has tane the table wi his foot,
 Sae has he wi his knie,
 Till crystal cup and ezar dish 95
 In flinders he gard flie.

XXIV.

- "Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
 "Wi a the haste ye can,
 "And I'll gae to the gude grenewode,
 "And speik wi your lemmán." 100

XXV. 'O bide

XXV.

' O bide at hame now lord Barnard;
 ' I ward ye bide at hame;
 ' Neir wyte a man for violence,
 ' Wha neir wyte ye wi' nanē.

XXVI.

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode, 105
 He whistled and he sang:
 " O what meins a the folk coming?
 " My mother tarries lang."

XXVII.

The baron to the grenewode cam,
 Wi meikle dule and care; 110
 And there he first spyd Child Maurice,
 Kaming his yellow hair.

XXVIII.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
 ' My lady loes thee weil:
 ' The fairest part of my body 115
 ' Is blacker than thy heil.

XXIX.

' Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,
 ' For a thy great bewtie,
 ' Ye'fe rew the day ye eir was born;
 ' That head fall gae wi me.' 120

XXX.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And flaided ower the strae;
And throuch Child Maurice fair bodg
He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

XXXI.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid, 123
And set it on a speir;
The meifest man in a his train
Has gotten that heid to beir.

XXXII.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him acrofs his steid; 130
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

XXXIII.

The lady on the castle wa
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Child Maurice heid 135
Cum trailing to the toun.

XXXIV.

"Better I loe that bluidy heid,
"Bot and that yellow hair,
"Than lord Barnard and a his lands
"As they lig here and there."

XXXV. And

XXXV.

And she has tane Child Maurice heid, 140
 And kissed baith cheik and chin;
 "I was anes fow of Child Maurice.
 "As the hip is o the stane.

XXXVI.

"I gat ye in my father's house 145
 "Wi meikle fin and shame;
 "I brocht ye up in the grenewode
 "Ken'd to mysell alane:

XXXVII.

"Aft have I by thy craddle sitten,
 "And fondly sein thee sleip; 150
 "But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
 "A mother's teirs to weip."

XXXVIII.

Again she kifs'd his bluidy cheik,
 Again his bluidy chin;
 "O better I loed my son Maurice, 155
 "Than a my kyth and kin!"

XXXIX.

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 "An ill dethe may ye die!
 "Gin I had ken'd he was your son
 "He had neir been slayne by me." 160

XL. "Obraid

XL.

“Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!

“Obraid me not for shame!

“Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,

“And fave me frae my pain!

XLI.

“Since nothing but Child Maurice head

165

“Thy jealous rage cold quell,

“Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,

“That neir to thee did ill.

XLII.

“To me nae after days nor nights

“Will eir be saft or kind:

170

“I’ll fill the air wi heavy sighs,

“And greit till I be blind.”

XLIII.

“Eneuch of bluid by me’s been spilt,

“Seek not your dethe frae me;

“I’d rather far it had been mysel,

175

“Than either him or thee.

XLIV.

“Wi hope’efs wae I hear your plaint,

“Sair, sair, I rue the deid.—

“That eir this curfed hand of mine

“Sold gar his body bleid!

180

XLV. ‘Dry

XLV.

- ‘ Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
- ‘ They neir can heal the wound ;
- ‘ Ye see his heid upon the speir,
- ‘ His heart’s bluid on the ground.

XLVI.

- ‘ I curse the hand that did the deid, 185
- ‘ The heart that thocht the ill,
- ‘ The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
- ‘ The comlie youth to kill.

XLVII.

- ‘ I’ll aye lament for Child Maurice 190
- ‘ As gin he war my ain ;
- ‘ I’ll neir forget the dreiry day
- ‘ On which the youth was slain.’

III. ADAM O GORDON.

I.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Whan the wind blew shrill and cauld:
 Said Adam o Gordon tō his men,
 “We maun draw to a hauld.”

II.

“And what a hauld fall we draw to,
 “My mirrie men and me?
 “We will gae strait to Towie house
 “And see that fair ladie.”

III.

The lady on her castle wa
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 When she was ware of a host of men
 Riding toward the toun.

IV. ‘O

TRAGIC BALLADS.

49

IV.

' O see ye not, my mirry men a,
' O see ye not what I see ?
' Methinks I see a host of men,
' I marvel wha they be.'

15

V.

She wein' it had been her luvely lord,
As he came ryding hame ;
It was the traitor Adam o Gordon,
Wha reck'd nae sin or shame.

20

VI.

She had nae funer bukked herself,
And putten on her gown,
Than Adam o Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

VII.

The lady ran to hir toungheid
Sae fast as she cold drie,
To see if by her speiches fair
She cold wi him agree.

25

VIII.

But whan he saw the lady safe,
And the yates a locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrauth,
And his heart was all aghast.

30

IX. " Cum

IX.

“ Cum doun to me ye lady gay,
 “ Cum doun, Cum doun to me :
 “ This nicht ye fall lye in my arms,
 “ The morrow my bride fall be.”

X.

‘ I winna cum doun ye fause Gordon,
 ‘ I winna cum doun to thee ;
 ‘ I winna forfake my ain deir lord,
 ‘ Thouch he is far frae me.’

XI.

“ Give owr your house, ye lady fair,
 “ Give owr your house to me ;
 “ Or I fall brin yoursel therein,
 “ Bot and your babies thrie.”

XII.

‘ I winna give owr, ye fause Gordon,
 ‘ To nae sic traitor as thee ;
 ‘ And if ye brin me and my babes,
 ‘ My lord fall mak ye drie.

XIII.

‘ But reach my pistol, Glaud my man,
 ‘ And charge ye weil my gun,
 ‘ For, bot if I perce that bluidy butcher,
 ‘ We a fall be undone.’

XIV.

She stude upon the castle wa
 And let twa bullets flie;
 She mist that bluidy butchers heart,
 And only razd his knie.

55

XV.

"Set fire to the hause," cryd fause Gordon,
 A wood wi dule and ire;
 "Fause lady ye fall rue this deid
 "As ye brin in the fire."

60

XVI.

"Wae worth, wae worth ye Jock my man,
 'I paid ye weil your fee;
 'Why pow ye out the ground-wa stane
 'Lets in the reik to me?"

XVII.

"And ein wae worth ye Jock my man
 'I paid ye weil your hire;
 'Why pow ye out the ground wa stane
 'To me lets in the fire?"

65

XVIII.

"Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
 "Ye paid me weil my fee:
 "But now I'm Adam o Gordon's man;
 "And man or doe or die."

70

XIX. O

XIX.

O than bespak her little foh
 Frae aff the nource's knie,
 ' Oh mither deir, gi ower this house;
 ' For the reik it smithers me!'

75

XX.

" I wald gie a my gowd, my ehylde,
 " Sae wald I a my fee,
 " For ae blait o the westlin wind,
 " To blaw the reik frae thee."

86

XXI.

O than bespak her dochter deir,
 She was baith jimp and fina,
 ' O row me in a pair o sheits,
 ' And tow me ower the wa.'

85

XXII.

They rowd her in a pair o sheits,
 And towd her ower the wa,
 But on the point o Gordon's speir,
 She gat a deidly fa.

XXIII.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
 And chirry were her cheiks;
 And cleir cleir was her yellow hair,
 Whar on the red bluid dreips f

98

XXIV. Than

XXIV.

Than wi his speir he turnd her owr—
 O gin her face was wan! 96
 Quoth he, "Ye are the first that eir
 "I wishd alive again."

XXV.

He turnd her our and our again—
 O gin her skin was white!
 "I micht ha spair'd that bonny face 100
 "To hae been sum mans delyte.

XXVI.

"Bulk and bown, my mirry men a,
 "For ill doom I do guess:
 "I canna luik on that bonnie face,
 "As it lyes on the grafs." 105

XXVII.

"Wha luik to freits, my master deir,
 "Freits will ay follow them:
 "Let it neir be said, Adam o Gordon
 "Was daunted by a dame."

XXVIII.

But whan the lady saw the fire 110
 Cum flaming our her heid,
 She weip'd, and kist her children twain;
 "My bairns we been but deid."

XXIX.

The Gordon than his bugil blew,
 And said, 'Awa, awa: 115
 'Sen Towie House is a in a flame,
 'I hauld it time to ga.'

XXX.

O than bespied her ain deir lord,
 As he cam ovr the lee;
 He saw his castle in a blaze 120
 Sae far as he cold see.

XXXI.

Then fair, O fair, his mind misgave,
 And a his heart was wae;
 "Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 "Sae fast as ye can gae. 125

XXXII.

"Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 "Sae fast as ye can drie.
 "He that is hindmost o the thrang
 "Sall neir get gude o me."

XXXIII.

Than sum they rode, and sum they ran, 130
 Fu fast outowr the bent,
 But eir the formost could win up
 Baith lady and babes were brent.

XXXIV. He

TRAGIC BALADS.

95

XXXIV.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,

And weipt in teinfu mude!

135

" Ah traitors, for this cruel deid

" Ye fall weip teirs o bluid !"

XXXV.

And after the Gordon he has gane,

Sae fast as he micht drie :

And fune in his foul hartis bluid

140

He has wreken his deir ladie.

IV. The CHILD of ELLE.

I.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
 With walles and towres bedight;
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knighte.

II.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo, he beheld fair Emmeline's page
 Come tripping doun the dale.

III.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stoode not stille,
 And soone he mette faire Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hille.

IV.

Now Christe thee save thou little foot page,
 Now Christe thee save and fee,
 Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
 And what may thy tydinges be?

V. My

V.

My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the teares they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly fende
Betweene her house and thine.

20

VI.

And here shee sends thee a filken scarfe,
Bedewde with many a teare;
And biddes thee sometimes think on her
Who loved thee so deare.

VII.

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayst have;
And biddes thee weare it for her sake
Whan she is laid in grave.

25

VIII.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

30

IX.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye,
And within three dayes she must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

35

E 3

X. Now

X.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee.
 And telle her that I, her owne true love,
 Will dye or fette her free.

49

XI.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I be at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

XII.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
 He neither stint na stayd,
 Untill he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd ;

45

XIII.

O, ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
 And he greets thee well by mee ;
 This night will he bee at thy bowre windowe,
 And die or sett thee free.

59

XIV.

Now day was gone and night was come,
 And all were fast asleepe :
 All save the lady Emmeline,
 Who fate in her bowre to weepe.

55

XV. And

XV.

And fene she heard her true love's voice,
 Lowe whispering at the walle;
 Awake, awake, my dear ladye,
 'Tis I thy true love call.

60

XVI.

Awake, awake my ladye deare,
 Come mount this fair palfraye;
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

XVII.

Now naye, now naye, thou gentle knight,
 Now naye this may not bee;
 For aye should I tyme my maiden fame,
 If alone I should wend with thee.

65

XVIII.

O ladye thou with a knight so true
 Mayst safelye wend alone,
 To my lady mother I will thee bring,
 Where marriage shall make us one.

70

XIX.

" My father he is a baron bolde,
 " Of lynage proud and hye,
 " And what would he saye if his daughter
 " Awaye with a knight should fly?

75

E 4

XX. " Ah

XX.

“ Ah well I wot he never would rest,
 “ Nor his meate should do him no good,
 “ Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
 “ And seene thy deare heart's bloode.”

XXI.

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
 And a little space him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

XXII.

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that might befall.

XXIII.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe,
 At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
 And doune the ladder he drewe.

XXIV.

And thrice he clasped her to his brest,
 And kist her tenderlie;
 The tears that fell from her fair eyes
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

XXV. He

XXV.

He mounted himselfe on his steede so tall,
And her on a fair palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

100

XXVI.

All this beheard her own damselfe,
In her bed whereas she lay,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this
So I shall have golde and fee.

XXVII.

Awake, awake, thou baron hold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Eile,
To doe the deepe of shame.

105

XXVIII.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And calde his merry men all;
“ And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
“ The ladye is carried to thrall.”

110

XXIX.

Fair Emmeline feant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe.

115

XXX. And

XXX.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 "Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitour,
 "Nor carry that lady awaye.

120

XXXI.

"For she is come of hye lynage,
 "And was of a lady borne;
 "And ill it beſeems thee a false churles's ſonne,
 "To carry her hence to ſcorne."

XXXII.

Now loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,
 Nowe thou doeſt lye of mee;
 A knight me gott, and a ladye me bore,
 Soe never did none by thee.

125

XXXIII.

But light nowe doune, my lady faire,
 Light down and hold my ſteed,
 While I and this discourteous knight
 Do try this arduous deede.

130

XXXIV.

Fair Emmeline fight, fair Emmeline weept,
 And aye her heart was woe;
 While twixt her love and the carlish knight,
 Paſt many a baleful blow,

135

XXXV. The

XXXV.

The Child of Elle he fought soe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layd him upon the playne.

14

XXXVI.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye,
Ah what maye ladye Emmeline doe?
'Twere now no boote to flye.

XXXVII.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he sawe his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

145

XXXVIII.

Now hold thy hand thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand;
Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

150

XXXIX.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde,
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

155

XL. O give

XL.

O give consent she may be mine,
 And blesse a faithful paire ;
 My lands and livings are not small,
 My house and lynage faire.

XLI.

My mother she was an erle's daughter,
 And a noble knight my sire ———
 The baron he frownde, and turn'd away,
 With mickle dole and ire.

XLII.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
 And did all trembling stand ;
 At length she sprang upon her knee,
 And held his lifted hand.

XLIII.

Pardon, my lord and father deare,
 This faire yong knight and mee,
 Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
 I never had fled from thee,

XLIV.

Oft have you call'd your Emmaline,
 Your darling and your joye ;
 O let not then your harsh resolves
 Your Emmaline destroye.

XLV.

The baron he stroakd his dark broun cheeke,
 And turnd his heade asyde,
 To wipe awaye the starting teare,
 He proudly strave to hyde.

180

XLVI.

In deep revolving thought he stoode,
 And mus'd a little space;
 Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the grounde,
 With many a fond embrace.

XLVII.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd;
 And gave her lillye hand:
 Here take my deare and only child,
 And with her half my land.

185

XLVIII.

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
 In dayes of youthful pride,
 Do thou the injury repayre
 In fondness for thy bride.

190

XLIX.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine;
 And now my blessing wend wth thee
 My lovely Emmeline.

195

V. GILDEROY.

V. G I L D E R O Y.

I.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
Had roses till his shoon;

His stockings were of filken foy,
Wi garters hanging down.

It was, I ween, a comelie fight
To see fae trim a boy:

He was my joy, and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

II.

O sic twa charming een he had!

Breath sweet as ony rose:

10

He never ware a highland plaid,

But costly filken clothes.

He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,

Nane eer to him was coy:

Ah wae is me, I mourn the day

15

For my dear Gilderoy.

III. My

III.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae toun together ;
 We scant were seven years befor
 We gan to luv' ilk ither :
 Our dadies and our mamies thay
 Were fill'd wi mikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

20

IV.

For Gilderoy, that luv' of mine
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding fark of Holland fine,
 Wi dainty ruffles wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding ring
 Which I receiv'd wi joy :
 Nae lad nor lassie eer could fing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

25

30

V.

Wi mickle joy we spent our prime
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsame time
 Among the leaves sae green :
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kifs and toy ;
 While he wi garlands deck'd my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

35

40

VI.

Oh that he still had been content

Wi me to lead his life !

But, ah, his manfu heart was bent

To stir in feats of strife.

And he in many a venturesome deed

43

His courage bauld wad try ;

And now this gars my heart to bleed

For my dear Gilderoy.

VII.

And when of me his leave he took,

The tears they wat mine ee :

50

I gied him sic a parting hilk !

‘ My benison gang wi thee !

‘ God speed thee weil mine ain dear heart,

‘ For gane is all my joy ;

‘ My heart is rent, sith we maun part,

55

‘ My handsome Gilderoy.’

VIII.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near

Was fear'd in every toun ;

And bauldly bare awa the gear,

Of mony a lawland loun.

60

For man to man durst meet him name,

He was fae brave a boy ;

At length wi numbers he was tane,

My winsome Gilderoy.

TRAGIC BALLADS.

65

IX.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws 65
 To hang a man for gear;
 To reave of life for sic a cause
 As stealing horse or mare!
 Had not their laws been made sae strick
 I neer had lost my joy; 70
 Wi sorrow neer had wat my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy.

X.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He mought hae banisht been;—
 Ah what fair cruelty is this, 75
 To hang sic handsome men!
 To hang the flower o Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy:—
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy. 86

XI.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
 Wi irons his limbs they strung;
 To Edinborow led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest, 85
 He was sae bauld a boy;
 Thair dyed the youth wham I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

XII.

Sune as he yielded up his breath

I bare his corse away,

90

Wi tears, that trickled for his death,

I wash'd his comelie clay ;

And fiker in a grave right deep

I laid the dear lued boy :

And now for ever I maun weep,

95

My winsome Gilderoy.

VI.

I.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate;
 And vow but they sang sweetly!
 Our lady came down the music to hear,
 They sang so very completely.

II.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a her maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her well-fared face,
 They cooed the glamer our her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie;
 For, if kith and kin and a had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

IV.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

V.

Oh come to your bed, says Johnie Fa,
 Oh come to your bed my dearie;
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
 Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Johnie Fa,
 I'll go to bed to my dearie;
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
 My lord shall nae mair come near me.

VII.

And when our lord came hame at een,
 And speird for his fair lady,
 The tane she cry'd, and the ither reply'd,
 She's awa wi the gypsie laddie.

VIII.

Gae faddle to me the black black steed,
 Gae faddle and mak him ready;
 Before that I either eat or sleep
 I'll gae and seek my fair lady.

IX.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
 Of courage stout and ready;
 And we were a put down, but ane,
 For a fair young wanton lady.

VII. THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

I.

THE knight stands in the stable door
 As he was bownd to ride ;
 Whan out thair comes his fair lady,
 And him desires to bide.

II.

“ How can I bide, how dare I bide,
 “ How can I bidē wi thee ?
 “ Have I not kill’d thy ae brother ?
 “ Thou hadst pae mair but he,”

III.

‘ If thou hast kill’d my ae brother,
 ‘ Alas and wae is me !
 ‘ But if I save thee from the paine,
 ‘ My luve’s the mair to thee.’

IV.

She has taen him to her secret bower,
 Steik’d wi a filler-pin ;
 And she’s up to the highest tower,
 To watch that nanē come in.

F 3

V. She

V.

She had nae weil gane up the stair,
 And entered in the tower,
 When four and twenty armed knights
 Came riding to the door.

20

VI.

' Now God you save, my fair lady,
 ' Declare to me I pray,
 ' Did you not see a wounded knight
 ' Come riding by this way ?

VII.

" Yes bloody bloody was his sword,
 " And bloody were his hands ;
 " But, if the steed he rides be good,
 " He's past fair Scotland's strands."

25

VIII.

Then she's gane to her darksome bower,
 Her husband dear to meet ;
 He deem'd he heard his angry faes,
 And wounded her fou deep.

30

IX.

' What harm my lord provokes thine ire,
 ' To wreak itself on me ?
 ' Have I not sav'd thy life frae faes,
 ' And sav'd for sic a fee !'

35

X. " Now

X.

- “ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
 “ O live but half an hour ;
 “ There’s neer a leech in all Scotland
 “ But shall be at thy bower.”

40

XI.

- ‘ How can I live, how shall I live,
 ‘ How can I live for thee ?
 ‘ While running fast oer a the floor,
 ‘ My heart’s blood thou may’st see !’

VIII. YOUNG WATERS.

I.

ABOUT yule, when the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 There came to wait on our king's court,
 Mony a weil-favour'd man.

II.

The Quein luik'd ower the castle-wa, 5
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw young Waters
 Cum riding to the town.

III.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind : 10
 Ane mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keep him frae the wind.

IV.

Gowden-graith'd his horse before,
 And filler-shod behind ;
 The horse young Waters rode upon 15
 Was fleetier than the wind.

V. Up

TRAGIC BALLADS. 73

V.

Up then spak a wylie lord,
And to the Queen said he,
Tell me quha is the fairest face
Rides in the companie?

20

VI.

I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters
Mine een did never see.

VII.

Out then spak the jealous king,
(An angry man was he,)
"And if he had been twice as fair,
"You might have excepted me."

25

VIII.

You're neither lord, nor laird, she says,
Bot the king that wears the crown;
There's not a knight in fair Scotland,
Bot to thee maun bow down.

30

IX.

For a that she could say or do,
Appeas'd he wad nae be;
Bot for the words that she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

35

X. Sune

X.

Sune they hae taen young Waters,
Put fetters on his feet ;
Sune they hae taen young Waters,
And thrown in dungeon deep.

40

XL

They hae taen to the heiding-hill,
That knight fae fair to see ;
And for the words the queen had spak
Young Waters he did die.

IX. SIR HUGH;

OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

I.

THE bonnie boys o merry Lincoln
 War playin at the ba;
 And wi them stude the sweet Sir Hugh,
 The flower amang them a.

II.

He kepped the ba there wi his foot,
 And catchd it wi his knie,
 Till in at the cruel Jew's window
 Wi speid he gard it flie.

III.

“ Cast out the ba to me, fair maid,
 “ Cast out the ba to me:”—
 “ Ye neir fall hae’t my bonnie Sir Hugh,
 “ Till ye come up to me.

IV.

“ Cum up sweet Hugh, cum up dear Hugh
 “ Cum up and get the ba;”
 “ I winna cum up, I winna cum up
 “ Without my playferes a.”

V.

And she has gane to her father's garden
 Sae fast as she cold rin ;
 And powd an apple red and white
 To wyle the young thing in.

20

VI.

She wyld him fune throuch æ chamber,
 And wyld him fune throuch twa ;
 And neist they cam to her ain chamber,
 The fairest o them a.

VII.

She has laid him on a dreslin board,
 Whar she was usd to dine ;
 And stack a penknife to his heart,
 And drefs'd him like a swine.

25

VIII.

She row'd him in a cake o lead,
 And bade him lye and sleip ;
 Syne threw him in the Jew's draw-well,
 Fu fifty fathom deip.

30

IX.

Whan bells were rung, and maïs was fung,
 And ilka lady gaed hame ;
 Than ilka lady had her young fon,
 But lady Helen had nane.

35

X.

She row'd her mantel her about,
And fair fair can she weip;
She ran wi speid to the Jew's castel,
When a war fast asleip.

40

XI.

' My bonnie Sir Hugh, your mither calls,
' I pray thee to her speik :'
" O lady rin to the deip draw-well
" Gin ye your son wad feik."

XII.

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And kneel'd upon her knie;
' My bonnie Sir Hugh gin ye be here,
' I pray ye speik to me ;'

45

XIII.

" The lead is wondrous heavy mither,
" The well is wondrous deip;
" A kene penknife sticks in my heart,
" A word I dounae speik.

50

XIV.

" Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
" Fetch me my winding sheet;
" For again in merry Lincoln toun
" We twa fall never meit."

55

X. FLODDEN FIELD;

OR, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I.

I Have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,
 Lasses a lilting eir the break o day;
 But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

II.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but ficing and fabbing;
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

III.

At een in the gloming nae swankies are roaming,
 'Mang stacks wi the lasses at bogle to play;
 For ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary;
 The Flowers o the Forest, wha're a wed away.

IV.

In harst at the sheiring na yonkers are jeiring;
 The bansters are lyart, runkled, and gray;
 At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
 Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

V.

O dule for the order sent our lads to the border !
 The English for anes by gyle wan the day.
 The Flowers o the Forest, wha ay shone the foremost,
 The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay !

XI. E D W A R D.

I.

WH Y does your brand fae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand fae drap wi bluid,

And why fae fad gang ye O!

O I hae killd my hauk fae gude,

5

Mither, mither :

O I hae killd my hauk fae gude ;

And I had nae mair but he, O!

II.

Your haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,

Edward, Edward.

10

Your haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,

My deir fon I tell thee O!

I hae killd my reid roan steid,

Mither, mither :

O I hae killd my reid roan steid

15

That erst was fair and frie O!

III.

Your steid was auld, and ye hae mair,

Edward, Edward :

Your steid was auld, and ye hae mair,

Sum ither dule ye drie, O!

20

O I hae killd my fadir deir,

Mither, mither :

O I hae killd my fadir deir,

Alas! and wae is me O!

IV. What

IV.

What penance will ye drie for that, 25

Edward, Edward?

What penance will ye drie for that,

My deir fop, now tell me O!

I'll fet my feet in yonder boat;

Mither, mither; 30

I'll fet my feet in yonder boat;

And I'll fare ovr the sea, O!

V.

What will ye do wi touirs and ha,

Edward, Edward?

What will ye do wi touirs and ha, 35

That were fae fair to see, O!

I'll let them stand till they doun fa,

Mither, mither:

I'll let them stand till they doun fa,

For heir I maunae be O! 40

VI.

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,

Edward, Edward?

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,

When ye gang ovr the sea O!

The world's room to beg through life, 45

Mither, mither:

The world's room to beg through life,

For them I neir maun see, O!

VII.

What will ye leive to your mither deir,
Edward, Edward?

50

What will ye leive to your mither deir,
My deir son, now tell me O!

The turfe of hell frae me fall ye beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gied me, O!

55

XII. SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

THE King sits in Dunfermlin toun,
Drinking the bluid-red wine :

“ Whar fall I get a gude sailor,

“ To fail this ship o mine ?”

II.

Than up and spak an eldern knicht,

5

Wha sat at his richt knie ;

“ Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,

“ That sails upon the sea.”

III.

The king has writtten a braid letter,

And fignd it wi his hand ;

10

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,

Wha walked on the sand.

IV.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,

A leud lauch lauched he ;

The neist line that Sir Patrick red

15

The teir blinded his eie.

V.

" O wha can he be that has don
 " This deid o ill to me,
 " To fend me at this time o yeir
 " To sail upo the sea ?

20

VI.

" Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a
 " Our gude ship sails the morne."
 " O say na sae, my master deir,
 " For I feir deidly storm.

VII.

" I saw the new moon late yestrene,
 " Wi the auld moon in her arm ;
 " And I fear, I fear, my master deir,
 " That we will cum to harm."

25

VIII.

" Our Scottish nobles were richt laith
 " To weit their shyning shoon ;
 But lang or a the play was ovr,
 They wat their heids aboon.

30

IX.

O lang lang may their ladies sit
 And luik outowr the fand,
 Or eir they see the bonnie ship
 Cum sailing to the land !

35

X. Mair

TRAGIC BALLADS. 85

X.

Mair than half ower to Aberdour—
It's fifty fathom deip—
Lyes gude Sir Patrick Spence for aye
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

40

XIII. LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

I.

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleip,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weip;
 If thou'lt be silent I'll be glad,
 Thy maining maks my heart full fad;
 Balow my boy, thy mither's joy;
 Thy father breids me great annoy.

5

II.

Whan he began to seik my luvie,
 And wi his sucred words to muve;
 His feining fause, and flattering cheir,
 To me that time did nocht appeir;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for my babe nor me.

10

III.

Lye still, my darling, sleip a while,
 And whan thou wakest sweetly smile;
 But smile nae as thy father did
 To cozen maids: nay, God forbid,
 What yet I feir, that thou sold leir
 Thy father's heart and face to beir!

15

4

IV. Be

IV.

Be still, my sad one: spare those teirs,
 To weip whan thou hast wit and yeirs; 20
 Thy griefs are gathering to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they cum;
 Born to proclaim a mother's shame,
 A father's fall, a bastard's name.

XIV. THE EARL OF MURRAY,

I.

YE Hiellands and ye Lawlands
 O whar hae ye been?
 They have slain the Earl of Murray
 And laid him on the green!

II.

'Now wae be to you Huntly!
 'O wharfore did ye fae?
 'I bad you bring him wi you;
 'But forbad you him to flay.'

5

III.

He was a bra galant,
 And he rid at the ring;
 The bonnie Earl of Murray
 He nicht ha beep a king.

10

IV.

He was a bra galant,
 And he playd at the ba;
 The bonnie Earl of Murray
 Was the flower amang them a.

15

V. He

TRAGIC BALADS, 89

V.

He was a bra galant,
And he playd at the gluve;
The bonnie Earl of Murray
He was the queen's luv.

20

VI.

O lang will his lady
Look ovr the castle downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum founding throuch the toun!

XV. SIR

XV. SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

I.

O Heard ye o Sir James the Rose,
 The young heir o Buleighan?
 For he has kill'd a gallant squire,
 Whase friends are out to tak him.

II.

Now he has gane to the house o Mar,
 Whar nane might feik to find him;
 To see his dear he did repair,
 Weining she wold befreind him.

III.

' Whar are ye gaing, Sir James,' she said,
 ' O whar awa are ye riding?'
 " I maun be bound to a foreign land,
 " And now I'm under hiding."

IV.

" Whar fall I gae, whar fall I rin,
 " Whar fall I rin to lay me?
 " For I ha kill'd a gallant squire,
 " And his friends feik to flay me."

V. 'O

V.

‘ O gae ye doun to yon laigh houe,
 ‘ I fall pay there your lawing ;
 ‘ And as I am your leman trew,
 ‘ I’ll meet ye at the dawning.

26

VI.

He turnd him richt and round about
 And rowd him in his brechan:
 And laid him doun to tak a sleip,
 In the lawlands o Buleighan.

VII.

He was nae weil gane out o ficht,
 Nor was he past Milstrethen,
 Whan four and twenty belted knichts
 Cam riding ovr the Leathen.

25

VIII.

‘ O ha ye seen Sir James the Rose,
 ‘ The young heir o Buleighan ?
 ‘ For he has kill’d a gallant squire,
 ‘ And we are sent to tak him.’

30

IX.

“ Yea, I ha seen Sir James,’ she said,
 “ He past by here on Monday ;
 “ Gin the steed be swift than he rides on,
 “ He’s past the Hights of Lundie.”

35

X. But

X.

But as wi speid they rade awa;
 She loudly cryd behind them ;
 " Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,
 " I'll tell ye whar to find him."

40

XI.

' O tell fair maid, and, on our band,
 ' Ye'fe get his purse and brechan.'
 " He's in the bank aboon the mill,
 " In the lawlands o Buleighan."

XII.

Than out and spak Sir John the Graham,
 Wha had the charge a keiping,
 " It's neer be said, my stalwart ferès,
 " We killd him whan a sleiping."

45

XIII.

They seized his braid sword and his targe,
 And closely him furrounded :
 " O pardon ! mercy ! gentlemen,"
 He then fou loudly founded.

50

XIV.

' Sic as ye gae fic ye fall hae
 ' Nae grace we shaw to thee can.'
 " Donald my man, wait till I fa,
 " And ye fall hae my brechan ;
 " Ye'll get my purse thouch fou o gowd
 " To tak me to Loch Lagan."

55

XV.

Syne they tuke out his bleiding heart,
 And set it on a speir ;
 Then tuke it to the house o Mar,
 And shawd' it to his deir.

60

XVI.

• We cold nae gie Sir James's purse
 • We cold nae gie his brechan,
 • But ye fall ha his bleeding heart
 • Bot and his bleeding tartan.'

65

XVII.

" Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake
 " My heart is now a breaking,
 " Curs'd be the day, I wrocht thy wae,
 " Thou brave heir of Buleighan !"

70

XVIII.

Then up she raife, and furth she gaes ;
 And, in that hour o tein,
 She wanderd to the dowie glen,
 And nevir mair was sein.

XV. THE LAIRD OF WOODHOUSELIE.

FROM TRADITION.

I.

SHYNING was the painted ha
 Wi gladsum torches bricht ;
 Full twenty gowden dames sat there,
 And ilkane by a knight :
 Wi mufic cheir,
 To please the eir,
 Whan bewtie pleafd the ficht.

5

II.

Wi cunning skill his gentle meid
 To chant, or warlike fame,
 Ilk damfel to the minstrels gied
 Some favorit chieftan's name :
 " Sing Salton's praise,"
 The lady fays—
 In fuith she was to blame.

10

III.

' By my renown ye wrang me fair,'
 Quoth hautie Woodhoufelie,
 ' To praise that youth o sma report,
 ' And never deim on me :
 ' Whan ilka dame
 ' Her fere cold name,
 ' In a this companie.'

15

20

IV. The

IV.

The morn she to her nourice yeed;

“ O meikle do I feir,

“ My lord will slay me, fin yestrene

“ I prais'd my Salton deir !

25

“ I'll hae nae ease,

“ Till Hevin it please,

“ That I lye on my beir.”

V.

“ Mair wold I lay him on his beir,”

The craftie nourice said ;

“ My faw gin ye will heid but anea,

“ That fall nae be delaid.”

“ O nourice fay,

“ And, by my fay,

“ Ye fall be weil appaid.”

35

VI.

“ Take ye this drap o deidly drug

“ And put it in his cup,

“ When ye gang ot the gladfum ha,

“ And sit ye down to sup :

“ Whan he has gied

40

“ To bed bot dreid,

“ He'll never mair rise up.”

VII. And

VII.

And she has tane the deidly drug
 And pat it in his cup,
 Whan they gaed to the gladsum ha,
 And sat them down to sup:
 And wi ill speid
 To bed he gied,
 And never mair raise up.

45

VIII.

The word came to his father auld
 Neist day by hour of dyne,
 That Woodhoufelie had died yestrene,
 And his dame had held the wyne.
 Quoth he "I vow
 "By Mary now,
 "She fall meit fure propine."

50

55

IX.

Syne he has flown to our gude king.
 And at his feet him layne;
 'O Justice! Justice! royal liege,
 'My worthy son is slayne.
 'His lady's feid
 'Has wrocht the deid,
 'Let her receive the paine.'

60

X. Sair

X.

Sair muvit was our worthy king,
 And an angry man was he ;
 ‘ Gar bind her to the deidly stake,
 ‘ And birn her on the lie :
 ‘ That after her
 ‘ Na bluidy fere
 ‘ Her reckless lord may flee.’

65

70

XI.

“ O wae be to ye, nourice,
 “ An ill dethé may ye drie !
 “ For ye prepar’d the deidly drug
 “ That gard my deiry die :
 “ May a the painé
 “ That I darraine
 “ In ill time, licht on thee !

75

XII

“ O bring to me my gown o black,
 “ My mantel, and my pall ;
 “ And gie five merks to the friars gray
 “ To pray for my poór faul :
 “ And ilka dame,
 “ O gentle name,
 “ Bewar o my fair fall.”

80

XVII. LORD LIVINGSTON.

FROM TRADITION.

I.

- ‘ **G**RAITH my swiftest steid,¹ said Livingston,
 ‘ But nane of ye gae wi me;
 ‘ For I maun awa by mysel alane
 ‘ To the foot of the grenewode tree.

II.

Up spak his dame wi meikle speid.

5.

- “ My lord I red ye bide ;
 “ I dreimd a dreiry dreim last nicht;
 “ Nae gude fall you betide.”

III.

- ‘ What freit is this, my lady deir,
 ‘ That wald my will gainstand ?
 “ I dreimd that I gaed to my bouir dore,
 “ And a deid man tuke my hand.”

10

IV.

- ‘ Suith dreims are scant,’ said the proud baron,
 And leuch wi jeering glie ;
 ‘ But for this sweit kifs my winsum dame
 ‘ Neist time dreim better o me.’

15

V. ‘ Fer

TRAGIC BALLADS.

331
99

V.

- * For I hecht to meit with lord Rothmar,
 ‘ To chafe the fallow deer ;
* And speid we weil, by the our o nune,
 ‘ We fall return bot feir.’

20

VI.

- Frae his fair lady’s ficht he strave
 His ettling fae to hide ;
But frae the grenewode he came nae back,
 Sin eir that deidly tide.

VII.

- For Rothmar met him there bot fail,
 And bluidy was the strife ;
Lang eir the nunetide meïs was rung,
 They baith war twin’d o life.

25

VIII.

- * Forgie, forgie me, Livingston !
 ‘ That I lichtly fet by your dame ;
* For surely in a the world lives not
 ‘ A lady mair free frae blame.

30

IX.

- * Accursed be my lawles luv
 ‘ That wrocht us baith sic tein !’
* As I forgie my freind anes deir,
 ‘ Sae may I be forgien.

35

H 2

X. “ Thouch

284641N

X.

"Thouch ye my counseil fold ha tane

"The gait of gyle to eschew;

"Yet may my faul receive sic grace

"As I now gie to you."

XI.

The lady in her mournfu boith

Sat wi richt heavy cheir,

In ilka fough that the laigh wind gied

She weind her deir lord to heir.

XII.

Whan the sun gaed down, and mirk nicht came, 45

O teirfu were her eyne!

'I feir, I feir, it was na for nocht

'My dreims were fæe dowie yestrene!

XIII.

Lang was the nicht, but whan the morn cam,

She said to her menie ilk ane;

'Haste, saddle your steids, and seek the gerenewode, 50

'For I feir my deir lord is slain.'

XIV

Richt fune they fand their lord and Rothmar

Deid in ilk ither's arm:

'I guess my deir lord that luvè of my name 55

'Alane brocht thee to sic harm.

XV. 'Neit

TRAGIC BALLADS. 145

XV.

‘ Neir will I forget thy feimly meid,
‘ Nor yet thy gentle luv ;
‘ For fevin lang yeirs my weids of black
‘ That I luvd thee as weil fall pruve.’

60

XVIII. B I N N O R I E.

FROM TRADITION.

To preserve the tone as well as the sense of this Ballad, the burden should be repeated through the whole, though it is here omitted for the sake of conciseness.

THERE were twa sisters liv'd in a bouir ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie !

Their father was a baron of pour,

By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie.

The youngest was meek, and fair as the May,

5

Whan she springs in the east wi the gowden day ;

The eldest austern as the winter cauld,

Ferce was her faul, and her feining was bauld.

A gallant squire cam sweet Isabel to wooe ;

Her sister had naething to luvè I trow ;

10

But filld was she wi dolour and ire,

To see that to her the comlie squire

Preferd the debonair Isabel :

Their hevin of luvè of spyte was her hell.

Till ae ein she to her sister can say

15

“ Sweit sister cum let us wauk and play.”

They wauked up, and they wauked down,

Sweit sang the birdis in the vallie loun !

Whan

Whan they cam to the roaring lin,
 She drave unweiting Isabel in. 26
 † O sifter! sifter! tak my hand,
 † And ye fall hae my silver fan;
 † O sifter! sifter! tak my middle,
 † And ye fall hae my gowden girdle.
 Sumtimes she sank, sumtimes she swam,
 Till she cam to the miller's dam:
 The miller's dochter was out that ein
 And saw her rowing down the streim.
 † O father deir! in your mill dam
 † "There is either a lady or a milk white swan!" 30
 Twa days were gane whan to her deir
 Her wraith at deid of nicht cold apeir:
 † My luv, my deir, how can ye sleip,
 † Whan your Isabel lyes in the deep?
 † My deir, how can ye sleip bot pain, 35
 † Whan she by her cruel sifter is slain?
 Up raise he sune in frichtfu mude,
 † Busk ye my meiny and seik the flude.
 They socht her up and they socht her down,
 And spyd at last her glisterin gown: 40
 They rais'd her wi richt meikle care;
 Pale was her cheik, and grein was her hair!
 † Gae, saddle to me my swiftest steid,
 † Her fere, by my fae, for her dethe fall bleid.
 A page cam running out ovr the lie, 45
 † "O heavie tiding I bring!" quoth he,

“ My lovely lady is far awa gane,
 “ We weit the fairy hae her tane ;
 “ Her sifter gaed wood wi dule and rage,
 “ Nocht cold we do her mind to suage. 50
 “ O Ifabel ! my sifter ! ” she wold cry,
 “ For thee will I weip, for thee will I die ! ”
 “ Till late yestreene in an elric hour
 “ She lap frae aft the hichest tour ” —
 “ Now sleip she in peace ! ” quoth the gallant Squire, 55
 “ Her dethe was the maist that I cold require :
 “ But I’ll main for the my Ifabel deir,
 “ Binnorie, O Binnorie !
 “ Full mony a dreiry ddy, bot weir,
 “ By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie.” 60

XIX. THE DEATH OF MENTEITH.

From TRADITION.

I.

SHRILLY shriek'd the raging wind,
And rudelie blew the blast;
Wi awsum blink, through the dark ha,
The speidy lichtning past.

II.

‘ O hear ye nae, frae mid the loch,
‘ Arise a deidly grane;
‘ Sae evir does the spirit warn,
‘ Whan we sum dethe maun mane.

III.

‘ I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,
‘ Ye are nae safe wi me:
‘ What wae wald fill my heart gin ye
‘ Sold in my castle drie!’

IV.

“ Ye neid nae feir, my leman deir,
“ I’m ay safe when wi thee;
“ And gin I maun nae wi thee live,
“ I here wad wish to die.”

V. His

V.

His man came running to the ha

Wi' wallow cheik belyve :

" Sir John Menteith, your face are neir,

" And ye maun flie or strive.

29

VI.

" What count fyne leads the cruel knight ?"

" Thrie speirmen to your ane :

" I red ye flie, my master deir,

" Wi' speid, or ye'll be slain."

VII.

" Tak ye this gown, my deir Sir John,

35

" To hide your shyning mail :

" A boat waits at the hinder port

" Owr the braid loch to sail."

VIII.

" O whatten a piteous shriek was yon

" That fough'd upo my eir ?"

37

" Nae piteous shriek I trow, ladie,

" Bot the ouch blast ye heir."

IX.

They socht the castle, till the morn,

Whan they were bown'd to gae,

They saw the boat turn'd on the loch,

39

Sir John's corse on the brae.

TRAGIC BALLADS.

107

XX. LORD AIRTH'S COMPLAINT.

From a MANUSCRIPT.

I.

IF these sad thoughts could be express'd,
Wharwith my mind is now possess'd,
My passion nicht, disclos'd, have rest,
My griefs reveal'd nicht flie:
But still that mind which dothe forbere
To yield a groan, a sigh, or teire,
May by its prudence, much I fear,
Encrease it's miserie.

5

II.

My heart which ceases now to plaine,
To speke it's griefs in mournful straine,
And by sad accents ease my paine,
Is stupefied with woe,
For lesser cares doe murne and crie,
While greater cares are mute and die;
As issues run a fountain drie,
Which stop'd wold overflow.

10

15

III. My

III.

My sighs are fled; no teirs now rin,
But swell to whelm my soul within,
How pitieful the case I'm in,

Admire but doe not trie.

29

My crosses I might justly pruve,
Are common forrows far abuve;
My griefs ay in a circle muve,
And will doe till I die.

TRAGIC BALLADS. 109

XXI.

FROM TRADITION.

I.

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries
To bear her company.

O would that in her darksome bed
My weary frame to rest were laid
From love and anguish free!

II.

I hear, I hear the welcome sound
Break slowly from the trembling mound
That ever calls on me:

Oh blessed virgin! could my power
Vye with my wish, this very hour
I'd sleep death's sleep with thee.

III.

A lover's sigh, a lover's tear,
Attended on thy timeless bier:

What more can fate require?

I hear, I hear the welcome sound—
Yes, I will seek the sacred ground,
And on thy grave expire.

IV. The

IV.

The worm now tastes that rosy mouth,
 Where glowed, short time, the smiles of youth;
 And in my heart's dear home,
 Her snowy bosom, loves to lye.—
 I hear, I hear the welcome cry!
 I come, my love! I come,

V.

O life begone! thy irksome scene
 Can bring no comfort to my pain:
 Thy scenes my pain recall!
 My joy is grief, my life is dead,
 Since she for whom I lived is fled;
 My love, my hope, my all.

VI.

Take, take me to thy lovely side,
 Of my lost youth thou only bride!
 O take me to thy tomb!
 I hear, I hear the welcome sound!
 Yes life can fly at sorrow's wound.
 I come, I come, I come.

FRAG-

FRAGMENTS.

I.

EARL Douglas then wham nevir knicht
 Had valour mair nae courtesie,
 Is now fair blam'd by a the land
 For lichtlying o his gay ladie.

* * * *

“ Gae little page, and tell my lord,
 “ Gin he will cum and dyne wi me,
 “ I’ll fet him on a feat o gowd,
 “ And serve him on my bended knie.”

* * * *

“ Now wae betide ye black Fastness,
 “ Bot and an ill deid may ye die!
 “ Ye was the first and formost man
 “ Wha pairted my true lord and me.”

* * * *

II. She

II.

* * * * *

She has called to her her bouir maidens,

She has called them ane by ane :

“ There lyes a deid man in my bouir,

“ I wish that he war gane.”

They ha booted him and spurred him,

As he was wont to ryde,

A hunting horn ty'd round his waist,

A sharp sword by his fyde.

Then up and spak a bonnie bird,

That sat upo the trie ;

“ What hae ye done wi Earl Richard,

“ Ye was his gay ladie?”

“ Cum down, cum down, my bonnie bird,

“ And licht upo my hand ;

“ And ye shall hae a cage o gowd,

“ Whar ye hae but the wand.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman !

“ Nae cage o gowd for me ;

“ As ye hae done to Earl Richard,

“ Sae wad ye doe to me.”

* * * * *

III. See

III.

See ye the castle's lonelie wa,
That rises in yon yle?
There Angus mourps that eir he did
His fovereign's luvè begyle.

* * * * *

' O will ye gae wi me fair maid?
' O will ye gae wi me?
' I'll fet you in a bouir o gowd
' Nae haly cell ye'fe drie.'

" O meikle lever wald I gang
" To bide for ay wi thee,
" Then heid the king my father's will,
" The haly cell to drie.

" Sin I maun nevir fee nor speke
" Wi him I luvè fae deir,
" Ye are the first man in the land
" I wald cheis for my fere."

* * * * *

IV.

Whar yon cleir burn frae down the loch,
 Rinſ saftlie to the ſea,
 There latelie bath'd in hete o nune
 A ſquire of valour hie.

He kend nae that the fauſe mermaid
 There us'd to beik and play,
 Or he had neir gane to the bathe,
 I trow, that dreirie day.

Nae funer had he deſt his claiths,
 Nae funer gan to ſwim,
 Than up ſhe rais'd her bonnie face
 Aboon the glittering ſtreim.

' O comelie youth, gin ye will cum
 ' And be my leman deir,
 ' Ye ſhall ha pleaſance o ilk fort,
 ' Bot any end or feir.

' I'll tak ye to my emraud ha
 ' Wi perles lichted roud;
 ' Whar ye ſhall live wi luv and me,
 ' And neir by bale be found.

* * * * *

NOTES.

N O T E S.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

P A R T I.

HARDYKNUTE.] This name is of *Danish* extract, and signifies *Canute the strong*. *Hardy* in the original implies *strong*, not *valiant*; and though used in the latter sense by the English, yet the Scots still take it in its first acceptation. “The names in “Cunningham,” says Sir David Dalrymple, “are all “Saxon, as is the name of the country itself.” *Annals of Scotland*, an. 1160, *note*. The *Danish* and *Saxon* are both derived from the old *Gothic*, and were so similar, that a person of the one nation might understand one of the other speaking in his proper tongue. From the names and whole tenor of

this poem, I am inclined to think the chief scene is laid in Cunninghamshire; where likewise the *battle of Largs*, supposed to be that so nobly described in the first part, was fought.

Ver. 5. *Britons*.] This was the common name which the Scots gave the English anciently, as may be observed in their old poets; and particularly *Blind Harry*, whose testimony indeed can only be relied on, as to the common language and manners of his time; his Life of Wallace being a tissue of the most absurd fables ever mingled.

V. 9. *Hie on a hill, &c.*] This necessary caution in those times, when strength was the only protection from violence, is well painted by a contemporary French bard:

Un chasteau scay fur roche espouvantable,
En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuse,
La vy tyrant seant à haute table,
En grand palais, en sal plantureuse, &c.

D' Alliac, Eveque de Cambray.

V. 12. *Knight*.] These knights were only military officers attending the earls, barons, &c. as appears from the histories of the middle ages. See Selden, *Tit. Hon. P.* II. c. 5. The name is of Saxon origin, and of remote antiquity, as is proved by the following fragment of a poem on the Spanish expedition of Charles the Great, written at that period:

Sic

*Sie zeflugen ros unde man
Mit ire fcarfen fpiezen;
This gote mofen an theme plöte binnen ulizen:
Ther fite was under goten knegheten,
Sic kunden wole wochten.*

i. e.

*Occiderunt equos et viros
Acutis fuis haftis;
Deos oportuit fanguine fluere:
Hic mos erat inter nobiles milites,
Poterant optime pugnare.*

*MS. de Bello Car. M. Hifp. apud Keyfler diff. de
Cultu Solis, Freji, & Othini; Halæ, 1728.*

The oath which the ancient knights of Scotland gave at their investiture is preferved in a letter of Drummond of Hawthornden to Ben Jonfon, and is as follows :

*I fhall fortifie and defend the true holy Catholique and
Chriftian Religion, prefently professed, at all my power.*

*I fhall be loyal and true to my Sovereign Lord the King his
Majefty; and do honour and reverence to all orders of che-
valrie, and to the noble office of arms.*

*I fhall fortifie and defend juftice to the uttermoft of my
power, but feid or favour.*

*I fhall never flie from the King's Majefty my Lord and
Mafter, or his lieutenant, in time of battel or medly with
difhonour.*

I shall defend my native country from all aliens and strangers at all my power.

I shall maintain and defend the honest adoes and quarrels of all ladies of honour, widows, orphans, and maids of good fame.

I shall do diligence, wherever I hear tell there are any traitors, murderers, rieurs, and masterful thieves and outlaws, that suppress the poor, to bring them to the law at all my power.

I shall maintain and defend the noble and gallant state of chivalrie with horses, harnesses, and other knightly apparel to my power.

I shall be diligent to enquire, and seek to have the knowledge of all points and articles, touching or concerning my duty, contained in the book of chivalry.

All and sundry the premises I oblige me to keep and fulfill. So help me God by my own hand, and by God himself.

A curious account of the rise and progress of knight-hood, and its influence on society, may be found in a learned and ingenious work lately published by Dr. Stuart, intitled, *A view of Society in Europe, or Enquiries concerning the History of Law, Government, and Manners.*

V. 16. *Emergard.*] In the common copies it is Elenor, and indeed in all the recitals I have heard; but in a late edition published with other Scottish songs at Edinburgh, 1776, it is rightly read as here. *Emergard*, or *Ermengarde*, was daughter of the Viscount of Beaumont,

mont, and wife of William the Lyon. She died in 1233. As the name was uncommon, and of difficult pronunciation, the rehearsers seem to have altered it to *Elenor*, which has none of these defects.

The battle of Largs, supposed to be that meant in this poem, was fought on the first of August 1263, so that queen Emergard was dead thirty years before; yet this can amount to no error in chronology, as the verses evidently imply that the lady of Hardyknute *had* no equal in the kingdom for beauty save the queen in the prime of the youth and beauty of both, which might well be forty years, or more, before the period of action in the poem.

V. 25. *Fairly*.] This name seems likewise of Saxon origin. There is a small island and a rivulet in Cunningham still called *Fairly isle* and *Fairly Burn*.

V. 43. *Twenty thousand glittering speirs, &c.*] This agrees with Buchanan's account, *Acbo—viginti millia militum exposuit*. lib. 7. Torfæus asserts this number of the Norwegians was left dead on the field; but upon what authority I know not, as the ancient relations of the battle of Largs support not his testimony. See *Johnstone's Translation of Haco's Expedition to Scotland in the year 1263, from the Plateyan and Frisian MSS.* printed at Copenhagen 1782.

V. 49. *Page*] The Pages in the periods of chivalry were of honourable account. The young war-

riors were first denominated *pages*, then *valets*, or *damoiseaux*, from which degree they reached that of *ecuyer*, or *Squire*, and from this that of *knight*. See *Du Cange*, voc. *Valeti*, & *Domicellus*. *St. Palaye*, *Mém. sur l'anc. Cheval*. P. I.

V. 61. *He has sanc a horn; &c.*] The *horn*, or *bugil*, was anciently used by the Scots instead of the trumpet. They were sometimes richly ornamented, as appears from *Lindsay's* description of that of *Sir Robert Cochran*. "The horn he wore was adorned with jewels and precious stones, and tipped with fine gold at both ends." *Hist. of Scotland*, J. III.

V. 88. *Westmoreland's ferce heir.*] *Heir*, in the old Scottish acceptation, seems derived from the Latin *berus*, and signifies not *apparent successor*, but *present lord*. As in the following lines of *Blind Harry*:

Of Southampton he hecht baith heir and lord.

B. 7. c. 1.

Of Glocester the huge lord and heir.

B. 12. c. 1.

And in this of *Dunbar*,

Befoir *Maboun* the heir of hell.

V. 107—112.] This minute description might lead us to suspect, that a female hand had some part in this composition. But, before our minstrel, *Homer* has shewn himself

himself an adept in the lady's dress. To the curious remarks on the variation of the British habit, given us by Mr. Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, and Mr. Granger, in his *Biographical History*, might be added the following notice from a reverend minister of the church of Scotland. "About 1698 the women got a custome of
 "wearing few garments: I myselve have seen the young
 "brisk ladies walking on the streets with masks on their
 "faces, and with one onlie thin petticoat and their
 "smoak; so thin that one would make a conscience of
 "sweiring they were not naked." *Miscellanies, by Mr. John Bell, minister at Gladsmuir*, MS. pen. Edit. title Apparel.

V. 112. *Save that of Fairly fair.*] Working at the needle, &c. was reckoned an honourable employment by the greatest ladies of those times. Margaret, the queen of Malcolm III. as we learn from her life written by *Turgot* her confessor, employed the leisure hours of her ladies in this manner. See Lord Hales' *Annals of Scotland*, an. 1093.

V. 121. *Sir Knicht.*] "The addition *Sir* to the
 "names of knights was in use before the age of Edward I. and is from *Sire*, which in old French signifies
 "Seigneur or Lord. Though applicable to all knights
 "it served properly to distinguish those of the order
 "who were not barons." Dr. Stuart, *View of Society*, &c. Notes on sect. 4. chap. ii. p. 269.

V. 123

V. 123—128. The custom of the ladies tending the wounded knights was common in those romantic ages. *Lydgate*, whose story is ancient, but whose manners are those of his own times, has an instance in *The Story of Thebes*, part ii. Speaking of the daughter of Lycurgus and Tideus ;

To a chamber she led him up aloft.
 Full well beset, there in a bed right soft,
 Richly abouten apparrailed
 With clothe of gold, all the floure irailed
 Of the same both in length and brede :
 And first this lady, of her womanhede,
 Her women did bid, as goodly as they can,
 To be attendant unto this wounded man :
 And when he was unarmed to his shert,
 She made first wash his woundis smert,
 And serch hem well with divers instruments,
 And made fet fundrie ointments, &c.

And in an excellent piece of old English poetry, styled *Sir Cauline*, published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques*, when the king is informed that knight is sick, he says,

Fetch me down my daughter deere,
 She is a leech fulle fine. v. 29, 30.

V. 145—152.] This stanza is now first printed. It is surprising it's omission was not marked in the fragment formerly published, as without it the circumstance of the knight's complaint is altogether foreign and vague. The loss was attempted to be glossed over by many variations of the preceding four lines, but the defect was palpable to the most inattentive peruser.

V. 154. *Lord Chattan.*] This is a very ancient and honourable Scottish surname. Some genealogists derive them from the *Chatti*, an ancient German tribe; but others, with more probability, from the *Gilchattan* of Ireland. St. *Chattan* was one of the first Scottish confessors, to whom was dedicated the priory of *Ardchattan* in Lorn, founded in 1230, and some others through the kingdom. The chief of the clan *Chattan* dying in the reign of David I. without male issue, the clan assumed the ancestor of the *M'Phersons* for superior, by which means the name appears to have been lost in that of *M'Pherson*. See *Buchanan's Brief Enquiry into the Genealogy and Present State of Ancient Scottish Surnames*. Glasgow, 1723, 4to, p. 67.

We however find the Clan *Chattan* mentioned as late as 1590 in *The History of the Feuds and Conflicts of the Clans*, published from a MS. of the reign of James VI. Glasgow, 1764; where a *Macintosh* is called their chief.

V. 159.] Though we learn from *Buchanan's Equity*, &c. that the clan *Chattan* are said to have come into Scotland long before the expulsion of the Picts, yet I do not find this pretty anecdote, which is much in the spirit of Homer, has any foundation in history. The empire of the Picts was demolished by Kenneth about four centuries before the apparent date of the events narrated in this poem.

V. 169. *Mak orisons*, &c.] This is perfectly in the style of knighthood. Before they entered into combat they solemnly invoked the aid of God, their Saviour, or their mistress: religion and gallantry being the prime motives of all their adventures. *Les premieres leçons qu'on leur donnoit regardoient principalement l'amour de Dieu et des dames, c'est à dire la religion et la galanterie.* St. Palaye, tome i. p. 7. The poets of these times began, in like manner, the description of a savage conflict, or of their lady's graces, with religious invocation. Many examples of which appear in the *Histoire des Troubadours* of L'Abbé Milot, and the *Specimens of Welsh Poetry* published by Mr. Evans. So blind is the untutored mind to the proper discrimination of it's ideas!

V. 179. *Playand Pibrochs*.] Of the *pibroch* I cannot give a better account than in the words of an excellent author. 'A pibroch is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rythm is so irregular,

‘ lar, and its notes, especially in the quick movement,
 ‘ so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds
 ‘ it almost impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to
 ‘ perceive its modulation. Some of these *pibrochs*, being
 ‘ intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave mo-
 ‘ tion resembling a march, then gradually quicken into
 ‘ the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbu-
 ‘ lent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit;
 ‘ then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy;
 ‘ and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of
 ‘ a funeral procession.’ *Essays by Dr. Beattie*, 8vo. ed.
 p. 422. note.

V. 188. *Eir faes their dint mote drie.*] This is substituted in place of a line of consummate nonsense, which has stained all the former editions. Many such are corrected in this impression from comparing different rehearsals, and still more from conjecture. When an ignorant person is desired to repeat a ballad, and is at a loss for the original expression, he naturally supplies it with whatever absurdity first occurs to him, that will form a rime. These the Editor made not the smallest scruple to correct, as he always imagined that common sense might have its use even in emendatory criticism.

V. 203. *But on his forehead, &c.*] The circumstances in this description seem borrowed from those of different battles betwixt the Kings of Scotland and Norway. I find in no historian that Alexander was wounded in the battle of Largs; on the contrary, it is even doubted
 whether

whether he was present; but in that near *Nairn* M
colm II. was wounded on the head. *Ren, accepto*
capite vulnere, vix a suis in propinquum nemus ablatu, ac
equo positus, mortem evasit. Buchan. lib. VI.

V. 223. *Hire dames to wail your darling's fall.*] T
custom of employing women to mourn for the warri
who fell in battle, may be traced to the most dist
antiquity. Lucilius, one of the earliest Roman poe
in a couplet preserved by Nonius, mentions this pr
tice ;

Mercede quæ conductæ flent alieno in funere præficæ
Multæ & capillos scindunt, & clamant magis.

Among the Northern nations it partook of their b
barity. ‘*Inter eas autem ceremonias a barbara ge*
‘*acceptas fuisse et has, ut genas roderunt muliercu*
‘*hoc est unguibus faciem dilaniarent et lessum facere*
‘*id est sanguinem e venis mitterent, doloris testa*
‘*ergo; id quod Germani patria voce dicunt, Ein le*
‘*thun oder haben.*’ Elias Schedius *de Diis Germ.* Syng.
c. 51. A similar mode of testifying their grief for
death of their chiefs, still obtains in the Highlands,
we are informed by Mr. Pennant in his amusing *Tour*
Scotland.

V. 225. *Costly Jupe.*] This was the *Sagum*, or m
tary vest of the Gauls and Germans. Dr. Stuart
with curious ingenuity derived the science of Blazon
from the ornaments which were in time added to the
Ubi supra, p. 286, 287.

Virgil has a passage remarkably similar to this, in describing the habit of the Gauls, I think in *Æneid* VIII.

Aurea cæsaries illis, atque aurea vestis
Virgatis lucet fagulis.

V. 219. *Beir Norse that gift, &c.*] This has been generally misunderstood: the meaning is, *Bear that gift to the King of Norway, and bid, &c.*

V. 239. 245.] These vaunts are much in Homer's manner, and are finely characteristic. The obscure metaphor which conveys them illustrates a beautiful remark of an ancient critic, That allegory has a sublime effect when applied to threatening. Μεγαλιῶν δὲ τί ἐστὶ καὶ ἡ Ἀλληγορία καὶ μάλιστ' ἐν ταῖς ἀπειλαῖς· οἷον ὡς ὁ Διονύσιος ὅτι, "οἱ τέτλιγες αὐτοῖς ἄσσονται χάμοθεν. Demet. Phal. de Eloc. c. 99.

V. 265. *Whar lyke a fyre to hether set.*] This apposite simile alludes to an ancient practice of the Scots, termed *Mure burning*. The progress of the flame was so quick, that many laws appear in their Acts of Parliament, prohibiting its being used when any corn was standing on ground adjacent to the heath intended to be burnt, though at a considerable distance from the spot where the flame was kindled.

V. 285. *Sore taken he was, fey!*] *Fey* here signifies only indeed, *in fay*, or, in faith: it is commonly used by the old Scottish poets in a sarcastic or ironical sense.

V. 305.

V. 305. *On Norway's coast, &c.*] These verses are in the finest style of Ballad poetry. They have been well imitated by a modern writer, who seems indebted, for the best strokes of his first production, to a taste for such compositions:

Ye dames of Denmark ! even for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for Lords that never shall return,

Douglas, A& III.

I cannot conclude my observations upon the description here given of the battle, without adding, that though perhaps not the most sublime, it is the most animated and interesting to be found in any poet. It yields not to any in Ossian for lively painting, nor to any in Homer for those little anecdotes and strokes of nature, which are so deservedly admired in that master. 'Poetry and Rhetoric,' says the author of an Enquiry into the origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, 'do not succeed in exact description so well as Painting does; their business is to affect rather by sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.' Will he forgive me if I offer this rude Scottish Poem as an example sufficiently illustrative of this fine remark?

V. 231.

V. 321. *Loud and chill blew the Westlin wind, &c.*]

This storm is artfully raised by the magic of Poetry to heighten the terrible, which is soon carried to a degree not surpassed in any production ancient or modern. It will recall to the reader the like artifice employed in the most sublime passage of *Tasso's Gierusalemme*, end of Canto 7.; and of *Homer's Iliad*, VIII. ver. 161. of Mr. Pope's Translation.

V. 327. *Seimd now as black as moruning weid.*] It was anciently the custom on any mournful event to hang the castle gates with black cloth. This is alluded to here, and more particularly mentioned in an excellent modern Ballad, entitled *The Birth of St. George*, which displays no mean knowledge of the manners of chivalry:

But when he reached his castle gate

His gate was hung with black.

Reliques, Vol. III. p. 222.

HARDYKNUTE. Part II.

I HAVE given the stanzas now added the title of a Second Part, though I had no authority from the recital. The break formerly made here by accident seemed to call for this pause to the reader.

V. 115. *Penants.*] These were small banners charged with the arms of the owner, and sometimes borne over the helm of the ancient knight by his squire, and, as would seem, even that of the prince, Earl, or Chief Baron, by his Baneret. See ver. 331. The English word is *penon*:

And by his banner borne is his *penon*,
Of gold full rich ; in which there was ybete
The minotaure that he wan in Crete,

Says Chaucer speaking of Theseus in *The Knight's Tale*.

V. 252. *Draffan's touirs.*] The ruins of Draffan-castle are in Lanarkshire.—They stand upon a vast rock hanging over the *Netban* (see v. 329.) which a little below runs into the *Clyde*. From this a house situated very nigh the ruins is called *Craignetban*. This castle is so ancient, that the country people there say it was built by the *Pechts*, which is their common way of expressing the *Picts*.

V. 273.

V. 273. *His balbrik.*] This term for a coat of mail occurs in *Blind Harry*. It was properly used for one composed of small rings of steel which yielded to every motion of the warrior, and was the same with the *lorica hamata* of the Romans, so picturesquely described by Claudian:

Conjuncta per artem

Flexilis inductis hamatur lamina membris,

Horribilis visu, credas simulacra moveri

Ferrea, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.

In Rufin. Lib. II.

V. 275. *Securit by a warloc auld, &c.*] The belief that certain charms might secure the possessor from danger in combat was common in dark ages. ‘I know ‘a song, by which I soften and enchant the arms of my ‘enemies, and render their weapons of no effect,’ says *Odin*, in his *Magic*. Northern Antiq. Vol. II. p. 217. Among the Longobards they were forbidden by a positive Law. ‘Nullus Campio adversus alterum pugnaturs audeat super se habere *herbas nec res ad maleficia* ‘*pertinentes*, nisi tantum corona sua, quæ conveniunt. ‘Et si suspicio fuerit quod eas occulte habeat, inquiretur per Judicem, et si inventæ fuerunt, rejiciantur. ‘Post quam inquisitionem, extendet manum suam ipse ‘in manu Patrini aut Colliberti sui, ante judicem, ‘dicens, se nullam rem talem super se habere, deinde ad ‘certamen prodeat’. *LL. Longob. apud L. Germ. J. Basil. Herald*. A similar notion obtained even in England,

as appears from the oath taken in the Judicial Combat.

‘ A. de B. ye shall swere that ye have no *stone of virtue*,
 ‘ nor *hearb of virtue*, nor *charme*, nor *experiment*, nor none
 ‘ othir *enchauntment* by you nor for you, whereby ye trust
 ‘ the better to overcome C. de D. your *adversarie*, that shall
 ‘ come agens you within these lists in his defence, nor
 ‘ that ye trust in none othir thyng properly bot in
 ‘ God, and your body, and your brave quarel. So God
 ‘ you help and all halowes, and the holy gospels.’ *Apud*
Dugdale, Orig. Juridic. & Miscell. Antica, Lond. 1702.
p. 166. And we find in a most acute and ingenious
 treatise on the point of honour, written in the middle of
 the sixteenth century, that this precaution was esteemed
 necessary so late as that period. *Il Duellò del Mutio Jus-*
tinopolitano, In Vineg. 1566. lib. II. c. 9. *De i maleficiis*
et incante. ‘ Et non senza ragione i moderni Padrini
 ‘ fanno spogliare i cavallieri, che hanno da entrare in
 ‘ battaglia, et iscuotere, et diligentemente effaminare
 ‘ i loro panni, &c.’ Many instances occur in the ac-
 counts of the civil wars of France, and of the Nether-
 lands: and more particularly in the very curious story
 of *Gowrie’s Conspiracy*, published by James VI. at *Edin-*
burgh, 1600, 4to. ‘ His Majesty having before his
 ‘ parting out of that towne, caused to search the sayd
 ‘ Earle of Gowrie’s pockets, in case any letters that
 ‘ might further the discovery of that conspiracie might
 ‘ be founde therein. But nothing was found in them,
 ‘ but a little close parchment bag full of magical
 ‘ characters,

‘ characters, and wordes of enchantment, wherein it
 ‘ seemed that hee had put his confidence, thinking him-
 ‘ self never safe without them, and therefore ever car-
 ‘ ried them about with him ; being also observed, that
 ‘ while they were upon him, his wound, whereof he
 ‘ died, bled not ; but incontinent, after the taking of
 ‘ them away, the blood gushed out in great abundance,
 ‘ to the great admiration of all the beholders.’ See
 likewise *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland*, by David
Moysses, Edin. 1755. where this piece is reprinted *ver-*
batim. Maister William Rynd, a servant of Lord Gowrie’s,
 deposition in the same volume, p. 297, has singular
 anecdotes with regard to these *characters*.

V. 276. Fairy *charm*.] The word *fairy* seemes to have
 been accepted by the ancient English and Scottish poets
 for *supernatural*, or *enchanted*. So Chaucer speaking of
Cambuscan’s horse,

It was of fairie, as the peple femed.

Squires Tale, p. 1.

V. 362.] It was the priviledge of the knights to hide
 their faces with armour, so that it was impossible to
 distinguish any one from another, except by his *blazon*,
 which seems at first to have been displayed over them,
 but came at length to be painted on their shields,
 whence *Coats of Arms*. A *villain* was obliged to have his
 countenance uncovered in battle. This circumstance
 attended to will save our wonder at Hardyknute’s not

knowing Draffan in the First Part, and Draffan's not perceiving Malcolm here till his spear tore off his visor: though Rothsay knows Draffan either from his wearing a *blazon* on his armour, or from his face being uncovered in order to breathe from the combat.

V. 389. *Cheir ye my mirrie men, &c.*] It should have been remarked on the first appearance of this word, P. I. v. 199, that *mirrie* was anciently used in a very different sense from its present. It signified *bonest*, *true*, *faithful*, but no where *jovial*. King James VI. in his *Dæmonologie* MS. *pen. Edit.* 'Surelie the difference vull gaire put betwixt thame is verrie *mirrie*, and in a manner *trew*.' p. 10. And again in p. 18. 'Many *bonest* and *mirrie* men.' In like manner Merlin's Prophecies are styled '*Mirrie words*,' in that of Beid. *Proph. of Rymcr, &c.*

V. 413. *Ob King of Hevin!*] This is a common appellation of the Deity with the more ancient Scottish Poets. *By Hevin's King*, is the familiar oath of *Blind Harrie's* heroes,

V. 419. *By my Forber's saul.*] Swearing by the souls of their ancestors was another used mode in those times. The greatest thought this oath most strong and honourable; probably because it implied the souls of their forefathers were in heaven, and, as was then believed, might lend them a supernatural aid, if the intention of their oath was just and unblameable.

V. 421. '*Now mind your aith,*' &c.] This passage is obscure: the meaning I apprehend is, that Draffan
had,

had, before the combat, exacted an oath of Allan his baneret, that he would slay him, should the necessity of his affairs demand this sacrifice. More willing to lose his own life than possibly to take that of his great antagonist, he commands Allan to fulfil his engagement, which, with all the heroic faith of those times, he does without a pause. The particular expression, '*The shynand*' 'blade' might lead us to imagine, that it was thought impossible to pierce the supposed enchanted armour, but with one particular weapon, likewise perhaps *charmed*.

V. 437. *Icolm.*] The Nunnery at Icolm, or Icolmkill, was one of the most noted in Scotland. The Nuns were of the order of *Augustine*, and wore a white gown, and above it a rocket of fine linen. *Spotiswood's Account of the Religious Houses in Scotland*, p. 509. The ruins of this nunnery are still to be seen, with many tombs of the Princesses; one of which bears the year 1000. *Martin's Western Islands*, p. 262.

I cannot conclude my remarks on this Poem without wasting one on the story of Mrs. Wardlaw. That this lady may have indeed received a MS. of it as mentioned in Dr. Percy's introductory note, is highly probable. Many valuable MSS. prepared for the press, have had a worse fate. But that she was the author of this capital composition, so fraught with science of ancient manners as the above notes testify, I will no more credit, than that the common people in Lanarkshire,

who can repeat scraps of both the parts, are the authors of the passages they rehearse. That she did not refuse the name of being the original composer is a strange argument: would not the first poet in Europe think it added to his reputation? If conjecture may be allowed where proof must ever be wanting, I suspect, if we assign the end of the fifteenth century as the date of the antique parts of this noble production, we shall not greatly err; though at the same time the language must convince us that many strokes have been bestowed by modern hands.

Since the first publication of this volume, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hales, whose abilities have been so often, and so successfully, exerted in illustrating the antiquities of his country, to the law and the literature of which he is so great an ornament, has communicated to the Editor some notices with regard to this poem of Hardyknute, which shall here be laid before the reader, almost in his own words.

The following are extracts of a letter written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to Lord Binning, about the year 1719.

‘ To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of
‘ the manuscript I found, some weeks ago, in a vault
‘ at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair
‘ Gothic character; but so much defaced by time, as
‘ you’ll find that the tenth part is not legible.’

Sir John transcribes some stanzas, which he calls *verses*. After l. 112, P. I. he says, 'here are four' 'verses defaced,' and then he transcribes l. 113.

At l. 128 he adds, *hiatus in MS.* and then he transcribes l. 153. At l. 320 he says, 'Here are ten verses' (stanzas) so spoilt that I can only guess by the many 'proper names, that they contain the order of battle' 'of the Scots army, as they stood ranged under their' 'different chieftains.'

In conclusion Sir John says, 'there's a vast deal more' 'of it, but all defaced.'

The reader is left to judge whether this story of the manuscript on vellum, &c. has most the appearance of a true narrative, or of a *jeu d' esprit* addressed to a familiar friend.

Lord Hales has a copy of the original edition of Hardyknute, with MS. alterations, in the hand writing of Dr. John Clerk, Physician in Edinburgh. At l. 85, it has 'brade Thomas;' Sir John Bruce has 'bred Mal-' 'colm.' At l. 98, Sir John Bruce's MS. has 'Walter' instead of 'Malcolm.' At l. 103, 'brazen' for 'silver;' and at l. 104, 'iron doors,' for 'painted' 'bowers.'

In Dr. Clerk's MS. lines, 176—180 run thus;

To join his king adown the hill,
In hast his strides he bent;
While minstrels playand pibrochs fine,
Afore him stately went.

In Dr. Clerk's MS. the stanza *On Norway's coast, &c.* comes in after the stanza *There on a lee* with much propriety: that reading is therefore followed in this edition.

At l. 337. for 'owr' the MS. has 'oy'.

The last line in the MS. was originally,

He feared a coud be feared;

but has been changed into that which occurs in later editions.

CHILD MAURICE.

THIS is undoubtedly the true title of this incomparable Ballad, though corrupted into Gil Morrice by the nurses and old women, from whose mouths it was originally published. *Child* seems to have been of equal importance with *Damoiseau* (See note on P. I. v. 49. of Hardyknute) and applicable to a young nobleman when about the age of fifteen. It occurs in Shakespeare's *Lear*, in the following line, probably borrowed from some old romance or ballad,

Child Roland to the dark tower came.

Act III. S. 7.

And

And in Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Topas*, *Cbild* is evidently used to denote a young and noble knight. Many instances might likewise be brought from Spenser for this signification.

Gil Morrice is only the northern pronunciation of the true name of this ballad: *Gil* about Aberdeen, &c. still signifies *Cbild*, as it does in Galic; witness the name *Gilchrist*, the child of Christ, &c.

V. 52. *He bent his bow.*] Archery was enjoined the Scottish warrior at a very early age, as appears from many special laws to that effect, and particularly the following one of James I. ‘Item, That all men busk
‘ them to be Archeres fra they be *twelfe yeir of age*,
‘ and that in ilk ten pundis worthe of lande their be
‘ maid bowmarkis, and speciallie neir to Paroche kirkis,
‘ quhairin upon haly daies men may cum, and at the
‘ leist schutte thriſe about, and have uſage of archerie:
‘ and quha ſa uſis not the ſaid archerie, the Laird of
‘ the lande ſall raiſe of him a wedder; and giff the
‘ Laird raiſes not the ſaid payne, the King’s ſchireffe or
‘ his miniſters, ſhall raiſe it to the King.’ *Parl. I.*
§ 18.

V. 95. *czar.*] This word is perhaps the ſame with *mazer*, as uſed by the Engliſh poets,

A mighty mazer bowl of wine was ſet.

Spenser, F. Q. II. 12. 49.

A

A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Spenser's Calendar, August.

So golden mazer wont suspicion breed
Of deadly hemlocks poison'd potion :

says Hall in the prologue to his admirable Satires. *Exar cup* will then mean a large bowl of any material.

V. 107, 8. *O what means a the folk coming? My mother tarries lang.*] This stroke of nature is delicate. It paints the very thought of youth and innocence. In such happy *tenuity* of phrase, this exquisite composition is only rivalled by the *Merope* of *Maffei*, the most finished Tragedy in the world. Some lines fancifully interpolated by a modern and very inferior hand are here omitted.

V. 122. *And slaided ovr the strae.*] The meaning is, *He went hastily over the rank grass.*

V. 144. *As the hip is o the stean.*] This would appear the corruption of some nurse; but taking it as it stands, the simile, though none of the most delicate, has a parallel in the Father of English Poetry :

But he was chaste and no lechoure
And sweet as is the bramble floure
That beareth the red hip.

Chaucer, Sir Topas.

A D A M

A D A M O G O R D O N.

THE genuine subject of this Ballad has long remained in obscurity, though it must have been noted to every peruser of *Crawford's Memoirs*.

‘ But to return to Gordon,’ (*viz.* Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the Earl of Huntly) ‘ as these two actions against Forbes, or, to speak more properly, against the rebels, gained him a vast reputation—his next exploit was attended with an equal portion of infamy; and he was as much decryed for this unlucky action (though at the same time he had no immediate hand in the matter) as for his former ones he had been applauded. He had sent one *Captain Ker* with a party of foot to summon the Castle of *Towie* in the Queen’s name. The owner Alexander Forbes was not then at home, and his lady confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman with her whole family, amounting to thirty-seven persons. Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt.’

An. 1571. p. 240. edit. 1706.

In this narrative is immediately perceived every leading circumstance in the Ballad. The *Captain Car*, by which name it was distinguished in Dr. Percy's Manuscript, is evidently the *Ker* of Crawford. The House of *Rodes* I have corrected, according to the truth of story, *Towie*. Of which name, I find in *Gordon of Straloch's* map of Aberdeenshire, there were two gentlemen's seats, or castles, in his time, one upon the *Don*, and another upon the *Tiban*. The nearest seat to the latter is that of *Rathy*, which from wrong information may have originally stood in the Ballad, the mistake rising naturally from the vicinity of their situation, and from this have been corrupted to *Rodes*. The courage of this lady, as represented in the Ballad, was equalled by that of the famous Countess of Salisbury, at the siege of Roxborough; and of Ladies Arundel and Banks, in the last civil wars of England. See particularly the *Mercurius Rusticus*, &c. Lond. 1647. Sections V. and XI.

V. 129. *Freits*.] This word signifies *ill omens*; and sometimes as here *Accidents supernaturally unlucky*. King James VI. in his *Dæmonologie*, MS. pen. Edit. B. I. ch. III. p. 13. 'But I pray you forget not likewise 'to tell what are the Devill's rudimentis. E. His rudimentis I call first in generall all that quhilk is called 'vulgairelie the vertu of woode, herbe, and staine; 'quhilk is used by unlawfull charmis without naturall 'causis. As lykeways all kynd of prattiques, *freitis*, or
'uther

‘ *rather lyk extraordinair actions, quibilk cannot abyde the trow
 ‘ twiche of naturall raison.*’ It occurs again in the same
 sense in *p. 14. marg. note*; and in *p. 41.* speaking of
Sorcerers. ‘ And in generall that naime was gevin
 ‘ thaim for using of sic chairmis and *freitis*, as that
 ‘ craft teachis thame.’

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

THIS ballad is admitted into this collection, as
 being supposed, from many minute marks, to
 be a Scottish ballad in an English dress. *Whan* for *when*,
kirk for *church*, &c. are some of these marks.

Though it is published by Dr. Percy, and of conse-
 quence in every body's hands; yet it was necessary to
 give it here, else this digest of such Scottish tragic bal-
 lads as deserve preservation could not have been called
 complete.

VI.

John Faw was king of the gypsies in Scotland in the
 reign of James IV. who, about the year 1495, issued a
 proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist John
 Faw in seizing and securing fugitive gypsies; and that
 they should lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c.
 for that purpose: charging the lieges, that none of
 them molest, vex, inquiet, or trouble the said Faw
 and

and his company in doing their *lawful business* within the realm; and in their passing, remaining, or going forth of the same, under penalty: and charging skippers, masters of ships, and mariners, within the realm, at all ports and havens, to receive said John and his company, upon their expences, for furthering them furth of the realm to parts beyond sea. See *Mr. Mac-laurin's Remarkable Cases*, &c. p. 774.

V. 8. *Glamour*.] The *glamour* was believed to be a kind of magical mist raised by forcerers, which deluded their spectators with visions of things which had no real existence, altered the appearance of these which really did exist, &c. The Eastern nations have a similar superstition, as we may learn from Mr. Galland's *Mille et un nuit*, and other translations of works of Oriental fiction.

SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

is composed of two copies, one published by Dr. Percy, the other in a collection of Scottish Songs, &c. *Edin.* 1776. The *Mirryland town* of the former, and *Mirry Linkin* of the latter, evidently shew that the noted story of Hugh of Lincoln is here expressed.

F L O D D E N F I E L D.

TH E stanzas here given form a complete copy of this exquisite Dirge. The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composition. But it is the painful, though most necessary duty of an Editor, by the touchstone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity.

S I R P A T R I C K S P E N C E

is given from Dr. Percy's Edition, which indeed agrees with the stall copies, and the common recitals. I have, however, lent it a few corrections, where palpable absurdity seemed to require them. The phrase in v. 25. of seeing the old moon *in the arms* of the new is still familiar in Scotland. It means that the opaque part of the moon's disk casts a glimmering light, while the illuminated part is waxing; and is to this hour esteemed to prognosticate a storm.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

THESE four stanzas appeared to the Editor to be all that are genuine in this elegy. Many additional ones are to be found in the common copies, which are rejected as of meaner execution. In a quarto manuscript in the Editor's possession, containing a collection of Poems by different hands from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the middle of the last century, when it was apparently written (pp. 132.) there are two *Balows* as they are there styled, the first *The Balow, Allan*, the second *Palmer's Balow*; this last is that commonly called Lady Bothwell's Lament, and the three first stanzas in this edition are taken from it, as is the last from *Allan's Balow*. They are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's Edition, and several stanzas of his own added; a liberty he used much too often in printing ancient Scottish poems.

EARL OF MURRAY.

V. last. *Toun*.] This word is often used in Scotland to denote only, perhaps, a farm-house and office-houses, or a number of hovels scattered here and there; and on which the English would not bestow the name of a village.

A very eminent Scottish antiquary informs me, that in Saxon *ton* signifies an habitation : and that *castle downe* in the last stanza of this ballad ought to be read *Castle Downe*, the seat of Lord Murray in his own right.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE

is given from a modern edition in one sheet 12mo. after the old copy. A renovation of this Ballad, composed of new and improbable circumstances, decked out with scraps of tragedies, may be found in the Annual Register for 1774, and other collections. *Rose* is an ancient and honourable name in Scotland: *Johannes de Rose* is a witness to the famous Charter of *Robert II.* testifying his marriage with *Elizabeth More*, as appears in the rare edition of it printed at Paris, 1695, 4to. p. 15.

V. 27. *Belted Knights.*] The *belt* was one of the chief marks which distinguished the ancient knight. *To be girt with the belt of knighthood* often implied the whole attending ceremonies which constituted that order. That of the common knight was of white leather.

LAIRD OF WOODHOUSELIE.

THIS Ballad is now first published. Whether it has any real foundation, the Editor cannot be positive, though it is very likely. There is a *Woodhouselie* nigh Edinburgh, which may possibly be that here meant.

LORD LIVINGSTON

was probably an ancestor of Livingston Earl of Linlithgow, attained in 1715. This affecting piece likewise, with the four following, now appears for the first time.

V. 13. *Suith dreims are scant*] This seems a proverbial expression: King James in his *Dæmonologie*, ‘That *is a suith dream* (as they say) *sence thay see it walking.*’ MS. p. 100.

B I N N O R I E.

V. 32. *Her wraith.*] ‘And what meanis then these kyndis of spreitis when they appeare in the shaddow of a personne newlie dead, or to die, to his friend? E. When thay appeare upon that occasion, they are called *wraithis* in our langage.’ *Ib.* p. 81.

The following larger extract relating to the Fairies, another creation of superstition, is given by way of specimen of this singular MS. Book III. Ch. 5.

A R G U.

ARGUMENT.

• The description of the fourth kynde of Spreitis,
• called the *Pharie*. What is possible thairin, and what
• is but illusions. Whow far this dialogue entreates of
• all thir thingis : and to what ende.'

• *P.* Now I pray you come on to that fourt kynd of
• spreittis. *E.* That fourt kynde of Spreitis, quhilk be
• the gentiles was called Diana and her wandring court,
• and amongs us was called the *Pharie* (as I tolde you)
• or our guid neighbouris' (the King has added on the
margin 'or fillie wightis') 'was ane of the fortis of
• allusions that was ryfest in tyme of Papistrie; for all-
• though it was holdin odious to prophesie be the devill,
• yet whome these kynd of spreittis caried away, and
• informed, thay wer thought to be sonciest, and of
• best lyfe. To speak of the manie vaine tratlis foundit
• upon that illusion; how thair was ane king and queine
• of *Pharie*, of sic a jolie court and traîne as thay had;
• how thay had a teind and a dewtie, as it wer, of all
• guidis: how thay naturallie raid and yeid, eat and
• drank, and did all other actions lyke naturall men
• and wemen; I think it is lyker Virgilis *Campi Elisei*,
• nor any thing that aught to be beleived be Chris-
• tianis.'

This Manuscript is written in a beautiful Italic hand,
so nearly resembling copper-plate engraving, as to have
been taken for such even after accurate examination.
It is bound in gilded vellum, stamped with the King's
cypher beneath the crown; and is in all probability the

original copy of this royal monument of superstition. Many additions are inserted on the margin, as would seem, of the hand-writing of James VI. and some notes for his own private use. As for instance on *B. II. ch. 1.* speaking of the Magicians of his time, over against the words 'Thay are sume of thame riche and worldlie wyse,' he has noted *F. M.* 'sum of tham fat or corpulent in their bodies,' *R. G.* 'and maist pairt of thame altogethir gevin ouer to the pleafours of the flesche,' *B. N.*

We need not wonder at the severity with which the imaginary crime of withcraft was punished in his reign, when we remark his sentiment expressed on this head, in *B. III. ch. 6.* of this singular tract. '*P.* Then to make ane ende of our conference sence I see it drawis leatt, what forme of punishment think ye merites thir Magiciens and Witches? For I see that ye account thame to be all alyke giltie. *E. (The King)* *Thay aught to be put to deathe,* according to the law of God, the civill and imperiall law, and the municipal law of all Christiane nations. *P.* But what kynde of death I pray you? *E.* It is commonly used be fyre, but that is ane indifferent thing to be used in every countrey according to the law or custume thairof. *P.* *But aught no sexe, aage, nor rank, to be eximed?* *E.* **NONE AT ALL.'**

The

The language of this pedantic Monarch is particular; it is that of a Scottish school-boy beginning to read English.

In the printed copies the style is much altered and improved. It was printed at Edinburgh, and re-printed at London in the same year, 1603, 4to.

LORD AIRTH'S COMPLAINT.

THESE verses, though somewhat uncouth, are moving, as they seem to flow from the heart. They are now first published from the Editor's quarto Manuscript, p. 16. corrected in some lines, which appeared too inaccurate for the publick eye. Two entire stanzas are rejected from the same cause. I know nothing of the nobleman to whom they are ascribed.

In the same Manuscript (p. 17. and 116) are to be found the two following Poems, which I believe have never been in print. They are here added, with a few corrections. They were both written by Sir Robert Aytoun, who bore some office under government in the reign of James VI. if I mistake not. His Latin poems are in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*.

S O N N E T.

WILT thou, remorseless fair, still laugh while I
lament ?

Shall still thy chief contentment be to see me malcontent?
Shall I, Narcissus like, a flying shadow chase ?

Or, like Pygmalion, love a stone crown'd with a winning
face ?

No, know my blind Love now shall follow Reason's eyes ;
And as thy fairness made me fond, thy temper make me
wife.

My loyalty disdains to love a loveless dame,
The spirit still of Cupid's fire consists in mutual flame.
Hadst thou but given one look, or hadst thou given one
smile,

Or hadst thou lent but one poor sigh my sorrows to beguile,
My captive Thoughts perchance had been redeem'd from
Pain,

And these my mutinous Discontents made friends with
Hope again.

But thou I know at length art careless of my good ;
And wouldst ambitiously embrew thy beauty in my blood :
A great disgrace to thee, to me a monstrous wrong,
Which time may teach thee to repent ere haply it be
long :

But to prevent thy shame, and to abridge my woe,
Because thou canst not love thy friend, I'll cease to love
my foe.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHAT means this strangeness now of late,
 Since Time must Truth approve ?
 This distance may consist with state,
 It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust
 That may such ways allow :
 The first is base, the last unjust ;
 Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
 There needs not half this art :
 And if you mean to have me gone,
 You over-act your part.

If kindness cross your wish'd content,
 Dismiss me with a frown ;
 I'll give you all the love that's spent,
 The rest shall be my own.

F R A G M E N T S.

The two first of these are given from a Collection,
 Edinburgh, 1776, but polished by the present Editor ;
 the two others from recital.

G L O S-

G L O S S A R Y.

A

Ablins, *perhaps*.
 Aboon, *above*.
 Ae, ane, *one*.
 Aff, *off*.
 Aft, *oft*.
 Aith, *oath*.
 Ain, *own*.
 Alse, *except*.
 Anes, *once*.
 Auld, *old*.
 Austerne, *stern*.
 Ayont, *beyond*.

B

Ba, *ball, tennis*.
 Baird, *beard*.
 Baith, *both*.
 Bairn, *child*.
 Bale, *misery*.
 Balow, *hush*.
 Band, *solemn oath*.
 Base-court, *bas court, French,*
the lower court of a castle.
 Basnet, *helmet*.
 Begyle, *beguile*.
 Beltraught, *distracted*.
 Bansters, *blusterers*.
 Beik, *bask*.

Belyve, *immediately*.
 Beisprent, *covered*.
 Betide, *n. fortune*.
 Bedeen, *presently*.
 Bleise, *blaze*.
 Bleirit, *dim with tears*.
 Blink, *glimpse of light*.
 Blinking, *twinkling*.
 Blude, *blood*.
 Blythsum, *sprightly*.
 Boughts, *sheepfolds*.
 Boist, *boast*.
 Bonny, *pretty*.
 Botand, *likeways*.
 Bown, *make ready*.
 Bogle, *hobgoblin*.
 Bot, *without*.
 Bouir, *a room arched in the*
Gothic manner.
 Bouir woman, *chamber-maid*.
 Bra, *bravely dressed*.
 Brae, *side of a hill*.
 Braid, *broad*.
 Brand, *Isl. a sword*.
 Brawe, *brave*.
 Brayd, *hasten*.
 Bruik, *enjoy*.
 Brin, *burn*.

Brig,

Brig, *bridge*.
 Bulk, *prepare*.
 Brechan, *plaid; cloke striped*
with various colours.

C

Cauld, *cold*.
 Cauldrif, *chill, damp*.
 Canny, *prudent*.
 Cheis, *chuse*.
 Claught, *grasped*.
 Cliding, *wardrobe*.

D

Daffin, *waggery*.
 Dar'd, *lighted, hit*.
 Darrain, *suffer, encounter*.
 Deft, *taken off hastily*.
 Dint, *blow, stroke*.
 Dawning, *dawn of day*.
 Dought, *could*.
 Doughty, *valiant, strong*.
 Dowie, *dreadful, melancholy*.
 Drie, *suffer, endure*.
 Dule, *grief*.

E

Eard, *earth*.
 Eild, *eld, old age*.
 Eine, *eyes*.
 Eithly, *easily*.
 Eydent, *ayding, assisting*.
 Elric, *dismal*.
 Eldern, *ancient, venerable*.
 Egge, *eager, keen, sharp*.
 Efray, *affright*.

Emraud, *Emerald*.
 Ettle, *aim*.

F

Fae, *foe*.
 Fay, *faith, sincerity*.
 Fere, *companion*.
 Ferly, *wonder*.
 Feid, *enmity*.
 Fey, *in sooth*.
 Flinders, *splinters*.
 Fleeching, *flattering*.
 Forbere, *forefather, ancestor*.
 Forbode, *denial*.
 Frae, *fro, from*.
 Frawart, *froward*.

G

Ga, *gae, gang, go*.
 Gabbing, *prattle*.
 Gait, *way, path*.
 Gar, *cause*.
 Gie, *give*.
 Gin, *gif, if*.
 Glaive, *sword*.
 Gleit, *glittered*.
 Glie, *mirth*. In H. P. II.
 120. it seems to signify a
faint light.
 Glent, *glanced*.
 Glist, *glistered*.
 Gloming, *dusk*.
 Glowr, *glare, dismal light*.
 Grein, *desire*.
 Greit, *weep*.

Graith,

Graith, *dress, v. and n.*

Gousty, *ghastly.*

Grie, *prize, victory.*

Gude, *good.*

Gurly, *bitter, cold; applied to weather.*

Gyle, *guile.*

Gyle, *manner, fashion.*

H

Harst, *harvest.*

Hauld, *bold, abode.*

Hain, *spare, save.*

Hap, *cover.*

Hecht, *promised.*

Hip, *the berry of the wild rose.*

Hyt, *frantic.*

Hynd, *hence.*

I

Jimp, *delicate, slender.*

Ilk, *ilka; each.*

Irie, *terrible.*

K

Kaming, *combing.*

Kin, *kindred.*

Kyth, *v. to show or make appear.*

Kyth, *n. acquaintance, friends, companions.*

L

Laigh, *low.*

Lane, *alone.*

Lap, *leaped.*

Law, *low.*

Lave, *the rest.*

Leil, *true, faithful.*

Leir, *learn.*

Leglen, *a milking pail.*

Leman, *lover, mistress.*

Leugh, *laughed.*

Lawing, *reckoning.*

Lever, *rather.*

Leech, *physician.*

Lift, *the firmament.*

Lig, *lye scatteredly.*

Lilting, *merry making with music, &c.*

Lin, *a fall of water.*

Linkis, *lamps or other artificial lights.*

Loaning, *a common green near a village.*

Loch, *lake.*

Low, *v. and n. flame.*

Lown, *sheltered, calm.*

Lout, *to bow.*

Lue, *love.*

Lure, *cunning device, snare.*

Lyart, *hoary.*

M

Makless, *matchless.*

Maun, *must.*

Mair, *more, T. rather.*

Mahoun, *Mahomet, and by abuse the devil.*

Mane, *moan, lament.*

Meikle, *much.*

Meiny,

ain, *army.*
 measure, to try.
 vard.

, appearance.
 en, mollify.
 k.
 my.
 bt.

N

no, none.

en the King of
 , so France is often
 Shakspeare for the
 at country.

O

erbaps.

before, i. else.

over above.
 . prayer.

P

f strata.
 uly.
 .
 pleasure.

xperiment.

ress, to pass with

y, dawn.

Prive, pruve, *prove.*
 Propine, reward.

Q

Qu, is used in old Scottish
 spelling for W. as Quhat,
 What, &c.

Quat, *quitted.*
 Quell, *subdue.*

R

Raught, recht, *reached.*

en the King of Recule, *recoil.*

, so France is often Rede, *warn.*

Shakspeare for the Reiking, *smoking.*

at country. Rief, *robbery.*

Riever, *robber,*

Reid, *red.*

Roun, *sound softly, whisper.*

Rue, *repent.*

Ruth, *pity.*

Rude, *cross.*

Runkled, *wrinkled.*

S

Sark, *shirt.*

Saw, a wise saying.

Sawman, *counsellor.*

Sabbing, *sobbing.*

Scant, *scarce.*

Scorning (*Flod. v. 5.*) *jesting*
ironically.

Sey, *essay, try.*

Seen, *to see.*

Seim, *appearance.*

Selcouth,

Selcouth, *uncommon as a prodigy.*

Share, *to cleave, pierce.*

Sic, *such.*

Sindle, *seldom.*

Skaith, *hurt.*

Slaid, *to move speedily.*

Slee, *v. slay.*

Sen, *seeing.*

Sin, *sith, since.*

Soncie, *lucky.*

Stalwarth, *stout, valiant.*

Steik, *to shut.*

Sleuth, *sloth.*

Strecht, *stretched.*

Swankies, *merry fellows.*

Swaird, *turf, grassy ground.*

Swith, *quickly.*

Steid, *estate.*

Spent, *drew.*

Splent, *armour for the thighs and legs.*

Speir, *ask.*

Stoup, *pillar.*

Sucred, *sugared.*

Syre, *lord.*

T

Tane, *taken.*

Targe, *shield.*

Tejn, *sorrow.*

Teind, *tyth, tenth part.*

Thilk, *thir, these.*

Thole, *suffer, permit.*

Thud, *sudden noise.*

Tide, *time, season.*

Tint, *lost.*

Triest, *make an assignation.*

Twin'd, *parted, separated.*

V U

Veir, *avoid, or perhaps alter.*

Unmusit, *without wonder; to muse often means to wonder in Shakspeare.*

Unsonlie, *unlucky.*

W

Waddin, *strong, firm.*

Wad, wald, wold; *would.*

Warloc, *wizard.*

Wallow, *withered, and fig. pale.*

Ward, *sentinel.*

Wate, *warrant.*

Wax, *to spread, to become famous.*

Wee, *little.*

Weit, *wet, rain.*

Wete, *hope.*

Westlin, *western.*

Wae worth ye, *woe befall you.*

War, *aware.*

Whilk, *which.*

Wighty, *strong.*

Wicht, *from Wiga Sax. a hero, or great man.*

Winsum, *agreeable, winning.*

Whyle, *until.*

Weir,

Weir, *war.*

Weily, *full of whirlpools;*
a weil is still used for a
whirlpool in the west of
Scotland.

Wraith, *a spirit or ghost.*

Wyte, *blame.*

Wreak, *revenge.*

Wreken, *avenged.*

Wreuch, *grief, misery.*

Y

Yestreen, *the evening of*
yesterday.

Yet, *gate,*

Yied, *went.*

Youthheid, *state of youth,*

THE END.

13



E Pinkerton, John J

S E L E C T
SCOTISH BALLADS.

V O L. II.



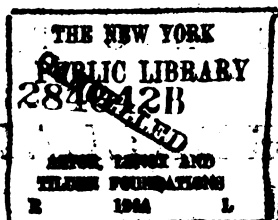
P. 7

Page ad. 11. 30.

L O N D O N,
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS.
MDCCLXXXIII.

1783

MSM



CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
1. <i>Peblis to the Play.</i>	1
2. <i>Christs Kirk on the green.</i>	15
3. <i>The Gaberlunzie Man.</i>	28
4. <i>The Follie Beggar.</i>	33
5. <i>The Vision.</i>	36
6. <i>Ane his awn enemy.</i>	55
7. <i>Advice to spend anis awin gudes</i>	57
8. <i>Best to be blyth</i>	60
9. <i>Robene and Makyne.</i>	63
10. <i>The voweing of Jok and Jenny.</i>	70
11. <i>Ane littil Interlud of the Dreicbis</i>	75
12. <i>Ane Ballat of gude Wyffis.</i>	8r
13. <i>Ballat of gude fallowis.</i>	86
2 3	14. <i>The</i>

velty - 30 June. 1944

14. <i>The Blait Luvar</i>	89
15. <i>Luve ane tebellar.</i>	91
16. <i>To his bairt.</i>	93
17. <i>Rondel of luve.</i>	95
18. <i>'The Wife of Auchtermuchty.'</i>	97
19. <i>'God find every Priest ane Wife.'</i>	104
20. <i>Lastie Maye.</i>	106
21. <i>Tak your auld clok about ye.</i>	108
22. <i>Eubuchts Marion.</i>	112
23. <i>The yellow-hair'd Laddie.</i>	114
24. <i>Bessy Bell and Mary Gray</i>	115
25. <i>Ow the Bogie.</i>	117
26. <i>To the tune of 'I'll never leave thee.'</i>	119
27. <i>'Let's be jovial, fill our glasses.'</i>	120
28. <i>The Soger Laddie.</i>	121
29. <i>The Banks of Clyde.</i>	122
30. <i>'Deil tak the Wars.'</i>	123
31. <i>'There dwell'd a man in Aberdeen.'</i>	125
32. <i>'An thou wert mine ain thing.'</i>	128
33. <i>To the tune of 'Alloa house.'</i>	129
34. <i>Rothwell Bank.</i>	131
35. <i>'My dear and only luve I pray.'</i>	133
36. <i>'Comrades push about the glass.'</i>	135
37. <i>Ettric Banks.</i>	137
38. <i>Lochaber.</i>	139
39. <i>'For the sake of gold she has left me.'</i>	141

40. *Blackford*

C O N T E N T S.

vii

40. <i>Blackford bill.</i>	_____	_____	142
41. <i>Tweedside.</i>	_____	_____	144
42. <i>Birks of Abergeldie.</i>	_____	_____	145
43. <i>Braxfield Braes</i>	_____	_____	146
44. <i>Low down in the broom.</i>	_____	_____	147
45. ' <i>Come Annie let us kiss our fill.</i>	_____	_____	149
46. ' <i>It fell about the Martinmas time.</i>	_____	_____	150
47. ' <i>O saw ye my father, &c.</i>	_____	_____	153
48. ' <i>To arms! To arms! To arms, my lads.</i>	_____	_____	155
49. ' <i>Keep the country, bonnie lassie.</i>	_____	_____	156
50. ' <i>In summer I maw'd my meadow</i>	_____	_____	157
51. ' <i>There gaed a fair maiden out to walk.</i>	_____	_____	158
52. ' <i>My wife's a wanton wee thing.</i>	_____	_____	159
<i>Notes.</i>	_____	_____	161
<i>Glossary.</i>	_____	_____	193

A
DISSERTATION
ON THE
COMIC BALLAD.

THE pieces here selected under the title of Comic Ballads fall under the several denominations of Pastoral, Amatory, Ludicrous, and Convivial; this Dissertation therefore naturally divides itself into these several heads.

No subject of critical discussion has been examined with more assiduity, and less success, than Pastoral composition. The French critics, whom a writer of any discernment seldom quotes but to confute their absurdities, have here blundered with more than ordinary address. Rapsin has found that pastoral writing
must

must faithfully represent the manners of the golden age. Dubos, a more judicious writer, has discovered that the real dialogues of modern shepherds are too gross for poetic relation; he therefore advises a poet, who would now venture into this walk of verse, to choose for his speakers princes who had lost themselves in a wood. He is surely himself lost in a wood of false criticism, when he informs us that the first Dialogue of Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds, is an excellent Pastoral Eclogue. It is no doubt a very fine piece of writing, but, considered in the light of a Bucolic Poem, it makes fully as awkward a figure as an ancient River God in a French Opera with a tye wig, and silk stockings.

Did these writers ever read Theocritus? Did they not know that he was the father, and his works the only models, of this kind of poetry?

Of all the poets of antiquity, none has been imitated with less success than that excellent writer. He would himself appear to be perfectly original; for though we read that Homer was indebted for some of his beauties to his poetical predecessors, we never find Theocritus lay under this accusation. His eclogues breathe the very spirit of nature; and surpass those of all his imitators in beauty, as much as a romantic river, wandering through the richest rural scenes, does a Dutch jet-

d'eau

d'eau squirting among hedges of clipt yews. Virgil, who was born an elegiac poet, but never happened upon his proper province, has in pastoral only displayed excellent skill in versification, which is indeed his first and almost only praise in all his works. His very persons are ridiculous; for what have Thyrsis and Corydon to do with the Po? An absurdity followed by the whole imitators of this imitator; and among others by Pope, who gravely makes Alexis sing upon the banks of the Thames. His admired French author Boileau, might have told him that Truth alone is fair and lovely. To confound the *names* of different climates and ages must, to every reader of taste, appear fully as ludicrous as to confound places and dates in defiance of geography and chronology. Who but must smile if he read that Theocritus was born at the Devil tavern, in the Strand at Paris, in the year of Christ 908, and had the honour to recite one of his eclogues before that merry prince Charles I. of England, who was so pleased with it, that he cut three capers of a most surprising height, to the amazement of the bard; and afterwards made him a present of a lottery ticket? Yet this is not more absurd than to mingle names, places, and subjects, that are perfectly heterogeneous, as is done in Pope's pastorals; which are very much inferior to them of Philips, though Phillips has no claim

claim to praise. The fact is, that pastoral eclogue is quite foreign to modern manners. Those of Theocritus appear natural from their antiquity, and from his inimitable language and manner, but he stands alone, and ever will.

Any eclogues that occur in this collection, such as *Robene and Makyns*, &c. are of a lyric nature; and may with much more propriety be called songs than eclogues, though they partake of the manner of both. I therefore leave the pastoral eclogue to come to the pastoral song or ballad, a species of composition, which, though not very remote in its essence from the pastoral dialogue, is infinitely more consonant to modern manners, as it implies no personal representation. It is not supposed to be written or spoken by a shepherd, but merely to convey rural sentiments and images.

Dubos tells us, that the peasants of Italy at this day go to keep their flocks, or labour the ground, with their guitar on their backs; and that they sing their loves in extempore verses, which they accompany with their instrument. This they call *Improvisadare* *. Were

* This practice of making extempore verses is frequent in Italy, as we may observe in many of the latest travellers. But I suppose the principal merit of such poetry arises from the surprize of the hearer. The works of Barnardino Peretti, a Patrician of Sienna, *Firenze*, 1774, now lie before me. He was the best of modern extemporary poets, and crowned in the capitol; yet there is nothing in them.

any

any of these songs to be committed to writing, and of high merit, it might be considered as a pastoral song complete in every circumstance.

Yet I question if in truth of character, it could exceed some of the pieces of that kind now under our eye, though written perhaps in the smoke and noise of a capital. But to pass from this theory, many of the Scottish songs now selected, must be allowed by every good judge to have uncommon excellence in the pastoral mode of poetry. They possess the utmost truth of manner and of colouring. They have all that sweetness which an ancient critic * observes, is the result of perfect simplicity. As most of the Pastoral pieces in this Selection are likewise of the Amatory style, I shall proceed to consider these kinds of poetry in conjunction.

If the antiquity of the different kinds of poetry were properly ascertained, it is to be believed that love-poetry would be found among those of the first invention. Love, that sweetest and best of passions, is ever the inspirer of poetry. Love is a master that can call forth musical sounds from the heart of the savage of Iceland, amid his half year's wintry night, as well as from that of the exulting inhabitant of Arabia the

* Ἡ γλυκύτης οἷον καλλός τε τῆς ἀφελείας ἐστίν.

Hermogenes, l. II. c. 23.

happy under the influence of the summer sun. His effects are controlled by no manner of life, and confined by no zone. In the most barbarous countries Love will be found the inspirer of sentiment, and refiner of thought and of language :

Spirero nobil sensi a rozzi petti ;

Raddolciro delle lor lingue il suono.

As Love is perhaps the father of poetry *, so it is observed that the fair objects, and best judges of that passion, have always esteemed it the most complete triumph of their charms when their lovers are so enamoured as to commence poets in their praise. Amorous poetry has often been the supposed *magic charm* that has caught the heart of the fair novice in that passion. This has not escaped Shakspeare, that anatomist of the heart.

My gracious Duke,
This man has witched the bosom of my child :
Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast *given her rhymes* ;
And stolen th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.)

Midsummer Nights Dream.

* Καὶ ποιητὴς ὁ θεὸς σοφὸς ἕως, ὅγε καὶ ἄλλον ποιῆσαι.
πᾶς γὰρ ποιητὴς γίγνεται καὶ ἄμουσος ἢ τεπεὶν ἢ ἂν ἔρω
ἁψεται; Plato, loq. de Amore.

If

If we except Sappho, the only female who ever wrote any thing worth preservation ; there is no writer who has painted love in more genuine and tender colours than are used in the Scotch Amatory Ballads. Yet there are none of them, that I remember, are written by ladies*. That profligacy of manners which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland. May it ever be so ! May domestic duties and affections be ever the sole employments and amusements of my fair countrywomen, while those of other kingdoms are showing themselves naked in love songs and romances, or stalking the streets in the breaches of criticism and morality !

The love verses in this volume are of almost every different hue incident to that changeable passion ; but a plaintive tenderness is the more general characteristic of them. Fielding, I think, has observed that love is generally accompanied by a pleasing melancholy. The songs in this collection called *Lochaber*, *Ewbuchie*, *Marrion*, *Low down in the broom*, and many others have,

* There is indeed of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule. *Auld Robin Gray* having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself.

when

when accompanied with their proper airs, a most exquisite pathos:

They yield a very echo to the seat

Where Love is throned.

Others again possess an equal power of sprightliness; such as *An thou wert my ain thing, Sager Ladies, O'er the Bagie*, &c. which do not yield to the best French songs in spirit, though these are likewise excellent in their kind. Indeed if the French excel in any species of poetry, it is in their songs, though their best efforts in this way do not seem much known in England. As this is the case, and it is perfectly coherent with my subject, I shall beg leave to present my reader with a few French songs of the first merit.

In the serious style here is one never yet published.

Il faut attendre avec patience

Le jour de demain; c'est un beau jour.

Grande est dit-on la différence

Entre le mariage et l'amour.

Quoi! Le contrat qui nous engage

Change quelque chose a notre humeur!

Il faut que j'aimois davantage,

Si je juge d'apres mon coeur.

Si je juge d' apres mon coeur.

Quand Louis me dit 'Ma Louise,
 ' Je t'aime, et n'aimerois que toi :'
 Sans le vouloir il faut que je dise,
 ' Je t'aime cent fois plus que moi.'
 Il me jure amour eternal ;
 Et Louis n'est pas un menteur :
 Il me fera toujours fidel,
 Si je juge d'apres mon coeur.
 Si je juge d'apres mon coeur.

Quel sujet aurois-je de craindre ?
 Mon amant devient mon mari.
 Je n'aurois jamais a m'en plaindre ;
 C'est l'Amour qui me l'a choisi ;
 Je suis aimé autant que j'aime ;
 Rien ne gatera mon bonheur ;
 Et toujours il fera le meme,
 Si je juge d' apres mon coeur.
 Si je juge d'apres mon coeur.

Others follow.

Solitaire temoin de ma secrete peine,
 Echo, qui soupirez avec moi dans ces bois,
 Zephir vous fait il quelque fois
 Repeter le nom de Climeine ?

Je voudrois lui cacher le trouble de mon coeur ;
Mais s'il repond a ma tendress extreme,
Cher confident de ma sincere ardeur,
Echo, dites lui que je l'aime.
Echo, Echo dites lui que je l'aime.

Murmurez charmans ruisseaux ;
Mais gardez vous de troubler par vos eaux
Le doux sommeil de la jeune Sylvie,
Qui s'est endormie,
Au chant des oiseaux.
Votre onde qui s'enfuit
Dans ce vallon fait un peu trop de bruit.
Charmans ruisseaux,
He ! qu'ai je dit ?
Non, non, roulez, precipitez vos flots :
La cruelle qu'elle est m'ote bien ce repos !

Ah que ces demeures sont belles,
Que nous y passons de beaux jours !
Ah que ces demeures sont belles,
Que nous y passons d'heureux jours !

Quelle

Quelle felicité pour les amans fidelles !
 Ici les amours eternelles
 Ont toujours la douceur des nouvelles amours.
 Ah que ces demeures sont belles !

Les frimats ont cessé, le printems va paroître ;
 Tout renaît, tout fleurit dans ces aimables lieux.
 Ah ! si ma liberté pouvoit ainsi renaitre,
 Que je serois heureux, que je serois heureux !

Taisez vous, ma Mufette,
 Nos chants ne sont plus doux :
 Vous n'avez pu toucher Lifette,
 Helas ! de quoi me servez vous ?

This shall be succeeded by a few Amatory French
 songs in the sprightly style.

Vous, qui faites votre modelle
 De la constante tourterelle,
 Que je vous plains dans vos amours !
 Pour moi, j'imité l'hirondelle ;
 Sans que rien arrête mon cours,
 Je vole où le printems m'appelle.

N'oubliez pas votre houlette,
Lifette,
Quand vous irez au bois :
Le berger, dont vous faites choix,
Est trop libertin sur l'harbette ;
N'oubliez pas votre houlette,
Lifette,
Quand vous irez au bois.

Bon vin,
Belle Sylvie,
Plaisirs les plus grands de la vie,
C'est vous qui regtez mon destin :
Je m'attache a vous fuivre ;
Enfin pourvu que je m'enivre,
N'importe, que ce soit ou d'amour, ou de vin.

Aimez, aimez, puis qu'il faut,
L'amant qui vous engage :
Ce n'est pas un grand défaut
Qu'un peu d'amour a votre age,

Ah ! le tems d'être sage
 Ne viendra que trop tot !
 Aimez, puis qu'il le faut ;
 Ah ! le tems d'être sage,
 Ah ! le tems d'être sage,
 Ne viendra que trop tot !

In the Ludicrous style, the following may be acceptable.

Quand il tonne, et que ere Pierre
 Court a la cave se cacher,
 Court a la cave se cacher,
 Vous croyez qu'il fuit le tonnerre ;—
 C'est le tonneau qu'il va chercher,
 C'est le tonneau qu'il va chercher.

Chloris et le tabac j'estime,
 De tous deux je me sens epris :
 Tous deux regnent sur mes esprits ;
 De tous deux je suis le victime.
 Mais s'il faut ceder au plus fort,
 Chloris je n'aurai point de tort

De quitter l' ardeur qui me pique.
Vos yeux me donnent le trepas,
Mais dans le flambeau de ma pipe
J'eteins celui de vos appas.

Depuis huit jours que je brule pour vous
N'avez vous pas assez éprouvé ma constance ?
Et ne devez vous pas un traitement plus doux
A ma perseverance ?

A votre tour laissez vous enflamer ;
Aujourd'hui, belle Iris, faites fuir ma peine ;
Et je vous jure de vous aimer
Encore une semaine.

Un jour un vieux hibou
Se mit dans la cervelle
D'épouser une hirondelle,
Jeune et belle,
Dont l'Amour l'avoit rendu fou.
Il pria les oiseaux de chanter a la fete :
Tout s'enfuit en voyant une si laide bête,
Il n'y resta que coucou, coucou, coucou.

DISSERTATION.

xiii

To conclude with a few Convivial ones, the following are given.

Si tu veux être sans chagrin,
Bois comme il faut de ce bon vin ;
La bouteille
Fait merveille :
C'est un secours qui est tout divin,
Verfes du vin ;
Verfe donc du plus fin ;
Verfe toujours foir et matin.

Doux sommeil endormes les amans miferables ;
Ils ont befoin de vos faveurs ;
Ne verfes que fur eux vos pavots favorables,
Gardes vous d'affoupir de fortunés buveurs.
Laissez au dieu de la bouteille
Le foin de remplir notre fort ;
Lors que Bacchus feul nous endort,
Jamais l'Amour ne nous reveille.

The following is equal to any thing written by
Anacreon.

Est il un sort plus triste que le mien ?
 Je meprisois l'Amour, je bravois sa puissance ;
 Et, content d'une heureuse indifférence,
 J'avois toujours tremblé de me laisser charmer.
 Je sens enfin que je m'en vais aimer :
 Ah ! je m'en vais aimer !
 Mais c'est toi ma bouteille ;
 C'est toi charmant jus de la treille,
 Que j'aimerai toujours je t'en donne ma foi ;
 Et je n'aurai jamais de maitresse que toi.

But to return, I must not quit this subject without offering a few remarks on the principal scene of the Scottish pastoral songs, namely the southern part of Scotland in the neighbourhood of the Tweed. I cannot do this better than in the words of an excellent writer. He forms a fine contrast by beginning with a description of the Northern parts of Scotland. ‘ The highlands of Scotland, says he, are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather ; narrow vallies, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices, resounding with the fall of torrents ; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labour’

‘ hours of agriculture ; the mournful dashing of waves
‘ along the friths and lakes that intersect the country ;
‘ the portentous noises which every change of the
‘ wind, and every increase and diminution of the wa-
‘ ters is apt to raise in a lonely region full of echoes,
‘ and rocks, and caverns : the grotesque and ghastly
‘ appearance of such a landscape by the light of the
‘ moon :—Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the
‘ fancy, which may be compatible enough with oc-
‘ casional and social merriment, but cannot fail to
‘ tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of
‘ silence and solitude.’ And a little further he ob-
serves, ‘ that the ancient highlanders of Scotland had
‘ hardly any other way of supporting themselves than
‘ by hunting, fishing, or war ; professions that are
‘ continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence,
‘ no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their
‘ solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagi-
‘ nation even of the hardiest native.’ He proceeds,

‘ What then would it be reasonable to expect from
‘ the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of
‘ such a region ? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity,
‘ or the softer passions ? No. Their style must have
‘ been better suited to their circumstances. And so
‘ we find in fact that their music is. The wildest ir-
‘ regularity appears in its composition ; the expression

‘ is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to
‘ the terrible.—And that their poetry is almost uni-
‘ formly mournful, and their views of nature dark
‘ and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the
‘ authenticity of Ossian; and not doubted by any who
‘ believe these fragments of highland poetry to be ge-
‘ nuine, which many old people, now alive, of that
‘ country remember to have heard in their youth,
‘ and were then taught to refer to a pretty high an-
‘ tiquity.’

‘ Some of the Southern provinces of Scotland pre-
‘ sent a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty
‘ hills covered with verdure, clear streams winding
‘ through long and beautiful valleys, trees produced
‘ without culture, here straggling or single, and there
‘ crowding into little groves and bowers, with other
‘ circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to,
‘ render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to ro-
‘ mantic leisure, and tender passions. Several of the
‘ old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets,
‘ villages and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Mel-
‘ rose, a region distinguished by many charming va-
‘ rieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we
‘ consider the face of the country, or the genius of the
‘ people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia
‘ of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetfully and
‘ powerfully

‘ powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and
 ‘ other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral
 ‘ life *.’

Thus far this eminent philosopher and poet; whose ideas are so fully expressed, and so consonant with my own, that they leave me little or nothing further to add. I must, however, observe that the genuine Old Songs, which were originally set to the most admired of the Scottish airs, are most of them unfortunately lost. For the present words to the greater part of them we are indebted to Allan Ramsay, and his friends, as he himself informs us in the following words of the preface to his Tea-table Miscellany, or Collection of Songs. ‘ My being well assured how acceptable new words to known good
 ‘ tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses
 ‘ for above SIXTY of them in this and the second volume:’ (which are Scottish songs, the third and last volume containing mostly English,) ‘ about THIRTY
 ‘ more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen.’ I heartily wish honest Allan and his ingenious young gentlemen had rather used their endeavours to recover and preserve the real ancient ballads, than to compose new ones. For uncouth as those might be, I much

* Essays by Dr. Beattie, 3d edit. Essay I.

suspect they exceeded their substitutes in variety at least. Indeed as I meant this as a **POETICAL**, not as a **MUSICAL** work, I found myself obliged to admit only the best of these modern pieces, always preferring the ancient when it could be found. Those who wish for words to all the Scottish airs, may find them in many collections. This only means to present the reader of taste with the very best of Scottish ballad poetry. The reader, whom I could wish to please, would turn with contempt from a constant succession of the same ideas expressed in the same words and stanza. For though the airs vary, their verbal accompaniments have in general a similarity as disgusting as the poems of Blackmore, or the pictures of Angelica Kauffman. Though the ancient songs were perhaps less smooth than their successors, they were doubtless more varied, being composed at distant periods by different minstrels, than they could possibly be by Allan Ramsay (a writer not rich in ideas) and his young friends, who perhaps begun and finished their labours in this way in the space of a few weeks. And if they were harsh or uncouth, the ancient composer might plead with Tasso:

————— se ben miri,
Molle, e dura e costei;

Cosi

Così son duri, e molli i versi miei.

Molle e in lei quel di fuori ;

Dentro ha marmi e diaspri :

Sol nella scorza i versi miei son aspri.

Ma senti, come spiri

Da loro interni amori

Spirto gentil, ch' intenerisce i core.

A very celebrated and intelligent physician, who was born, and passed his early years in the south of Scotland, informs me, that it is his opinion, that the best of the ancient Scottish airs were really composed by shepherds. In his remembrance there was, in almost every village of that district, a chief shepherd, who had acquired celebrity by composing better songs than others of the same profession. And he thinks that though the best airs are in general known, yet the words to at least one half have never been published. The musical instruments used by these rude minstrels, are the common flute, and the *stock-and-bern*, which is a flute with a small horn fastened to the further end of it, and which forms a *base*, in the nature of a bassoon.

The beginning of one of their unpublished ballads of the mournful kind, he happens to remember. It was written on the fatal expedition to Darien, in the end of last century, a project that seems to have been
formed

formed for the destruction of the Scottish youth, and opens with the following most striking couplet.

We'll a awa to the woods and murne

Untill our Scottish joes come hame.

I believe not above half a dozen of these genuine Scottish pastoral ballads are in print; and suspect all such may be found in this volume. They have certain strokes in them which, in my opinion, could only occur to real shepherds. Such are *The yellow-hair'd laddie*, *Ewobuchts Marion*, *In summer I maw'd my meadow*, &c. What a sad exchange to give such songs for the poor tinsel of Allan Ramsay, and his bottle companions!

There is a book printed at St. Andrews in 1548, called *The Complaint of Scotland*. It is written by a Sir James Inglis, and is of such exceeding rarity as to be almost unique: but Dr. George Mackenzie in his *Lives of Scottish Writers*, has given us an abstract of it. The author mentions a masque, and enumerates the following songs, as forming part of the entertainment.

1. *The briers binds me fair.*
2. *Still under the leyvis grene.*
3. *Couthume the rabis grene.*
4. *Allace I wyt your twa fyrr ene.*
5. *Goete you gude day wit boy.*
6. *Lady help your prisonier.*

7. *King*

DISSERTATION. xxx

7. *King Williams Note.*
8. *The lange no wee nou.*
9. *The Cheapel Valk.*
10. *Fay that is none.*
11. *Skald a Bellis nou.*
12. *The Aberden's nou brum.*
13. *Brum on tul.*
14. *Allone I weipt in great distrefs.*
15. *Tortee Solee Lemendou.*
16. *Bill wil thu cum by a bute, and belt the in Saint Francis cord.*
17. *The Frog cam to the Myl dur.*
18. *Gillqubiskar.*
19. *Rycht ferily musing in my mind.*
20. *God sen the duc bad bydden in France, and Delawbarwte had neuwer cum hame.*
21. *All musing of Merwillir a mys hef I gone.*
22. *Mastres fayr Zeril so fayt.*
23. *O lusty Maye with Flora quent.*
24. *O Myrle hart boy this is my sang.*
25. *The battle of Hayrlau.*
26. *The huntis of Chewit.*
27. *Sall I go wit you to Rumbolo fayr.*
28. *Greit is my sorrow.*
29. *Turn the suit Ville to me.*
30. *My lufe is lyan sick send him joy.*

31. *Fayr lufe len thou me thy mantil Joy.*

32. *The Pe-ffe and the Montgumrye met that day; that gentil day.*

33. *My lufe is laid upon an knight.*

34. *Allace the samen jueit face.*

35. *In an myrthfou Morrou my hart lewit on the laid.*

This list, which is of exceeding curiosity, may teach us that not one of our Scottish popular airs is so ancient as 1548. Indeed I suspect these of which the scene lyes in the south of Scotland, as *Tweedside*, &c. are all of them posterior to the accession of James VI. to the throne of England. Any of the above songs, that have local marks, belong to the Northern parts of Scotland; and it is to be supposed that the provinces which first felt the blessings of repose, would first break out into singing. Not above two of the pieces in this list are now known. If I do not mistake, numbers 2 and 19, or something like them, may be found in *Smith's Songs in score before the year 1500*. They are English songs; and prove the author has intermingled English airs with those of his own country. I am told No. 17 used lately to be sung on the stage at Edinburgh, and contains a mock courtship between a frog and a mouse, of some satyrical merit.

Some few of the modern songs have the merit of being written on real occasions, and such always speak the

the language of the heart, a language of difficult simulation. Some of such yield not to the Elegies of Tibullus in nature and pathos, though that ancient poet is a wonderful master in Amatory verse. Hammond has never caught his spirit, except in imitations, which are so close as to be almost translations, but I have lately had the pleasure of seeing some Elegies of this kind in manuscript, which rival those of Tibullus himself.

The most ancient pieces in this selection are of the LUDICROUS style of poetry, which is something surprising, as that species of writing has been thought by able critics to be an effort of modern refinement. It is true the images given us in the Scottish Ludicrous pieces are often not the most agreeable or delicate; but have the most modern writers, Swift for example, been more laudable in this respect? In *Peblix to the Play*, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and others, the reader will find curious descriptions of low life and manners, as they were in Scotland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the more curious as they were drawn by the hands of monarchs themselves. It is certainly much to the credit of the united kingdoms that, while the poets of the other countries of Europe were writing extravagant romances, Chaucer, and the princely bards of Scotland, were employed in delineating real life and manners.

In the *Wyfe of Auchtermuchty*, and fimilar productions here given, there is abundance of humour, though a critic of fafhion may perhaps pronounce it *low*. But it is NATURE, and will ever be fo. Had Chaucer only written, or rather translated, the *Romaunt of the Rose*, his works might now have been faft afleep in fome old cheft; but his *tales*, replete with humour of the lower kind, will perpetuate his fame. That father of Englifh poetry appears to have been as much efteemed in Scotland, as in his native country. Dunbar, the chief of the Scotifh poets, has in his *Goldin Terge* the following spirited apoftrophe in his praife, which is highly generous, if we confider the inveterate enmity at that time fubfifting between the two kingdoms. It proves that the purfuit of poetry is productive of large and liberal sentiments, even in a barbarous period.

O reverend Chawfer, rofe of rethouris all,
 As in oure tounge ane flour imperial,
 That raife in Brittain evir, quha reidis richt,
 Thou beiris of makars the triumphs royal;
 Thy frefche ennamalit termes celeftial,
 This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht.
 Was thou nocht of our Inglis all the licht,
 Surmounting every tounge tereftrial,
 As far as Mayis morrow dois midnight?

Chaucer

Chaucer may indeed be regarded as the father, not only of English poetry, but of that remarkable quality of writing called *humour*; a word which, I believe, has no corresponding term in any language, as we have none for the French *naïveté*, for they are distinct ideas. *Naïveté*, if I mistake not, only implies a *native gaiety, an unconscious simplicity*, and is never used in a synonymous sense with *humour*, which implies something characteristic, even though *severe or mordant*, as we say a *humorous gravity*. Fontaine has *naïveté*, Chaucer has *humour*. Wit is an assimilation of distant ideas: Humour is confined to *manner* either of speaking or writing.

It has been affirmed by some eminent critics, that the moderns much excel the ancients in witty and humorous composition; and alledged, that the ancients have no writers in these kinds to oppose to Don Quixote, Hudibras, The Splendid Shilling, the Adventures of Gil Blas, The Tale of a Tub, and the Rehearsal*. But in this they did not reflect that they only saw one side of the question. The fact is, that wit is the most fleeting and transitory quality writing can have. Like an exquisite essence, it wastes itself, and leaves

* Adventurer, No. 133. The reader will smile at the works here enumerated, when he thinks on the omission of those of Shakspeare, Fielding, and Smollet; the last of whom was a writer of the most genuine humour that ever existed.

only the vase that contained it. The *Margites* of Homer I suspect began, like *Hudibras* in our time, to cease being understood before it was allowed to perish. But the argument I would use is, in short, that we cannot judge of the efforts of the ancients in this way, because their best works are lost. Surely then to pronounce against them, when they cannot be heard in their defence, is not candid. It must, however, be allowed, that the modern Novel, descriptive of real life, and the most useful kind of writing known, when properly conducted, appears to have been foreign to ancient conception. But it appears to me very evident that the human mind, in the progress of ages, alters its shape and powers, if I may so express myself. In the days of Greece and Rome, its criterion would seem to have been strength: in modern times, versatility and acuteness. Hence the dignity and grandeur of their writings; and the wit and precision of ours. Reasons might be given for the difference, but this is not the proper place.

As we have seen Chaucer was so much regarded by the ancient Scottish poets, I suppose it was from him they took their ideas of burlesque descriptions of vulgar life.

The

The CONVIVIAL songs in this Selection are not many, I shall not therefore insist on this head. It may, however, be observed that, considering how much the French have written in this way, it is something strange their ancient allies, the Scots, should have been so barren in this very easy mode of composition. One would imagine the juice of the grape, that inspired Anacreon, was equally potent in his numerous French imitators; while the Scots, having little of that liquid inspiration, were by ale confined in the bands of sleep at the social hour that gave the French *bons vivants* free access to the regions of fancy.

It may perhaps be expected that, before closing this essay, I should offer some remarks on Scottish Music, a subject of much interest and curiosity to every lover of that best sort of melody which speaks to the heart and passions. But the ingenious author of an essay on Scottish Music, annexed to Mr. Arnot's History of Edinburgh, has left me nothing to add on that head. Dr. Beattie has likewise treated this subject more briefly, but with his usual elegance and ability, in his Essay on Poetry and Music as they affect the Mind. Another good writer * has likewise dropt a few remarks on this matter. Both these eminent authors

* Dr. Gregory in his Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World.

have

xxxviii DISSERTATION.

have used many arguments to confute the opinion of those who ascribe to David Rizzio the invention of our Scottish melodies ; an idea that, like many heresies, is only made important by its opponents, for it carries absurdity and confutation in itself*.

I shall therefore conclude with an observation or two respecting the volume now under the reader's eye.

He has already been admonished not to look upon this Work as a Collection, but as a Selection ; not as pretending to offer the whole of the Scottish Ballads to his view, but only the very best of them. The first volume † indeed presents the reader with a complete digest of such tragic pieces yet discovered in the Scottish dialect, as any ways deserve preservation ; those omitted being of no merit of any kind. Such are *Johnie Armstrong*, *Young Waters*, *Laird of Ochiltree*, *The Battle of Harlaw*, *The Battle of Raidquair*, and others. Not to mention *Lord Thomas and fair Annet*, which is an English Ballad ; as well as *Chewy Chace*, though some who have not seen Dr. Percy's ancient

* I am informed that some Scottishman has made some stanzas to the favorite Irish air of *Langolee* under the name of *The Banks of the Dee*. Such a theft cannot be too severely condemned, as if persisted in, there is an end of all national music. As the Irish air is rather impure, had the scene of the new verses been laid in Ireland, they might have been innocent enough.

† The second edition is here meant.

ballad

ballad of this name, will still contend for its being Scottish *. Of the Scottish Ballads, which fall under the title of this second volume, I must confess, perhaps, twenty or thirty more would have been admitted, had the limits of the work allowed it. Yet here, I have, to use a vulgar metaphor, presented the reader with the cream of about a dozen volumes, most of them uncommon in this part of the kingdom. The comic

* Such has been the generous impartiality of the minstrel who composed this fine ballad, and who perhaps had been entertained with equal attention at Alnwick and at Douglass castles, that hardly one intrinsic mark could be given to authorise the ascribing of it to a native of either country, till the ancient copy appeared, which at once terminated the dispute.

An edition printed at Aberdeen 1754, has a preface and notes, which present the arguments that were then valid for *Chevy chase* being a Scottish composition.

The loss of *Chevy chase* might be compensated to Scotland by the recovery of many tragic pieces of no inferior merit, were means used by those who have opportunities for that purpose. *Bertram the archer*, the Robin Hood of Scotland, is now hardly known to have existed, though he was celebrated in many a heroic ditty. The only stanza known to the Editor is given, as it closes with a pretty thought. Bertram, being surrounded by his enemies, addresses his weapons in this manner :

My trusty bow of the tough yew,
That I in London bought ;
And silken strings, if ye prove true,
That my true love has wrought.

pieces,

pieces here given, are chosen either from their being rare, ; their being unpublished, or their intrinsic merit.

For the very curious piece, which is placed at the head of this volume, and now first published, I am indebted to the friendship of the most learned and ingenious Editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. *Peblis to the Play* will certainly be looked upon as a very considerable acquisition to ancient Scottish Poetry and will, I doubt not, gain Dr. Percy, to whom alone the reader is beholden for it, much grateful applause in the Northern part of the kingdom in particular. Indeed considerable fame is already due to him who first set the example of a legitimate collection of this kind, than which, if conducted with taste, nothing can well be more entertaining to the lover of Poetry. The *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* were only the amusement of his youthful hours of relaxation from severer studies ; but might well be called a work of infinite labour and disquisition, if executed by a writer of less genius to form a noble plan, and less ability to put it in execution. For the politeness peculiar to himself, with which the communication of this poem was made, I now beg leave to offer him my public acknowledgments.

DISSERTATION.

xli

Some readers may perhaps think, that a few of the pieces in this volume might, with equal propriety, have been allotted to the first, as being of a plaintive or mournful kind. In excuse it may be alledged, that the melancholy of these productions is not of the deepest shade, but such as may, with no blame, fall in with the present arrangement; in the same manner as the best comic writings are interspersed with a few scenes of fugitive gravity.

CONSIDER IT WARILIE, REDE AFTNER THAN AN
WEIL AT ANE BLINK SLE POETRY NOT TANE IS.

GAWIN DOUGLAS

(1)

SCOTTISH
COMIC BALLADS.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

I.

A 'T beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Pebelis to the Play,
To heir the fingin and the foundis ;
The solace, futh to say,
Be firth and forrest furth they found ;
Thay graythit tham full gay ;
God wait that wald they do that stound,
For it was thair feist day,

Of Pebelis to the Play.

Thay said,

B

10

N.

SCOTISH

II.

All the wenchis of the west
 War up or the cok crew;
 For reiling thair nicht na man rest,
 For garray, and for glew:
 Ane said my curches ar necht prest;
 Than answerit Meg full blew,
 To get an hude, I hald it best;
 Be Goddis faul that is true,

Quod scho,

Of Peblis to the Play.

III.

She tuik the tippet be the end,
 To lat it hing scho leit not;
 Quod he, thy bak fall beir ane bend;
 In faith, quod she, we meit not.
 Scho was so guckit, and so gend,
 That day ane byt scho eit nocht;
 Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend;
 Be still, my joy, and greit not

Now.

Of Peblis to the Play.

IV.

COMIC BALLADS.

3

IV.

Evir allace ! than said scho,
 Am I nocht cleirlye tynt ?
 I dar nocht cum yon mercat to
 I am so evvil sone-brint ;
 Amang yon marchands my dudds do ? 35
 Marie I fall anis mynt
 Stand of far, and keik thaim to ;
 As I at hame was wont ;

Quod scho.

Off Peblis to the Play. 40

V.

Hop, Callyé, and Cardronow
 Gaderit out thik-fald,
 With Hey and How rohumbelow ;
 The young folk were full bald.
 The bagpype blew, and thai out threw 45
 Out of the townis untald.
 Lord sic ane schout was thame amang ;
 Quhen thai were our the wald

Thair west,

Off Peblis to the Play. 50

B 2

VI.

S C O T I S H

VI.

Ane young man ftert in to that steid,
 Als cant as ony colt,
 Ane birkin hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt;
 Said, Mirrie Madinis, think not lang;
 The wedder is fair and smolt.
 He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang,
'Thair fure ane man to the bolt

55

Quod he.

Of Peblis to the Play.

60

VII.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame;
 Ilk ane man gaif his consait,
 How at thai wald dispone thame:
 Ane said The fairest fallis me;
 Tak ye the laif and fone thame.
 Ane uther said Wys me lat be.
 On, Twedell fyd, and on thame

65

Swyth,

Of Peblis to the Play.

70

VIII.

COMIC BALLADS.

5

VIII.

Than he to ga, and scho to ga, -
 And never ane bad abyd you :
 Ane winklot fell and her taill up ;
 Wow, quod Malkin, hyd yow
 Quhat neidis you to maik it sua ?
 Yon man will not ourryd you.
 Ar ye owr gude, quod scho, I say,
 To lat thame gang befyd yow

75

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the Play ?

80

IX.

Than thai come to the towais end
 Withouttin more delai,
 He befoir, and scho befoir,
 To see quha was maist gay,
 All that luikit thame upon
 Leuche fast at thair array :
 Sum said that thai were merkat folk ;
 Sum said the Quene of May

83

Was cumit

Of Peblis to the Play.

90

B 3

X.

X.

Than thai to the taverne hous
 With meikle oly prance ;
 Ane spak wi wourdis wonder crou,
 A done with ane mischance !
 Braid up the burde, (he hydys tyt)
 We ar all in ane trance ;
 Se that our mapre be quhyt,
 For we will dyn and daunce,

95

Thair out,

Of Peblis to the Play.

109

XI.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
 Ane scorit upon the wauch.
 Ane bad pay, ane ither said, nay,
 Byd quhill we rakin our lauch.
 The gud wyf said, Have ye na dreid ?
 Ye fall pay at ye aucht.
 Ane young man start upon his feit,
 And he began to lauche

105

For heydin,

Off Peblis to the Play.

110

XII.

COMIC BALLADS.

XII.

He gat ane trincheour in his hand,
 And he began to compt;
 Ilk man twa and ane happenie,
 To pay thus we war wount.
 Ane uther stert upon his feit, 115
 And said thow art our blunt
 To tak sik office upoun hand;
 Be God thow servise ane dunt
 Of me, 120
 Of Peblis to the Play,

XIII.

Ane dunt, quod he, quhat dewil is that?
 Be God yow dar not du'd.
 He stert till ane broggit stauf,
 Wincheand as he war woode.
 All that hous was in ane reird; 125
 Ane cryit, 'The halie rude!
 'Help us lord upon this erde
 'That thair be spilt na blude
 'Heirin, 130
 'Of Peblis to the Play-'

S C O T T I S H

XIV.

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis
 Withouttin ony reddin ;
 Gilbert in ane guttar glayde
 He gat na better beddin.
 Thair wes not ane of thame that day 135
 Wald do ane utheris biddin,
 Thairby lay thte and threttie sum,
 Thrunland in ane midding
 Off draff.
 Of Peblis to the Play. 149

XV.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait
 Hard thame bargane begin ;
 He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out ;
 Scantlie scho nicht ourhye him :
 He held, scho drew, for dust that day 145
 Nicht na man ic ane ftyme
 To red thame.
 Of Peblis to the Play.

XVI.

COMIC BALLADS,

XVI

He stert to his greit gray meir,
And of he tumblit the creilis.
Alace, quod scho, hald our gude man :
And on hir knees scho knelis.
Abyd, quod scho ; why may, quod he, 155
In till his stirrapis he lap ;
The girding brak, and he flew of,
And upstart bayth his heilis

At anis,

Of Peblis to the Play. 160

XVII.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane schout,
And be the fute scho gat him ;
All bedirtin drew him out ;
Lord God ! richt weil that sat him !
He said, Quhair is yon culroun knaif ? 165
Quod scho, I reid ye lat him
Gang hame his gaites. Be God, quod he,
I fall anis have at him

Yit.

Of Peblis to the Play. 170

XVIII.

XVIII.

Ye fylit me, fy for schame ! quod scho :

Se as ye have drest me ;

How feil ye, schir, as my girdin brak

Quhat meikle devil may lest me.

I wait weil quhat it wes

173

My awin gray meir that kest me :

Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,

And fyn lay down to rest me

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the Play.

189

XIX.

Be that the bargan was all playit

The stringis stert out of thair nokks ;

Sevin-sum that the tulye maid,

Lay gruffling in the stokks.

John Jakfoun of the nether warde

185

Had lever have giffin an ox,

Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,

He sware be Goddis cokkis,

And mannis bayth,

Of Peblis to the Play.

190

XX.

COMIC BALLADS.

15

XX.

With that Will Swane come fueitand out,
 Ane meikle miller man ;
 Gif I fall dance have donn lat fe
 Blaw up the bagpyp than :
 The schamon's dance I mon begin ; 195
 I trow it fall not pane.
 So hevelie he hockit about
 To fe him, Lord, as thai ran
 That tyd,
 Of Peblis to the Play ! 200

XXI.

Thay gadderit out of the toun
 And neirar him thai dreuche ;
 Ane bade gif the daunfaris rowme,
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
 Than all the wenschis Te he thai playit ; 205
 But, lord, as Will Young leuche !
 Gude gossip cum hyn your gaitis,
 For we have daunfit aneuche
 At anis
 At Peblis at the Play. 210

XXII.

XXII.

Sa ferlie fyr heit wes the day
His face began to frekill.
Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,
(Wes new cuming fra the Seckill)
Alace, quod scho, quhat fall I do?
And our doure hes na stekill.
And scho to ga as hir taill brynt;
And all the cairlis to kekill

215

At hir.

Of Peblis to the Play.

220

XXIII.

The pyper said now I begin
To tyre for playing to;
Bot yit I have gottin nathing
For all my pyping to you;
Thre happenis for half ane day
And that will not undo you:
And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,
The mekill devill gang wi you,

225

Quod he,

Of Peblis to the Play.

230

XXIV.

COMIC BALLADS.

13

XXIV.

Be that the dauning wes all done,
Thair leif tuik les and mair;
Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit
To se it was hart fair.

Wat Atkin said to fair Ales, 235

My bird now will I fayr :
The dewil a wourde that scho might speik,
Bet swownit that sweit of swair

For kyndnes.

Of Peblis to the Play.

240

XXV.

He fippilit lyk ane faderles fole ;

• And be still my sweit thing.

• Be the halyrud of Peblis

• I may nocht rest for greting.

He quhiffillit, and he pypit bayth, 245

To mak hir blyth that meiting :

My hony hart how sayis the sang,

• *Thair fall be mirth at our meting*

• *M.*

Of Peblis to the Play.

250

XXVI.

. XXVI.

Be that the sone was settand schaftis;
And neir done wes the day:
Thair men micht heir schriken of chaftis,
Quhen that thai went thair way.
Had thair bein mair made of this sang, 130
Mair fuld I to yow say.
At beltane ilka bodie bownd
To Peblis to the Play.

II. CHRIST'S

CHRIST'S KIRK
ON THE GREEN.

I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sik dancing nor deray;
Nowther at *Falkland on the green*,
Or *Peebles at the Play*.
As wes of wooers as I ween,
At Christ's Kirk on a day;
There came our Kittys washen clean
In new kyrtils of gray,
Fou gay that day,
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

5

10
11.

II.

'To dance thir damysells them night;
 Thir lasses light of laits.
 Thir gluis war of the raffal right,
 This shoon war o the straits.
 Thir kirtles were of Lincome light,
 Weel prest wi mony plaits:
 They were sae skych, whan men them nicht,
 They squeild, like, ony gaits,
 Fu loud that day,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green,

III.

Of a thir maidins myld as meid
Was nane sae jimp as Gillie ;
As ony rose her rude was red,
Her lire was like the lillie ;
Fou yellow yellow was her heid ;
And scho, of luv sae fillie,
Thoch a her kin had fworn hir deid,
Scho wald hae nane but Willie
Alane that day,
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

IV.

IV.

Scho skornit Jock, and skrapit at him,
 And murgeoned him wi mokks;
 He wald hae luvit, scho wald not lat him
 For a his yellow lokks.
 He cherish'd her, scho bid gae chat him; 35
 Scho compt him net twa clokks.
 Sae schamefully his schort gown fat him
 His legs war lyke twa rokkis
 Or rungs that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 40

V.

Tam Lutar was thair minstrel meet.
 Gude Lord how he coud lans!
 He playt fae schill and sang fae sweet,
 Quhuyle Towfie took a trans,
 Auld Lightfute thair he coud forelect, 45
 And counterfittet Frans:
 He held him as a man discreit,
 And up the Morreis-dans
 He tuke day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 50

X.

An hasty henfure, callit Hary,
 Quha was an archer heynd,
 Tytt up a taikel withoutten tary,
 That torment fae him teynd :
 I wat nae quidder his hand coud vary, 95
 Or the man was his friend,
 For he escapit, threw the michts of Mary,
 As man that nae ill meind
 But gude that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 100

XXI.

Then Lowry lyke a lyon lap,
 And sone a flane can fedder:
 He hecht to perce him at the pap,
 Theron to wad a wedder:
 He hit him on the wame a wap, 105
 It buft like ony bledder,
 But sua, his fortune was and hap,
 His doublet made o lether
 Saift him that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 110

XII.

COMIC BALLADS. 25

XII.

The buff sae boistrouly abaist him
 That he to th' erd dusht down;
 The ither man for deid ther left him,
 And fled out o the toun.
 The wives came forth, and up thay rest him;
 And fand lyfe in the loun.
 Then wi thre routs on's erse they reir'd him,
 And cur'd him out o soone
 Frae hand that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 120

XIII.

A yape young man, that stude him neist,
 Lous'd aff a schot wi yre:
 He ettlit the bern in at the brieft;
 The bolt flew owr the byre.
 Ane cryd Fy! he had slain a priest 125
 A myle beyond a myre.
 Then bow, and bag frae him he keist;
 And fled as ferfs as fire
 Frae flint that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 130

XIV.

Wi forks and flails they lent grit flaps,
 And flang togidder like fryggs;
 Wi bougars of barns they best blew kapps,
 Quhyle they of berns maid briggs.
 The reird raise rudely wi the rapps,
 Quhen rungs war laid on riggs;
 The wyfis came forth wi crys and clapps,
 Lo! where my lyking liggs!

135

Quoth thay, that day

At Christ's Kirk on the green.

140

XV.

Thay girnit, and lute gird wi granes;
 Ilk gossip oder grieved.
 Sum strak wi stings, sum gaddert stains,
 Sum fled and ill mischevet.
 The menstral wan within twa wains,
 That day fu weil he prievit;
 For he came hame wi unbirs'd bains,
 Quhar fechtters war mischieved

145

For evir that day

At Christ's Kirk on the green,

150

XVI.

XVI.

Heich Hutchean, wi a hiffil ryfs,
 To redd can throw them rummil.
 He muddilt them down lyk ony myce :
 He was nae baity bummyl.
 Thoch he was wicht he was nae wyfs 155
 With sic jangleurs to jummil ;
 For frae his thoume they dang a sklyfs
 Quhyle he cried, Earlafummil !
 I'm slain this day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, 169

XVII.

Quhen that he saw his blude fae reid
 To fle micht na man let him.
 He weind it had been for auld feid ;
 He thocht ane cry'd Haif at him.
 He gart his feit defend his heed, 165
 The far fairer it set him,
 Quhyle he was past out of all pleid ;
 'They fould bene swift that gat him
 Throw speid that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 170

XVIII.

The toun souter in grief was bowdin,
 His wyfe hang at his waift :
 His body was in blude a browdin ;
 He grin'd lyk ony ghaist.
 Hir glitterand hair that was sae gowden. 175
 Sae hard in lufe him laist,
 That for her sak he was nae youden
 Seven myle that he was chaist,
 And mair that day
 At Chrif's Kirk on the green. 180

XIX.

The miller was of manly mak,
 To meit him was no mows ;
 There durst not ten cum him to tak,
 Sae noytit he their pows.
 The buschment hale about him brak, 195
 And bikkert him wi bows ;
 Syne trayterly, behint his back,
 They hew'd him on the hows
 Behind that day
 At Chrif's Kirk on the green. 200

XX.

Twā that war headmen of the herd,
 On udder ran lyk rams :
 Then followit feymen richt unaffeird,
 Bet on with barrow trams.
 But quhair thair gobs thay were ungeird. 205
 Thay gat upon the gams ;
 Quhyl bludy barkit war thair bairds,
 As they had worriet lammis
 Maist lyk that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 210

XXI.

The wyves keist up a hideous yell
 Quhan all thir younkens yokkit ;
 Als ferfs as ony fire flauchts fell
 Freiks to the fields they flokkit.
 The carlis with clubs did uder quell 215
 Quhyl bluid at beifts out bokkit.
 Sae rude'ie rang the common bell
 That a the steipill rokkit
 For reird that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 220

XXII.

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

I.

THE pauky auld carle came our the lee .
 Wi mony good eens and days to mee,
 Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye ludge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

II.

O wow ! quo he, war I as free .
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blythe and mirrie wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and scho grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa togidder war sayen
 Whan wooing they war far thrang.

III.

III.

And O, quo he, an yee war as black
 As evir the croun o your daddy's hat,
 Tis I wad lay ye be my bak,
 And awa wi thee I'd gang.
 And O, quo she, an I war as whyte
 As'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
 I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,
 And awa wi thee I'd gang.

IV.

Between the twa was made a plot:
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wylily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent ar they gane.
 Upon the morn the auld wyfe raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife;
 Syne to the servant's bed scho gace
 To speir for the filly poor man.

V.

Scho gaed to the bed whar the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld he was away;
 Scho clapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu day!
 For some o our gear will be gane.

Sume

Sume ran to coffer, and fume to kist,
 But nocht was stown that could be mist;
 She dancid her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!
 I have ludg'd a leil poor man.

VI.

Since nathing's awa as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yearn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn;
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed quhar the dochter lay;
 (The sheits war cauld, scho was awa)
 And fast to her gudewife gan say,
 Scho's aff wi the Gaberlunyie man.

VII.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar ryn,
 And haste ye find these traiters agen;
 For scho's be burnt, and he's be fleen,
 The weirifou Gaberlunyie man.
 Some ride upo' hroffe, some ran aff;
 The wife was wude, and out o her wit;
 Scho cou'd na gang, nor yet could scho sit,
 But ay scho curs'd and scho bann'd.

VIII.

COMIC BALLADS.

31

VIII.

Meantime, far hind out ower the lee,
Fu snug in a glen, whar nane coud see,
Thir twa, in kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheefe a whang.
The prieving was gude it pleas'd them baith;
To lue her for ay he gae her his aith:
Quo scho to leave thes I will be laith,
My winsum Gaberlunyie man.

IX.

O kend my minny I war wi you,
I'll fardly wad scho crook her mou;
Sik a poor man she'd nevir trow,
After the Gaberlunyie mon.
My dear, quo he, ye're yet our young,
And hae nae learnt the beggars tongue,
To fallow me frae toun to toun,
And carry the Gaberlunyie on.

X.

Wi kauk and keil I'll win your bread,
And spinnels and quhorles for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed
The Gaberlunyie to carrie,

32

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout our my eye,;
A cripple or blind they will ca me,
While we fall fang and be merrie.

IV. THE

JOLLIE BEGGAR.

THERE was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was
boun,

And he tuik up his quarters into a landart toun.

And we'll gang nae mair a rowing

Sae late into the nicht ;

And we'll gang nae mair a rowing, boys,

Let the moon shine naer sae bricht.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre ;
but in ahint the ha door, or els afore the fyre,

And we'll gang, &c.

The beggars bed was made at een wi gude clean straw
and hay,

and in ahint the ha dore, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang, &c.

D

Up'raife

Upraise the gude man's dochter and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standing i' the floor,
And we'll gang, &c.

He tuke the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran;
O hooly, hooly wi me Sir! Ye'll waken our gude man.
And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin loon, and ne'er a word he spak
Till he gat his turn doon, fyne he began to crack.
And we'll gang, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this toun? Maiden tell me trew.
And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and my dōw?
And we'll gang, &c.

They'll rive a my meal pocks, and do me mickle wrang,
— O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the poor man?
And we'll gang, &c.

Then she tuik up the meal pocks, and flang them at
the wa.
The deil gae wi the meal pocks, my maidenhead
and a.
And we'll gang, &c.

I tuik

I tuik ye for some gentleman, at least the laird o Brodie.
O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll gang, &c.

He tuik the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice
fee.

And we'll gang, &c.

He tuik a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping our
the hill.

And we'll gang, &c.

And he tuik out his little knife, loot a his duddies fa,
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a.

And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder-hicht,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternicht.

And we'll gang, &c.

V. T H E

V I S I O N.

I.

BEDOUN the bents of Banquo brae
 Mi-lane I wandert waif and wae,
 Musand our main mischaunce ;
 How be thay faes we ar undone,
 That staw the sacred stane frae Scone,
 And leid us sic a daunce :
 Quhile Ingland's Ederts tak our tours,
 And Scotland ferst obeys,
 Rude ruffians ranfak ryal bours,
 And Baliol homage pays ;
 Throch feidom our freidom
 Is blotit with this skore,
 Quhat Roman's, or no man's
 Pith culd eir do befoir.

II.

II.

The ayr grew ruch with bousteous thuds,
Bauld Boreas branglit throw the cluds,
Maest lyke a drunken wicht;
The thunder crackt, and flauchts did rift
Frae the black viissart of the lift;
The forest schuke with fricht:
Nae birds abune thair wing exten,
They ducht not byde the blast;
Ilk beist bedeen bang'd to thair den,
Until the storm was past:
Ilk creature in nature
That had a spunk of sence,
In neid then, with speid then,
Methocht cryt, "In defence."

III.

To se a morn in May fae ill,
I deimt dame Nature was gane will,
To rair with rackles reil;
Quhairfor to put me out of pain,
And skonce my skap and shanks frae rain
I bure me to a biel,

Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaft,
 Out owre a canny cave,
 A curious cruif of Nature's craft,
 Quhilk to me shelter gaif;
 Ther vexit, perplexit,
 I leint me doun to weip,
 In breif ther, with grief ther
 I dottard owre on fleip.

IV.

Heir Somnus in his silent hand
 Held all my fences at command,
 Quhile I forgot my cair;
 The myldest meid of mortall wichts
 Quha pass in peice the private nights,
 That wauking finds it rare;
 Sae in fast slumbers did I ly,
 But not my wakryfe mynd,
 Quhilk still stude watch, and couth espy
 A man with aspeck kynd,
 Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
 With baird thre quarters skant,
 Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
 He seimt to be a sanct.

V.

V.

Grit daring dartit frae his ee,
 A braid-sword schogled at his thie,
 On his left arm a targe ;
 A shinand speir filled his richt-hand,
 Of stalwart mak, in bane and brawnd,
 Of just proportions large ;
 A various rain-bow-colourt plaid
 Owre his left spawl he threw,
 Doun his braid back, frae his quhyte heid,
 The silver whimplers grew ;
 Amaifit, I gaisit
 To se, led at command,
 A strampant and rampant
 Feris lyon in his hand ;

VI.

Quhilk held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar graift I saw
 This poesie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune laceff-
-et:----- In Scots, *Nane sall oppress*
Me, unpunifit with pain

Still schaking, I durst naithing say,
 Till he with kynd accent
 Sayd, Fere, let nocht thy hairt affray,
 I cum to heir thy plaint;
 Thy graining and maining
 Haith laillie reik'd mine eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All eirynes or feir.

VII.

For I am ane of a hie station,
 The Warden of this auntient nation,
 And can nocht do thee wrang;
 I vissyt him then round about,
 Syne with a resolution stout,
 Speird, Quhair he had been fae lang!
 Quod he, Althoch I sum forsuke,
 Becaus they did me flicht,
 To hills and glens I me betuke;
 To them that lues me richt;
 Quhase mynds yet inclynd yet
 To damm the rappid spate,
 Devysing and prying
 Freidom' at any rate.

VIII

VIII.

Our trechour peirs thair tyranns treit,
Quha jib them, and thair substance eit,
And on thair honour stramp;
They puire degenerate! bend thair baks,
The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our lamp:
Quhyle trew men, fair complainand, tell,
With fobs, thair silent greif,
How Baliol thair richts did sell,
With small howp of reliefe;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his curfit plot,
Quha rammed and crammed
That bargain doun their throt.

IX.

Braif gentrie sweir, and burghers ban,
Revenge is muttert by ilk clan
That's to thair nation trew;
The cloysters cum to cun the evil,
Mail-payers wifs it to the devil,
With its contryving crew,

The

The hardy wald with hairty wills,
 Upon dyre vengeance fall ;
 The fechless fret owre heuchs and hills,
 And eccho answers all,
 Repetand and gretand,
 With mony a fair alace,
 For blating and casting
 Our honour in disgrace.

X.

Wacs me ! quod I, our case is bad,
 And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful paction ;
 We are felld and herryt now by forfs,
 And hardly help fort, that's yit warfe,
 We are fac forfairn with faction.
 Then has not he gude cause to grumble,
 That's forst to be a slaif ?
 Oppression dois the judgment jumble,
 And gars a wyse man raif.
 May chains then, and pains then
 Infernal be thair hyre
 Quha dang us, and flang us
 Into this ugsum myre,

XI.

XI.

Then he with bauld forbidding luke,
And staitly air did me rebuke,
For being of sprite sae mein :
Said he, Its far beneath a Scot
To use weak curses, quhen his lot
May fumtymes sour his splein ;
He rather fould, mair lyke a man,
Some braif design attempt ;
Gif its not in his pith, what than !
Rest but a quhyle content,
Not feirful, but cheirful,
And wait the will of Fate,
Which mynds to, desynds to
Renew your auntient state.

XII.

I ken sum mair than ye do all
Of quhat fall afterwart befall,
In mair auspicious tymes ;
For aften far abuse the mune,
We watching beings do convene,
Fra round eard's utmost clymes,

Quhair

Quhair evry Warden represents
 Cleirly his nation's case,
 Gif Famine, Pest, or Sword torments,
 Or villains hie in place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay
 Up to themselves grit store,
 By rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious puire.

XIII.

Say then, said I, at your hie state,
 Lernt ye oucht of auld Scotland's fate,
 Gif eir schoil be her fell?
 With finyle celest, quod he, I can,
 But its nocht fit an mortall man
 Sould ken all I can tell:
 But part to thee I may unfold,
 And thou may saifly ken,
 Quhen Scottish peirs slicht Saxon gold,
 And turn trew heartit men;
 Quhen knaivrie and flaivrie,
 Ar equally dispyfd,
 And loyalte, and royalte,
 Universallie are pryfd.

XIV.

XIV.

Quhen all your trade is at a stand,
And cunye clene forsaiks the land,
Quhilk will be very fune,
Will priests without thair stybands preich?
For noucht will lawyers causes streich?
Faith that's nae easy dune.
All this, and mair, maun cum to pass,
To cleir your glomourit sicht;
And Scotland maun be maid an afs,
To set hir judgment richt.
They'l jade hir, and blad hir,
Until scho brak hir tether,
Thoch auld schois, yit bauld schois,
And teuch lyke barkit lether.

XV.

But mony a corse fall braithless ly,
And wae fall mony a widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owr Cheviot prancing proudly North,
The faes fall tak the field near Forth,
And think the day their ain:

But burns that day fall ryn with blude
 Of them that now opprefs ;
 Thair carcasses be corbys fude,
 By thousands on the greis.
 A King then fall ring then,
 Of wyle renoun and braif,
 Quhase puisans and sapiens,
 Sall richt restoir and faif.

XVI.

The view of freidomis sweit, quod I,
 O say, grit Tennent of the skye,
 How neiris that happie tyme ?
 We ken things but be circumstans :
 Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
 Lest I commit a cryme.
 Quhat eir ye plees, gae on, quod I,
 I fall not fash ye moir,
 Say how, and quhair ye met, and quhy,
 As ye did hint befoir.
 With air then sae fair then,
 That glanst like rais of glory,
 Sae godlyk and oddlyk
 He thus resumit his storie.

XVII.

XVII.

Frae the fun's ryfing to his fett,
All the pryme rait of Wardens met,
In folemn bricht array,
With vechicles of aither cleir ;
Sic we put on quhen we appeir
To fauls rowit up in clay ;
Ther in a wyd and splendid hall,
Reird up with fhynand beims,
Quhais rufe-tries were of rain-bows all,
And paift with ftarrie gleims,
Quhilk prinkled and twinkled
Brightly beyont compair,
Much famed and named
A CASTILL IN THE AYR.

XVIII.

In midft of quhilk a tabill ftude,
A fpacious oval, reid as blude,
Made of a fyre-flaucht,
Arround the dazeling walls were drawn,
With rays be a celeftial hand,
Full mony a curious draucht.

Inferiour

Inferiour beings flew in haist,
 Without gyde or directour,
 Millions of myles throch the wyld waist,
 To bring in bowlis of nectar :
 Then roundly and foundly
 We drank lyk Roman gods :
 Quhen Jove fae dois rove fae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

XIX.

Quhen Phebus' heid turns licht as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limband Vulcan blethers :
 Quhen Pluto glowrs as he were wyld,
 And Cupid, luvcs wee wingit chyld,
 Fals down and fylls his fethers.
 Quhen Pan forgets to tune his reid,
 And flings it cairless bye,
 And Hermes, wingd at heils and heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye :
 Quhen staggirand and swaggirand,
 They stoyter hame to sleip,
 Quhyle centeries and enteries
 Immortall watches keip.

XX.

XX.

Thus we tuke in the hich brown liquour,
 And bangd about the nectar biquour ;
 But evir with this ods,
 We neir in drink our judgments drensch,
 Nor scour about to feik a wensch
 Lyk these auld baudy gods ;
 But franklie at ilk uther ask,
 Quhat's proper we suld know,
 How ilk ane has performit the task,
 Assignd to him below
 Our mynd then, sae kynd then,
 Is fixt upon our care,
 Ay noting and plotting
 Quhat tends to thair weilfair.

XXI.

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
 Qihyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a snuff,
 Quhilk made Allmane to stare ;
 Latinus bad him naithing feir,
 But lend his hand to haly weir,
 And of cowl crowns tak care ;

■

Batavius

Batavius with his paddock-face
 Luking-asquint, cry'd, Pifch!
 Your monks are void of fence or grace,
 I had leur ficht for fisch;
 Your fchule-men ar fule-men,
 Carvit out for dull debates,
 Decoying and destroying
 Baith monarchies and fates.

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie nod
 Cryd, Hogan, yes, we ken your God,
 Its herrings ye adore.
 Heptarchus, as he ufd to be,
 Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore;
 Ane quhile he fays, It is not richt
 A Monarch to refist;
 Neift braif all ryal powir will flicht,
 And paffive homage jelt:
 He hitches and fitches
 Betwein the *bic* and *boc*,
 Ay jieand and fleand
 Round lyk a wedder-cock,

XXIII.

COMIC BALLADS.

31

XXIII.

I still support my precedens
Abune them all, for sword and fens,
Thoch I haif layn richt lown,
Quhilk was, becaus I bure a grudge
At sum fule Scotis, quha lyk'd to drudg
To princes no thair awin ;
Sum Thanis their tennants pykit and squeist,
And purfit up all thair rent,
Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleist,
Till riggs and schaws war spent ;
Syne byndging, and whyndging,
Quhen thus redusit to howps,
They dander and wander
About, puire lickmadowps.

XXIV.

But now its tyme for me to draw
My thynand sword against club-law,
And gar my lyon roir ;
He fall or lang gie sic a found,
The eccho fall be heard around
Europe frae schore to schore ;

E 2

Then

Then let them gadder all thair strength,
 And stryve to wirk my fall,
 Thoch numerous, yit at the lenth
 I will owrcum them all,
 And raise yit and blase yit
 My braifrie and renown,
 By gracing and placing
 Aright the Scottis crown.

XXV.

Quhen my braif BRUCE the same fall weir
 Upon his ryal heid, full cleir
 The diadem will shyne;
 Then fall your fair oppression ceis,
 His intrest yours he will not fleice,
 Or leif you eir inclyne:
 Thoch millions to his purse be lent,
 Ye'll neir the puirer be,
 But rather richer, quhyle its spent
 Within the Scottish fe:
 The field then fall yield then
 To honest husband's welth,
 Gude laws then fall cause then
 A sickly state haif helth.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair etherial dame,
And to our Warden sayd,
Grit Callydon I cum in ferch
Of you, frae the hich starry arch,
The counfill wants your aid ;
Frae evry quarter of the sky,
As swift as a quhirl-wynd,
With spirits speid the chieftains hy,
Sum grit thing is defygnd.
Owre muntans be funtains,
And round ilk fairy ring,
I haif chaist ye, O haist ye,
They talk about your King.

XXVII.

With that my hand methocht he schuke,
And wischt I happynefs nicht bruke,
To eild by nicht and day,
Syne quicker than an arrow's flicht,
He mountit upwards frae my sight,
Straicht to the milkie way ;

My mynd him followit throw the skyes,
 Untill the brynie streame
 For joy ran trickling frae myne eyes,
 And wakit me frae my dreame;
 Then peiping, half sleiping,
 Frae furth my ryal beild,
 It eisit me, and pleisit me
 To se and smell the feild.

XXVIII.

For Flora in hir clene array,
 New washen with a showir of May,
 Lukit full sweit and fair;
 Quhile hir cleir husband frae above
 Sched down his rayis of genial luvie,
 Hir sweits perfumit the ayr;
 The wynds war husht, the welkin cleird,
 The glumand clouds war fled,
 And all as saft and gay appeird
 As ane Elyfian sched;
 Quhil heisit and bleisit
 My heart with sic a fyre,
 As raifes these praisies,
 That do to heaven aspyre.

VI. ANE

VI.

ANE HIS AWIN ENEMY.

I.

HE that has gold and grit riches,
 And may be into myrrineis;
 And dois gladness fra him expell,
 And levis into wretchitneis,
 He wrikis sorrow to himsell.

II.

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,
 And leif ane lusty plesand lyfe,
 And syne with mariege dois him mell;
 And binds him with ane wicket wyfe,
 He wrikis sorrow to himsell.

III.

He that has for his awin genyie
 Ane plesand prop bot mauk or menyie,
 And shuttis syne at an uncow schell,
 And is forfairn wi the fleis of Spenyie,
 He wrikis sorrow to himsell.

IV.

And he that with gude lyfe and trewth
But variance or uder flewth,
Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,
That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
He wrikis forrow to himsell.

V.

Now all this tyme let us be mirry,
And set nocht by this world a chirry;
Now quhyle thair is gude wyne to sell,
He that dois on dry bread wirry
I gif him to the devill of hell,

VII. Advice

VII.

Advice to spend anis awin Gudes.

I.

MAN, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And deid is evir drawand neir,
Thy tyme unficker and the place :
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow has space.

II.

Gif it be thyne, thyself it ufis ;
Gif it be not, thé it refuses ;
Ane uthir of the profite has :
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow has space.

III.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
And hastely to morne fra it wend,
And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais.
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow has space.

IV.

IV.

Quhile thou has se thou dispone,
 That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
 No wicht ane uder flay or chace.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
 Ay gadderand geir with forrow and pane;
 And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VI.

Syne cums ane uder, glaid of his forrow,
 That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirrynais.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairs;
 And after him thair cumis yung airis
 That his auld thrift settis on an ace.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thou heir spend;
 And nòcht all that on thé depends
 Bot his to spend it that has grace.
 Thine awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

IX.

IX.

Trest nocht ane uther will do thé to
It that thyself wald nevir do ;
For gif thou dois strenge is thy cace.
Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

X.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane udder,
That it nocht after be thy cace.
Thyne awin gude spend quhile thow has space.

VIII.

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

I.

FULL oft I muse and hes in thocht
 How this fals world is ay on flocht,
 Quhair nothing ferme is nor degeft;
 And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

II.

This world evir dois flicht and wary;
 Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary
 Na tyme but turne can tak rest,
 For quhois false change fuld nane be sary,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

III.

Wald man confidder in mynd richt weil,
 Or Fortoun on him turn her quheil,
 That erdly honour may nocht lest,
 His fall less panefull he fuld feil.
 For to be blyth me think it best.

IV.

IV.

Quha with this warld dois warfell and stryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thoch he in lordschip be posselt,
He levis bot ane wretchit life.
For to be blyth me think it best.

V.

Of wardlis gud and grit riches
Quhat frucht has man but mirrines?
Thoch he this warld had, eist and west,
A were povertie but glaidnes.
For to be blyth me think it best.

VI.

Quho suld for tynfall drown or de
For thyng that is bot vanitie?
Sen to the lyfe that ever dois lest
Heir is bot twynkling of an ee.
For to be blyth me think it best.

VII.

Had I for warld's unkyndnes
In haist tane ony havines;
Or fro my pleasans bene opprest,
I had bene deid langsyne doubtless.
For to be blyth me think it best.

VIII.

VIII.

Now evir this warld do change and vary;
Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary;
But evir be roddy and addrest
To pass out of this frawfull fary.
For to be blyth me think it best.

IX. ROBENE

IX.

ROBENE AND MAKYN.

I.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flok of sic:

Mirry Makyne said him till,

She. Robene thow rew on me;

I haif thé luvit lowd and still

This yeiris two or thré:

My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,

Doubtless bot dreid I dé.

II.

He. Robene answerit, Be the rude

Nathing of lufe I knaw;

Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,

Lo quhair they raik on faw.

Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,

Makyne, to me thow schaw?

Or quhat is lufe or to be lu'ed?

Faine wald I leir that law.

III.

She. At luvis lair gif thow will leir,
 Tak thair an A, B, C :
 Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and fré.
 Sé that no danger do thé deir,
 Quhat dule in dørn thow dré ;
 Preifs thé with pane at all poweir,
 Be patient and previe.

IV.

Robene answerit her agarie,
He. I wait nocht quhat is luvé ;
 Bot I haif marvell incertaine
 Quhat makis thé this wanruse.
 The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
 My scheip gois haill aboif ;
 An we wald play us in this plane
 Thay wald us baith reproif.

V.

She. Robene tak tent unto my tale,
 And wirk all as I reid ;
 And thow fall half my hairt all haile,
 Als far as maid couth yied.

Sen.

Sen God sendis bute for baill,
 And for murning remeid,
 In dern with thé but gif I daill
 Doubtles I am bot deid.

VI.

He. Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde .
 And ye will mteit me heir ;
 Peraventure my scheip may gang besyd
 Quhill we haif liggit full neir.
 Bot maugre haif I an I byd
 Fra they begin to steir ;
 Quhat lyeis on flairt I will nocht hyd,
 Makyne than mak gud their.

VII.

She. Robene, thou reivis me rois and rest,
 I luev but thé allone.
He. Makyne, adew, the sone gois west
 The day is neirhand gone.
She. Robene, in dule I am so drest
 That lufe will be my bone.
He. Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
 For leman I lue none.

VIII.

- She.* Robene, I stand in sic a style,
I sicht and that full fair.
He. Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhile;
At hame God gif I wair.
She. My hinny Robene, talk ane quhyle
Gif thou wilt do na mair.
He. Makyne sum uther man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair.

IX.

Robene on his wayis went
As licht as leif of tre;
Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trowd him nevir to se.
Robene brayd attour the bent;
Than Makyne cryit on hie:
Now ma thou sing for I am schent?
Quhat alis lufe with me?

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin fail,
Full werry aftir couth weip.
Than Robene in a ful fair daist
Assemblit all his scheip.

Be that fum parte of Makyne's ail
 Ourthrow his hairt coud creip:
 He followit hir fast thair till affaill
 And till her tuke gude keep.

XI.

He. Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne;
 A word for ony thing!
 For all my luv it fall be thyne
 Withouthin departing.
 All haill thy hairt for till haif myne
 Is all my cuvating:
 My scheip to morn quhill houris myne
 Will neid of no keping.

XII.

Sbe. Robene, thou has hard founng and fay,
 In gestis and stories auld,
The man that will not quben be may,
Sall haif nocht quben be wald.
 I pray to Jesu every day
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
 That first preissis with thé to play
 Be firth, forrist, or fauld.

XIII.

Mr. Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme and fair ;
 And the grene woud rycht neir us by
 To walk attour all, quhair
 Thair may na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair :
 Thairin, Makyne, baith ye and I
 Unfene we may repair.

XIV.

Mr. Robene, that warld is all away,
 And quyt brocht till ane end ;
 And nevir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend.
 For of my pane thou made it play,
 And all in vane I spend :
 As thou hes done sa fall I say
 Murne on I think to mend.

XV.

Mr. Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
 My hairt on thé is sett,
 And evir mair to thé be leill,
 Quhyle I may leif but lett.

COMIC BALLADS.

69

Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett.
Sbr. Robene, with thé I will not deill.
Adew, for thus we mett.

XVI.

Makyne went hame blythe aneuche
Attoure the holtis hair :
Robene murnit, and Makyne leuche,
Scho fang, he fchit fair.
And so left him baith wo and wreuch,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a heuch,
Amang the holtis hair.

The Wowing of JOK and JENNY.

I.

ROBEYN's Jok cam to wow our Jenny,
 On our feist evin quhen we were fow ;
 Scho brankit fast and maid her bonny ;
 And said, Jok come ye for to wow ?
 Scho burneist hir baith breist and brow,
 And maid her cleir as ony klok.
 Than spak his deme, and said, I trow
 Ye come to wow our Jenny, Jok.

II.

Jok said, Forsuth I yern full fane
 To lout my heid, and sit down by yow.
 Than spak his modir, and said agane
 My bairne has tocher gud to gé yow.
 Te he, quoth Jenny, keik, keik, I fé you ;
 Muder, yon man maks yow a mok.
 I schro the lyar, full leis me you ;
 I come to wow your Jenny quoth Jok.

III.

III.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin
 Ane gus, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid-fawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken.
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane saip there ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok ;
 Dischis, and dublaris, nyne or ten.
 Come ye to wow our Jenny, Jok ?

IV.

Ane blankèt, and ane wecht also,
 Ane shule, ane shelt, and ane lang flail ;
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laddils two,
 Ane mylk-syth with ane swyne tail :
 Ane rousty quhittil to scheir the kail,
 Ane quheil, ane mell the beir to knok ;
 Ane cog, ane caird wantand ane nail.
 Come ye to wow our Jenny, Jok ?

V.

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pok, ane pek,
 Ane rub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband ;
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil fak,
 Ane spurtil braid, and ane elwand.

— Jok tuke Jenny be the hand,
 And cry'd, Ane feist ; and flew ane cok ;
 And maid a brydell up alland.
 Now haif I gottin your Jenny, quoth Jok.

VI.

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mariet,
 Suppois ye mak it nevir fa tuche,
 I latt yow wit sho is nocht miskarrit ;
 It is weill kend I haif eneuche.
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huche,
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche,
 To gang togidder Jenny and Jok,

VII.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane coird, ane creil, and als ane cradill,
 Fyve fiddler, of raggis to stuf ane jak,
 Ane auld pannel of ane laid sadill ;
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padell,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill, wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lick ane laddil,
 To gang togidder Jenny and Jok,

VIII.

VIII.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
Weil buklit with ane brydel renyé;
Ane fark maid o the Linkome twyne,
Ane gay grene cloke that will not stenyé.
And yet for mifter I will nocht fenyé
Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flok,
Call ye nocht that an joly menyé
To gang togidder Jenny and Jok?

IX.

Ane trone, ane trencheour, ane ramhorne sponne,
Twa buttis of barkit blafnit ladder;
All graith that gains to habbil shone,
Ane thraw-cruck to twyne ane tedder;
Ane brydil, ane grith, and ane swyne bledder,
Ane maskene-fatt, and fetterit lak,
Ane scheip weil keipit fra ill wedder,
To gang togidder Jenny and Jok.

X.

Tak thairfoir my part of the feist,
It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
Ye may nocht say my parte is leist,
The wyfe said Speid. The kail are foddin;

And

And als the laverock is fuft and loddin ;
When ye haif done tak haim the brok,
The roft was tuche, fā were they boddin :
Syn gaid togidder bayth Jenny and Jok.

XL.

Ane littill Interlud of the Droichis
part of the Play.

I.

HIRY, Hary, Hubbilschow !
Sé ye not quha is cum now,
Bot yit wait I nevir how
With the quhirle wind ?
A fargeand out of Soudoun land,
A gyane strang for to stand,
That with the strength of my hand
Bereis may bind.

II.

Bot yit I trow that I vary,
I am bot ane blynd Hary,
That lang has bene with the fary
Farlyis to find.
And yit gif this be not I,
I wait it is the spreit of Gy,
Or ellis fle be the sky,
And lycht as the lynd.

III.

Quha is cum heir bot I,
 A bauld busteous bellomy,
 Amang you all to cry a cry
 With ane mighty soun?
 That generit am of gyanis kynd,
 Fra the strong Hercules be strynd;
 Of all the occident and ynde
 My elderis woir the crown.

IV.

My foir grandsyr, hecht Fyn Mackowll,
 That dang the devill and gart him yowll;
 The skyis rainid quhen he wald yowll,
 He trublit all the air.
 He gat my gud-fyr Gog Magog,
 He quhen he danfit the world wald schog,
 Ten thowsand ellis yied in his frog
 Of Heland plaidis, and mair,

V.

And yit he was of tendir yowth:
 But aftir he grew mekle at fowth,
 Ellevin myle wyd mett wes his mowth,
 His teith was ten myle squair.

He wald upoun his tais upstand,
And tak the starnis down with his hand,
And fet thame in a gold garland
Aboif his wyvis hair.

VI.

My fader, mekle Gow Macmorne,
Out of his moderis wame was shorne;
For littilnes scho was forlorne
Siche an a kemp to beir.
Or he of aige was yeiris thré
He wald step over the Occraine se:
The mone sprang nevir above his kné;
The hevins had of him feir.

VII.

Ane thowfand yeir is past fra mynd
Sen I was generit of his kynd,
Far furth in the defartis of Ynd
Amang lyoun and beir.
Worthie King Arthour, and Gawane,
And many a bawld berne of Bartane,
Ar deid, and in the weiris ar flane,
Sen I cowlde wield a speir.

VIII.

VIII.

Sophie and the Sow down strang,
 With weiris that has lestit lang
 Owt of thair boundis has maid me gang
 And turn to Turkey tyte.
 The King of Francis grit army
 Hes brocht in derth in Lombardy,
 That in the cuntré he and I,
 Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

IX.

Swadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
 Nor in the Steiddis, I dar nocht ga;
 Thair is nothing bot and slae,
 Cut throppillis, and make quyte.
 Yrland for evir I haif refusit;
 All wyis men will hald me excusit,
 For nevir in land quhair Eliche was usit
 To dwell had I delyte.

X.

I haif bene formeſt evir in feild,
 And now ſa lang I haif borne the ſcheild
 That I am crynit in for eild,
 This littil as ye may ſie.

haif

COMIC BALLADS.



I haif been banneist under the lynd
 This lang tyme that nane could me fynd,
 Quhill now with this last eisin wynd
 I am cum heir perdie.

XI.

My name is WELTH; thairfor be blyth,
 I am cum comfort you to kyth.
 Suppois wrechis will waill and wryth,
 All darth I fall gar dré.
 For certanelie the trewth to tell,
 I cum amang you for to dwell,
 Far fra the sound of Curphour bell
 To dwell thinks nevir me.

XII.

Now sen I am such quantitie
 Of gyanis cum as ye may sie,
 Quhair will be gottin a wyfe to me
 Of sicklyk breid and hicht?
 In all this bowre is nocht a bryde
 Ane hour I wait, dar me abyde;
 Yit trow ye ony heir besyde
 Micht suffir me all nicht?

XIII.

XIII.

Adew, fareweil, for now I go ;
Bot I will nocht lang byd you fro.
Chryst yow conserve fra every woe,
Baith maidin, wyf, and man.
God blis thame and the haly rude !
Givis me a drink, sa it be gude ;
And quha trowis best that I do lude
Skink first to me the kan.

XII.

Ane Ballat of evill WYFFIS.

I.

BE mirry bretheren ane and all,
And set all sturt on syd;
And every ane togidder call
To God to be our gyd:
For als lang lëivis the mirry man
As dois the wrech for ocht he can,
Quhen deid him sneks, he wait nocht quhan,
And chairgis him to byd.

II.

The riche then fall nocht sparit be,
Thoch thay haif gold and land;
Nor yit the fair for thair bewty;
Can nocht that chairge ganestand:
Thoch wicht or waik wald flé away,
No dowl bot all mon ransone pay,
Quhat place, or quhair, can no man say,
Be sic, or yit be land.

G

III.

III.

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir is,
 That we togiddir sing,
 And all to loif that Lord of blifs,
 That is of hevinis king.
 Quha knawis the secreit thochts and dowl
 Of all our hairtes round about ;
 And he quha thinks him nevir so stout
 Mone thoill that puniffing.

IV.

Quhat man but stryf, in all his lyfe,
 Dois test moir of deid's pane,
 Nor dois the man, quhilk on the fie
 His leving feiks to gane ?
 For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs,
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs
 To call and nocht refrain.

V.

The myrriest man that leivis on lyfe
 He failis on the fie ;
 For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,
 Bot blyth and mirry be.

Bot

Bot he that hes an evill wyfe
 Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe :
 And that man quhilk leivis ay in strife
 How can he mirry be ?

VI.

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht
 That ony man can haif ;
 For he may nevir fit in saucht,
 Onless he be hir sklaif.
 Bot of that fort I knaw nane uder
 Bot owthir a kukald, or his bruder,
 Fondlars and kukalds all togidder
 May wis thair wyfis in graif.

VII.

Becaus thair wyfis hes maistery
 That thay dar nawayis cheip,
 Bot gif it be in privity,
 Quhan thair wis ar on sleip.
 Ane mirry in thair cumpany
 Were to thame worth baith gold and sie ;
 Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be,
 Thair mirth gif he could beit.

G .

VIII.

VIII.

Bot of that sort quhilk I report
 I knaw nane in this ring ;
 Bot we may all baith grit and small,
 Glaidly baith dance and sing.
 Quha list nocht heir to mak gude cheir,
 Perchance his gudes ane uther yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brocht to bier,
 Quhen his wyfe taks the fling.

IX.

It has bene fene that wyfe wemen,
 Eftir thair husband's deid,
 Hes gettin men hes gart them ken
 Gif thay nicht beir grit laid.
 With ane grene fling hes gart them bring ;
 The yeir quhilk won wes be ane dring ;
 And syne gart all the bairnis fling
 Ramukloch in thair bed.

X.

Than wad scho fay, Alace ! this day
 For him that wan this geir :
 Quhen I him had I skairfly said,
 My hairt anis mak gud cheir.

Or I had lettin him spend a plak,
I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak ;
Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak
Our the heicht of the stair.

XI.

Ye neigartis then example tak,
And leir to spend your awin :
And with gud freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may be weil knawin
That thou art he quha wan this geir ;
And for thy wyfe se thou not spair
With gud freynds ay to mak repair,
Thy honesty may be shawin.

XII.

Finis, quoth I, quha settis nocht by
The ill wyfis of this toun ;
Thoch for despyt with me wald flyte
Gif thay micht put me down.
Gif ye wald know quha maid this sang,
Quhidder ye will him heid or hang,
Flemyng's his name quhair evir he gang,
In place, or in quhat toun.

XIII.

BALLAT OF GUDE-FALLOWIS.

I.

I Mak it kend he that will spend,
 And luve God lait and air,
 God will him mend, and grace him send,
 Quhen catyvis fall haif cair.
 Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend
 Of geir, and nocht till spair :
 I knaw the 'end that all mon wend
 Away nakit and bair.
 With an O, and an I,
 Ane wreche fall haif na mair,
 Bot ane schort schein at heid and feit,
 For all his wreck and wair,

II.

For all the wrak a wreche can pak,
 And in his baggis imbrace,
 Yet deid fall tak him be the bak,
 And gar him cry, Allace !

Than

Than fall he fwak away with lak
And wait nocht to quhat place ;
Than will thay mak at him a knak
That maist of his gud hais,
With an O, and an I,
Quhyle we have tyme and space,
Mak we gud cheir quhyle we are heir,
And thank God of his grace.

III.

Were thair ane king to rax and ring
Amang gude-fallowis croud,
Wrechis wald wring, and mak murrayng,
For dule thay sald be dround.
Quha finds ane dring, owder auld or ying,
Gar hoy him out and hound :
Now lat us sing with Chrystis blissing,
Be glaid, and mak gude found.
With an O, and ane I,
Now or we furder found :
Drink thow to me, and I to the
And let the cop go round.

IV.

Quha undirstude fuld haif his gude
Or he were closd in clay,
Sum in thair mude thay wald go wude,
And de lang or thair day.

Nocht worthe ane hude, or ane auld snude,
Thou fall beir hyne away,
Wreche, be the rude, for, to conclude,
Full few will for thé pray.
With ane O, and ane I,
Gude-fallowis, quhill we may,
Be mirry and fré, fyné blyth we be,
And sing on tway and tway.

COMIC BALLADS.

XIV.

THE BLAIT LUVAR.

I.

QUHEN Flora had our fret the first,
In May of every moneth quene,
Quhen merle and mavis singis with mirth
Sweit melling in the schawis schene;
Quhen luvaris rejosit bene,
And most desyrus of thair pray;
I hard a lusty luvar mene,
I luve, bot I dar nocht assay.

II.

Strang are the panis I daylie prufe,
Bot yet with patience I sustene;
I am so fetterit with the lufe
Onlie of my lady schene;
Quhylk for her bewty nicht be quene,
Natour sa craftely alwey
Hes done depaint that sweit scherene;
Quhome I lufe I dar nocht essay.

III.

III.

Scho is fa brycht of hyd and hew
I lufe but hir allone I wene ;
Is none hir lufe that may eschew
That blenkis of that dulce amene.
Sa cumly cleir ar hir twa ene,
That scho ma luvaris dois effray
Than evir of Grice did fair Helene.
Quhom I luf I dar nocht assay.

XV.

L U V E A N E L E V E L L A R .

I.

L U V E preyfis but comparefone
Both gentil, fempill, generall;
And of fre will gevis warefone
As fortoun chanfis to befall.
For luv makis nobill ladies thrall
To baffir men of birth and blude;
So luv garris fobir wemen fmall
Get maiftrice our grit men of gud.

II.

Ferme luv for favour, feir, or feid,
Of riche nor pur to fpeik fould fpair;
For luv to hienefs has no heid,
Nor lychlies lawlinefs ane hair.
But puttis all personis in compair,
This proverb planely for to preve,
That men and wemen lefs and mair
Are cumde of Adame and of Eve.

III.

III.

Sa thoch my liking were a leddy,
 And I no lord, yet, nocht the less,
 Scho fuld my service find als redly
 As duke to dutchess docht him dress:
 For as proud princely luvè express
 Is to haif soverenetie,
 So service cummis of sempilness,
 And leilest luvè of law degré.

IV.

So luwaris lair, no leid fuld lak,
 A lord to lufe a silly lass,
 A leddy als for luf to tak
 Ane propir page, hir tym to pass.
 For quhy? As bricht bene birneist bras
 As silver wrocht at all dewyis;
 And als gud drinking out of glafs
 As gold, thoch gold gif gritter prys.

XVI.

TO HIS HAIR.

I.

RETURNE thé hamewart, hairt, agane;
 And byde quhair then waist wont to be:
 Thou art ane fule to suffer pane
 For luve of hir that luvis not thé.
 My hairt, lat be sic fantesie;
 Luve nane bot as they mak thé cause:
 And lat hir seik ane hairt for thé,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

II.

To quhat effect sould thou be theall
 But thank? Sen thou has thy fré will,
 My hairt be nocht sa bestial;
 But knaw quha dois thé guid or ill,
 Remane with me, and tary still,
 And se quha playis best their pawis;
 And lat fillok ga fling her fill,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

III.

III.

Thoch scho be fair I will not fenyie,
 Scho is the kind of utheris ma :
 For quhy ? Thair is a fellone menyie
 That semis gud, and ar not fa.
 My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
 For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis ;
 Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis :

IV.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,
 At her depairting thow mak na cair,
 Bot all begyld go quhair scho will ;
 A schrew the háirt that mané makis mair !
 My hairt be mirry late and air,
 This is the fynall end and claufe ;
 And let hir fallow ane filly fair,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

XVII.

RONDEL OF LUVÉ.

I.

LO quhat it is to lufe,
 Lern ye that list to prufe;
 Be me, I say, that no ways may
 The grund of grief remove:
 Bot still decay both nicht and day.
 Lo quhat it is to lufe!

II.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
 Kendillit with defyre,
 Schort plesour, lang displefour,
 Repentance is the hyre;
 Ane puir tresour without melfour.
 Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

III.

To lufe and to be wyifs ;
 To rege with gude adwyifs ;
 Now thus, now than, so gois the game ;
 Incertaine is the dyifs.
 Thair is no man, I say, that can
 Both lufe and to be wyifs

IV.

Fle alwayis frome the snair :
 Lerne at me to beware
 It is ane pane, and double trans,
 Of endlefs wo and cair.
 For to refrane that danger pane,
 Fle alwyis frome the snair.

XVIII.

The WIFE of AUCHTERMUCHTY.

I.

IN Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man,
 An husband, as I hard it tauld,
 Quha weil could tippill out a can ;
 And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld.
 Quhill anis it fell upon a day
 He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain,
 Gif it be trew, as I heard say,
 The day was fowll for wind and rain.

II.

He lowsit the pleuch at the landis en,
 And draife his oxen hame at ene,
 Quhen he came in he lukit ben,
 And saw the wife, baith dry and clene,
 Sittand at ane fyre beik and bauld,
 With ane fat soup, as I heard say ;
 The man being very weit and cauld,
 Betwein thay twa it was na play.

N

M.

III.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horlis corn ?
 My ox hes naithir hay nor stray :
 Dame ye maun to the pleuch the morn ;
 I fall be huffy gif I may.

Husband, quoth scho, content am I
 To tak the pleuch my day about ;
 Sa ye will rewill baith kavis and ky,
 And all the house baith in and out.

IV.

But sen that ye will huffykep ken,
 First ye fall sift, and syne fall kned ;
 And ay as ye gang but and ben
 Luk that the balrnis fyle not the bed.
 Yeis lay ane soft wyip to the kist ;
 (We haif ane deir ferme on our heid).
 And, ay as ye gang furth and till,
 Keip weil the gairlingis fra the gled.

V.

The wyfe was up richt late at ene
 I pray God gife her weil to fair !
 Scho kirk'd the kirk, and skum'd it clene,
 Lest the gudeman bot bledoch bair.

C O M I C B A L L A D S.

99

Than in the morning up scho gat,
And on hir hairt laid her disjune;
And pat als meikle in her lap
As micht haif serd them baith at nune.

Vh.

Says, Jok, be thou maister of wark,
And thou fall had, and I fall ka;
Ise promise thé ane gude new fark,
Outhir of round claith or of sma.
Scho lousit the oxin aught or nine,
And hynt ane gad-staff in her hand.
Up the gudeman raife after syne,
And saw the wyfe had done command.

VII.

He cawd the gaislingis furth to feids,
Thair was but sevenfum of them a,
And by thair eumis the gredy gled,
And likkit up fyve, left him but twa:
Than out he ran, in all his mane,
How fume he hard the gaislingis cry,
But than or he came in agane
The calvis brak lous and suckit the ky.

H a

VIII.

~~CLARENCE~~
28

VIII.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,
 The man ran with ane rung to red;
 Than thair cumis ane illwilly cow,
 And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled.
 Than hame ran to a rok of tow,
 And he satt down to say the spinning;
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low—
 Quoth he, this work has ill beginning.

IX.

Hynd to the kirn than did he stoure,
 And jumlit at it quhill he swat;
 Quhen he had fumlit a full lang hour,
 The sorrow a scrape of butter he gat;
 Albeit na butter he could get,
 Yit he was cummerit with the kirne.
 And syne he het the milk our het,
 And sorrow a spark of it wald yirne.

X.

Than ben thair cam ane greidy fow,
 I trow he cund hir little thank,
 For in scho shot her mickle now,
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank :

He cleikit up an cruked club,
 And thocht to hit the sow a rout;
 The twa gaislings the gled had left
 That straik dang baith thair harnis out.

XI.

Than he bare kindling to the kill,
 But scho stert up all in ane low;
 Quhatevir he hard quhatevir he saw
 That day he had na will to wow.
 Than he gied to tak up the bairnis,
 Thocht to haif fand thame fair and clerie;
 The first that he gat in his armis
 Was a bedirtin to the ene.

XII.

The first it smelt fae fappellie,
 To touche the lave he did nocht greine;
 The devill cut off thair hands, quoth he,
 That fill'd ye a fa fow yestrene!
 He trailit the fowll sheites down the gait,
 Thocht to haif waschet thame on a stane;
 The burne was risen grit of spait,
 Away fra him the sheitis hes tane.

XIII.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout ;
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 Bot stoutly steirid the stottis about.
 Scho draif al day unto the night ;
 Scho lousit the pleuch, and sync came hame ;
 Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt ;
 I trow the man thecht richt grit schame.

XIV.

Quoth he, my office I forsalk
 For all the dayis of my lyfe ;
 For I wald put ane house to waik,
 Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife.
 Quoth scho weil met ye bruke your place,
 For trewlie I will nevir accep it :
 Quoth he feind fall the lyaris face,
 Bot yit ye may be blyth to git it.

XV.

Then up scho gate ane mekle rung,
 And the gudman maid to the doir :
 Quoth he, Deme I fall hald my tung,
 For an we fecht I'll get the woir.

Quoth

COMIC BALLADS.

101

Quoth he, quhen I forfuik my pleuch,
I trow I but forfuik my seill ;
And I will to my pleuch agane,
For I and this hous will neir do weil.

XIX.

I.

GOD sead every priest ane wife,
 And every nunne a man ;
 That they may live that haly life
 As first the kirk began.

II.

Sanct Peter, quhom nane can reprove,
 His life in marriage led :
 All gude preists, quhom God did lufe,
 Their maryit wyfes had.

III.

Greit causis then I grant had they
 Fra wyfes to refraine ;
 But greiter causes have they may
 Now wyfis to wed againe.

IV.

For than fuld nocht sa many hure
 Be up and doune this land :
 Nor yit sa many beggars pur
 In kirk and mercat stand.

V.

COMIC BALLADS.

105

V.

And not sa meikill bastard feid
Throw out this cuntrie sawin;
Nor gude men uncouth fry fuld feed
As all the Aith were khawin. T O D A

VI.

Sen Chryst's law, and common law,
And doctours will admit
That priests in that yock fuld draw,
Quha dar say contrair it? O

XX. LUSTIE

XX.

LUSTIE MAYE.

I.

O Lustie Maye, with Flora queen,
 The balmy drops from Phoebus' green,
 Prelusant beams before the day,
 Before the day, the day,
 By thee, Diana, groweth green
 Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,
 Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,

II.

Then Aurora that is so bright
 To woful hearts she casts great light,
 Right pleasantly before the day,
 Before the day, the day,
 And shows and shades furth of that light,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

III.

III.

Birds on their boughs, of every fort,
Send furth their notes and make great mirth,
On banks that bloom; on every brae,
On every brae, on every brae
And fares and flies o'er field and firth,
Through gladness of this lustie Maye,
Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

IV.

All lovers hearts that are in care
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh mornings before the day,
Before the day, the day;
And are in mirth ay mair and mair,
Through gladness of this lustie Maye,
Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

V.

Of every monith in the year,
To mirthful Maye there is no peer,
Her glistering garments are so gay,
Garments so gay, so gay;
You lovers all make merry cheer
Through gladness of this lustie May,
Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

XXI.

Tak your auld klok about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi his blasts sae bauld,
 Was thretning a our ky to kill;
 Then Bell my wife, wha loes na strife,
 Said unto me right haustilie,
 Get up goodman save Crumy's life,
 And tak your auld klok about ye.

H E.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
 Thou ken'st my klok is very thin,
 It is so bare, and overworne,
 A cricke he thereon cannot sin.
 Then I'll nae langer borow or lend,
 For ance I'll new apparel'd be;
 To morrow I'll to toun and spend,
 I'll have a new klok about me.

S H E.

S H E.

My Crumy is an usefu cow,
And she is come of a good kine ;
Aft has she wet the bairnis' mow ;
And I am laith that she should tyme.
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sa hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld klok about ye.

H E.

My klok was anes a good grey klok,
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thritty year.
Lets spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die ;
Then I'll be proud fen I have swora
To have a new klok about me.

S H E.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown,
He said they were a groat-our dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.

Ho

He was the king, that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 Tis pride puts a the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld clok about thee.

H E.

Every land has its ain lough,
 Ilk kind o corn it has its hool;
 I think the warld is a run wrang
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not fie Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hunklen in the afe?
 I'll ha a new clok about me.

S H E.

Goodman I wat 'tis thritty years
 Syne we did ane anither ken,
 And we have had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women gown and men,
 I wish and pray weil may they be:
 And why will thou thyself misken?
 Een tak your auld clok about ye.

H E.

H E.

Bell my wife, she loes na strife,
 But she wald guide me if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho I'm goodman.
 Noght's to be won at woman's hand
 Unless ye gie her a the plea;
 Then I'll leave off where I began,
 And tak my auld clog about me.

XXII.

EWBUCHTS MARION.

I.

WILL ye gae to the eubuchts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheip wi mee?
 The sun shines fweir, my Marion,
 But not half fae fweir as thee.
 O Marion's a bonnie lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her ee;
 And fain wad I marrie Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

II.

Their's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And filler on your white haufe-bane;
 Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
 At ene quhan I cum hame.
 Thereis braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,
 Quha gap and glowr wi their ee,
 At kirk quhan they see my Marion;
 Bot nane of tham lues like mee.

III.

III.

I've nine milk ews, my Marion,
A cow, and a brawny quay;
Ife gie them a to my Marion
Upon her bridal day.
And yee's get a green fey apron,
And waistcote o London broun;
And wow but ye will be vapering
Quhaneer ye gang to the town.

IV.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dance like me on the greens;
And gin ye forsak me, Marion,
Ife een gae draw up wi Jeane.
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o cramafie;
And fune as my chin has na haire on
I fall cum west and see yee.

XXIII.

The yellow-hair'd L A D D I E.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie fat down on yon brae,
 Cried, milk the ews, lassie, let nane o them gae:
 And ay she milked, and ay she fang,
 ' The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.'
 And ay she milked, and ay she fang,
 ' The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.'

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
 The ews are new clipt, and they winna bught in:
 They winna bught in tho I should die:—
 O yellow-hair'd laddie be kind unto me!
 They winna bught in tho I should die:—
 O yellow-hair'd laddie be kind unto me!

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
 Tho butter, and cheese, and a should four,
 I'll crack and kifs wi my love ae haf hour:
 It's ae haf hour, and we's een mak it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

XXIV. BESSY

XXIV.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

I.

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray
 They are twa bonnie lassies;
 They big'd a bower on yon burn brae;
 And theek'd it our wi raffles.
 Bessy Bell I lo'd yestreen,
 And thocht I neer could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa panky een
 They gar my fancy falter.

II.

Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning;
 When Phebus starts fra Thetis lap
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck; fast is her hand,
 Her waste, and feet, fow genty.
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips O wow! they're dainty.

III.

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her eye like diamond glances,
She's ay fae clean, red-up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances.
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
And guides her airs sa gracefu still ;
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas !

IV.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
Ye unco fair oppress us :
Our fancies jee between you tway,
Ye are sic bonny lasses.
Wae's me for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented ;
Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

XXIV.

O W R T H E B O G I E.

I.

*I Will awa wi my love,
I will awa wi her,
Tho a my kin had sworn and said,
I'll owr the Bogie wi her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Tho ilka' ane be discontent
Awa wi her I'll gae.
I will awa, &c.*

II.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And weil I wat we shanna part
For filler or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace;
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I wil awa, &c.

III.

There a the beauties do combine
 Of colour, traits, and air ;
 The soul that sparkles in her eye
 Makes her a jewel rare.
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms !
I will awa, &c.

IV.

There blythly would I rant and sing
 While o'er her sweets I range ;
 I'll cry Your humble servant, king !
 Shame fa them that wad change
 A kiss of Betty, and a smile,
 Abett ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown.
I will awa, &c.

XXVI.

To the tune of "I'll never leave thee."

I.

OH spare that dreadful thought,
If I should leave thee!
May I all pleasure leave,
Lais, when I leave thee!
Leave thee, leave thee!
How can I leave thee?
May I all pleasure leave,
Lais, when I leave thee!

II,

By all the joys of love
I'll never leave thee.
May I all pleasure leave,
Lais, when I leave thee!
Leave thee, leave thee!
How can I leave thee?
May I all pleasure leave,
Lais, when I leave thee!

XXVII.

I.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses ;
Madness 'tis for us to think
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wife are rul'd by chink.

II.

Never let vain cares oppress us ;
Riches are to all a snare.
We're every one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care.

III.

Wine will make us red as roses,
Let us all our woes forget ;
Let us, fuddling all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

IV.

When grim Death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls ;
Bacchus joins us in the chorus,
'Death begone ! Here's none but souls.

XXVIII. TH

XXVIII.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

I.

MY foger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes home he'll make me a lady;
My blessing gang with my foger laddie.

II.

My favorite laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a foger and lover behave;
True to his country; to love he is steady;
Few can compare wi my foger laddie.

III.

Shield him ye angels fra death in alarms,
Return him in triumph to my langing arms.
From every care ye ever will free me,
When back to my wishes my foger ye gie me.

IV.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

XXIX.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

I.

WHILE some praise the pastoral margin of Tweed,
 And others the beautiful banks of the Tay,
 Accept, O fair Clyde, of my dutiful lay;
 Thy rural meanders no stream can exceed.

II.

Full oft thy wild banks in my youth did I tread
 The trout and the par from thy wave to decoy;
 Maria then shar'd in my innocent joy:—
 But Maria is false and my pleasures are fled!

XXX. DEIL'

XXX.

'DEIL TAK THE WARS.

DEIL tak the wars that hurried Willie frae me,
 Wha to loe me just had sworn ;
 They made him captain sure to undo me ;
 Wae is me ! He'll never return.
 A thousand bouns abroad will fight him,
 He frae thousands ne'er will run.
 Day and night I did invite him
 To stay safe frae sword and gun.
 I us'd alluring graces,
 Wi mony kind embraces,
 Now fighting, then crying, tears letting fall :
 And had he my fast arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to mak me look provoking,
Snares that they tald me would catch the men ;
And on my head a huge commode fat cocking
Which made me shew as tall again.
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with gowden flowers did shine :
Well might my love think me gay and bonny,
Nae Scots lafs was eer fae fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted ;
With lac'd shoes, and silk hose garter'd over knee,
But O the fatal thought !
To Willie they were nought ;
Who rid to touns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, filly loon, might have rifled me.

XXXI.

I.

THERE dwalled a man in Aberdeen,
And nowthir young nor auld was he,
He never wanted wit at will,
But wi't was ugly as can be.

II.

Mony a lass that had the tocher,
Wham the carl fought to join
Wi him to draw the pleuch of wedlock,
Did the hatefu task decline.

III.

Tired at last wi sharp denyals,
Straight he pass'd to fillie Meg;
She had nowthir wit nor filler.
Here, thocht he, I fall nae beg,

IV.

Save the gowd o her fair tresses,
Bit o gowd neer had the quene;
Nor ither jewels in possession,
Than the jewels o her een.

Bot

V.

Bot alike to her was missing
 All the gowd that crouns the mynde;
 Sense, that jewel o the bosom,
 She could nowthir buy nor fynde.

VI.

He came, he saw, he overcame;
 The fillie mayden blush'd consent;
 Hamewart as he bent his travel,
 Thus he thocht on his intent.

VII.

“ Tho this lassie want a noddle,
 “ I hae wit to make amends;
 “ Tho I’m ugly, yet her bewtie
 “ In our bairns will serve like ends.

VIII.

“ Our childer, I can never dout it,
 “ Will comely as their mither be;
 “ And in wit and prudence surelie
 “ Thay will coppie after me.

IX.

“ Sae our race will bear perfection
 “ Baith in bodie and in faul;
 “ Surelie a mair happie marriage
 “ To man’s lot docht never fall.”

Sae

X.

Sae the wicht fou fondlie dremit—
Alack the issue was far ither !
The bairns war ugly as thair daddie,
And thay were foolish as thair mither.

[XXXII.]

I.

*A*N thou wert mine ain thing,
 I wad lue thee, I wad lue thee.
 An thou wert mine ane thing,
 How dearly wad I lue thee!

II.

Of race divine thou neds must be
 Since naithing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake O favour me,
 Wha only live to lue thee.
An thou wert, &c.

III.

Sae lang's I had the use of light
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers thro the night
 I'd tell how much I lue thee.
An thou wert, &c.

IV.

Tho I war number'd wi the dead
 My faul should hover round thy head;
 I may be turned a silent shade,
 But never cease to lue thee.
An thou wert, &c.

XXXIII.

XXXIII. *Alloa House.*

To the tune of "Alloa House."

I.

OH how could I venture to luv ane like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi disdain,
And knew I was naething yet pitied my pain?
You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion the vanity's less.
You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
And while beaus were a-tauking read luv in my eyes.

II.

O how I shall fauld thee and kiss a thy charms,
Till fainting wi pleasure I die in your arms,
Thro' all the wild transports of extacy tost,
Till sinking together together we're lost!
O where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy,
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

K

III.

III.

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
(Too nice for expression) what only we feel :
In a that ye do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
When I see you I love you, when hearing adore ;
I wonder and think you a woman no more :
Till mad wi admiring I canna contain,
And kissing your lips you turn woman again.

IV.

With thee in my bosom how can I despair ?
I'll gaze on thy beauties and look awa care ;
I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress,
Which never displeases but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er ;
And then live in friendship when passion's no more.

XXXIV.

BOTHWELL BANK.

I.

ON the blyth beltane, as I went
 Be mysel attour the green bet,
 Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde
 Throch faughs and hanging hazels glyde,
 There sadly sitting on a brae
 I heard a damsel speak her wae.

II.

‘ O Bothwell bank thou blumest fair,
 ‘ But ah thou makst my heart fou fair !
 ‘ For a beneath thy holts sae grene
 ‘ My luve and I wad sit at ene ;
 ‘ While primroses and daifies mixt,
 ‘ Wi bluebells in my loks he fixt.

K 2

III.

III.

- ‘ But he left me ae drearie day
- ‘ And haplie now sleips in the clay ;
- ‘ Without ae sich his dethe to roun,
- ‘ Without ae flouir his grave to crown !
- ‘ O Bothwell bank thou blumest fair,
- ‘ But ah thou makst my heart fou fair !’

XXXV.

I.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor;
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

II.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small;
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

K 3

III,

III.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me ;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

IV.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

XXXVI.

I.

COMRADES push about the glass,
And mak the chearfu ingle glow ;
Time, a rogue that neer knew grace,
Will urge alike his steady pace,
Whether we are blest or no.

II.

Fill thritty bouts for ane o his,
Toom ninety glasses for his three ;
For a their saws and prattles, this
The best and beaten road to blis
Wiser men have fand than we.

III.

If you can be blest the day,
Neer defer it till the morn :
Peril still attends delay,
As all fools will find, whan they
Have their happie hour forborne.

IV.

Comrades fill your glaſs wi me ;
Let us drink, and laugh, and ſing :
Whan ye merry are and ree,
Fear not to drink out your glee ;
New delights the morn will bring.

XXXVII. ETTRICK

XXXVII.

ETTRICK BANKS,

I.

ON Ettrick banks in a summers night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kifs'd and clap'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony, feck.

II.

I said, My lassie will ye go
To the highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gie ye baith a ew and cow,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, neer fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

III.

III.

When we all day have wrought eneuch,
When winter-frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
And there the weary night we'll en,
Till tender kid-and-lamb time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans gleim oer ilka field,
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead you to my simmer bield:
Then, far frae a their scornfu din,
Wha mak the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

XXXVIII.

L O C H A B E R.

I.

FAREWEIL to Lochaber, fareweil to my Jean,
Where heartsome with her I have mony day been :
O Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir ;
Ho bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Lay be to return to Lochaber no more !

II.

Tho hurricanes rise, tho rises each wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind ;
Tho loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd :
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

III.

III.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

XXXIX.

I.

FOR the sake of gold she has left me,
And of all that's dear has bereft me,
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless woe she has left me.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part;
For glittering show she has left me.

II.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Thro distant climates I must rove
Since Jeany she has left me.
Ye Powers above I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair,
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho she has ever left me!

XL. BLACKFORD

XL.

BLACKFORD HILL.

I.

THE man wha lues fair nature's charms,
Let him gae to Blackford hill ;
And wander there amang the craigs,
Or down aside the rill ;
That murmuring thro the peblis plays,
And banks whar deities spring ;
While, fra ilk bush and tree, the birds
In sweetest concert sing.

II.

The lintie the sharp treble sounds ;
The laverock tenor plays ;
The blackbird and the mavis join
To form a solemn bafe :
Sweet Echo the loud air repeats,
Till a the valley rings ;
While odorous scents the westlin wind
Frae thousand wild flowers brings.

III.

The Hermitage aside the burn
In shady covert lyes,
Frae Pride and Folly's noisy rounds
Fit refuge for the wise;
Wha there may study as they list,
And pleasures taste at will,
Yet never leave the varied bounds
Of bonny Blackford hill.

XLI. TWEEDSIDE.

XLI.

T W E E D S I D E.

I.

WHAN Maggy and I war acquaint
 I carried my noddle fu hie ;
 Nae lintwhite on a the gay plain,
 Nae gowdspink fae bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I fang ;
 I woo'd but I cam nae great speed :
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

II.

To Maggy my luv I did tell ;
 My tears did my passion exprefs :
 Alas ! for I loo'd her owr weil,
 And the women loo sic a man lefs.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed ;
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

7
 XLII. BIRKS

XLII.

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

I.

BONNIE lassie will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldie?
Ye sall get a gown of filk,
A gown of filk, a gown of filk,
Ye sall get a gown of filk,
And coat of callimankie.

II.

Na, kind sir, I dar nae gang,
I dare nae gang, I dar nae gang,
Na, kind sir, I dar nae gang;
My minny will be angry.
Sair, fair, wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
Sair, fair, wad she flyte;
And fair wad she ban me.

L

XLIII. BRAX-

XLIII.

B R A X F I E L D B R A E S.

I.

ON Braxfield braes, amang the broom,
How happie hae I been!
When June gard a the meadows blume,
And clad the woods in green.

II.

Owr Gallitudlum to the burn
How mirrie did I rove!
My steps by pleafant Clyde to turn,
Or fit in Willie's cove.

III.

To catch the menon or the eel
Wi artlefs hook I tried;
Then owr the heuchs and craigs to speel
Wi eager hafte I hied.

IV.

Syne ran the linties neft to fee,
Or plaie at penny ftane.
Ah days of youth how fweet are ye!
But ye ne'er cum again!

XLIV. LOW

XLIV.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

I.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll na twin wi his geir ;

My minny is a scalding wife
Hads a the house a steer.

But let them say, or let them do,

It's a ane to me,

For he's low down in the broom

Waiting for me ;

Waiting for me, my love,

Waiting for me,

For he's low down in the broom

Waiting for me.

II.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,

And sair she lightlies me ;

But weil I ken it's a for spite,

For neer a jo has she.

But let them say, &c.

III.

My cousin Madge was fair beguil'd
Wi' Johnny o the glen ;
And ay finfyne she cries, Beware
Of false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

IV.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night
And spier'd when I saw Pate ;
And ay finfyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, &c.

XLV.

I.

COME Annie, let us kiss our fill,
And never dream of future ill :
Youthheid is Love's haliday,
Let us use it whan we may.

II.

See the fields are fill'd wi snaw,
The winter-blasts fou bitter blaw ;
In icy chains the streams are tyed :
Tint is a the simmer's pride.

III.

We, my luvly las, owr fune,
Whan our laughing simmer's done,
Maun the blasts o Age sustain ;
And yield us to Death's icy chain.

IV.

Let us bruik the present hour,
Let us pou the fleeting flouir ;
Youthheid is Love's haliday,
Let us use it whan we may.

XLVI.

I.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 That our gudewife had puddings to mak,
 And she boil'd them in the pan,

II.

The wind blew cauld frae east and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 'Get up and bar the door.

III.

" My hand is in my huffyskep,
 " Goodman, as ye may see;
 " An it should na be barr'd this hunder year,
 " Its neer be barr'd by me."

IV.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first word whae'er spak,
 Should rise and bar the door.

V.

V.

Than by there come twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night,
Whan they can see na ither house ;
And at the door they light.

VI.

" Now whether is this a rich man's house,
" Or whether is it a poor ?"
But neer a word wad ane o them speak
For barring of the door.

VII.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black :
Muckle thought the gudewife to hersell,
Yet neer a word she spak.

VIII.

Then ane unto the ither said,
" Here, man, tak ye my knife,
" Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard ;
" And I'll kiss the gudewife.

IX.

" But there's na water in the house,
" And what shall we do than ?
" What ails ye at the pudding-bree
" That boils into the pan ?"

X.

O up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he ;
“ Will ye kifs my wife before my een,
“ And scald me wi pudding bree ?”

XI.

O up then started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor ;
“ Gudeman you have spak the first word,
“ Get up and bar the door.”

XLVII.

I.

O Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
But I saw your true love John.

II.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie na light,
And the bells they ring ding dang,
He's met wi some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang.

III.

The furly auld carl did naithing but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red,
Yet tho he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a were asleep in bed.

IV.

Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin,
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and lat him in.

V.

And are come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
And is my Johnny true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
Sae lang fall I like you.

VI.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
And craw whan it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver-gray.

VII.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour ower soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

XLVIII.

I.

TO arms! To arms! To arms, my lads!
To arms! To arms! To arms!
Care, that canker'd loon,
Is lurking in the town
To charge us wi ferse alarms.

II.

To arms! To arms! To arms, my lads!
To quell his hatefou power,
By way of a shield,
This bowl we will wield,
The liquor will soon gar him skour.

III.

Charge, Charge, Charge, Charge, Charge him
home, my lads!
Charge him home, Charge him home, see he flees!
A glafs in your hand,
Care never will stand,
You may kill him whenever you please.

XLIX.

K EEP the country, bonnie lassie,
Keep the country, keep the country ;
Keep the country, bonnie lassie,
Lads will a gie gowd for ye ;
Gowd for ye, bonnie lassie,
Gowd for ye, gowd for ye ;
Keep the country, bonnie lassie,
Lads will a gie gowd for ye,

L.

I.

IN simmer I maw'd my meadow,
In harvest I shure my corn;
In wintér I married a widow,
I wish I was free the morn.

II.

Blink over the burn sweet Beety,
Blink over the burn to me:
O my lovely las it's a pity
But I was a widow for thee!

LI.

I.

THERE gaed a fair maiden out to walk
In a sweet morning of Júlý;
She was gay, bonnie, coy, and young,
But met wi a lad unruly.

II.

He took her by the lilly-white hand,
And swore he loo'd her truly;
The man forgot but the maid thought on;
O it was in the month of Júlý!

LII.

LII.

MY wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She'll never be guided by me.
She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
She'll do't again e'er she die.

NOTES



N O T E S.

P E B L I S T O T H E P L A Y.

FOR this very curious specimen of ancient Scottish poetry, the reader has already been informed that the editor was indebted to Dr. Percy; who to the copy in his hand-writing, from which this is printed, annexed the following account of the original MS.

‘ This old song is preserved in the Pepysian Library,
 ‘ at Magdalen College in Cambridge, in p. 155, of
 ‘ an ancient MS. collection of old Scottish songs and
 ‘ poems in folio; which MS. had, I believe, been a
 ‘ present to the founder of that library, (old Mr. Pepys)
 ‘ from the duke of Lauderdale, minister to king
 ‘ Charles II. It had originally belonged to that duke’s
M
‘ ancestor,

‘ ancestor, Sir Richard Maitland, knt. who lived in
 ‘ the reign of queen Mary, and her son king James
 ‘ VI; and contains a great number of songs and poems
 ‘ by the said Sir Richard Maitland, which are of high
 ‘ poetical merit, and throw moreover great light on the
 ‘ incidents and manners of that age. It is remarkable
 ‘ that this old bard, Sir Richard Maitland, was blind
 ‘ (like Homer and Milton), at least at the time when
 ‘ some of his poems were written; as he expressly
 ‘ mentions it, and consoles himself very poetically under
 ‘ the loss of his sight, and very advanced age, in
 ‘ one of his pieces intituled, *The blind Baron’s Comfort*.
 ‘ Besides his own pieces, the MS. contains a selection
 ‘ of the pieces of other bards collected by him: some
 ‘ of them (as this of James I.) no where else pre-
 ‘ served.

‘ The foregoing poem is expressly quoted for king
 ‘ James I’s composition, and positively ascribed to
 ‘ that monarch, in John Major’s Scottish History, 4to.
 ‘ See his account of king James I. towards the
 ‘ end, where Major seems to hint that a parody
 ‘ had been made of this song of the king’s, to ridi-
 ‘ cule him for some low intrigue in which the king
 ‘ had been detected, &c. I have not the book by me,
 ‘ but with this clue the meaning of that very obscure
 ‘ passage, I think, may be decyphered.

‘ This

‘ This song written by king James I. is a proof that
‘ *Christ’s Kirk on the Green*, was written by his de-
‘ scendant James V. being evidently a more modern
‘ composition.’

The passage of Major; mentioned above, is as fol-
lows. ‘ *Artificiofum libellum de Regina dum captivus*
‘ *erat composuit, antequam eam in conjugem duceret :*
‘ *et aliam artificiosam cantilenam ejusdem, Tas sen, &c.*
‘ *et jucundum artificiosumque illum cantum, At Bel-*
‘ *tayn, &c. quam alij de Dalkeith et Gargeil mutare*
‘ *studuerunt, quia in arce aut camera clausus serva-*
‘ *batur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat.”*

Dr. P. after writing his own remarks, having
communicated this poem to several of his learned
friends, they interspersed theirs; and I shall here give
their observations, and a few of my own, upon this
singular production, after a few preliminary notices
that may be necessary to the English reader.

James I, king of Scotland, and the undoubted au-
thor of the production now under view, was born in
the year 1393, being the son of Robert III. His fa-
ther to screen him from the ambitious designs of his
uncle, the duke of Albany, sent him to France, but
he was unfortunately taken at sea; and ungenerously
detained in captivity by the kings of England, though
during a truce between the two realms, for nineteen

years: nor was he released without payment of an immense ransom. Upon his assuming the government on the death of his father, in 1424, he enacted many wise laws, and acquired the esteem and affection of his people; but attempting to reform the feudal system of his kingdom, and in consequence to curb the power of his nobles, he was by some of the chief of them murdered in his bed in 1437, being the 44th year of his age, and 13th of his reign.

Ballenden, in his translation of Hector Boece's History, gives this character of him: 'He was weil learnit
' to fecht with the sword, to just, to turnay, to wer-
' syl, to syng and dance; was an expert mediciner, richt
' crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and findry
' othir instrumentis of musik. He was expert in
' grammar, oratry, and poetry; and maid so flowand
' and sententious versis apperit weil he was ane natural
' and borne poete."

Mr. Walpole, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, gives us this list of the works of James I.

A panegyric on his queen.

Scotch Sonnets; one book. One of them, a lamentation while in England, is in MS. in the Bodleian Library, and praises Gower and Chaucer exceedingly.

Rythmos Latinos, lib. I.

On Music.

He

He is said to have written some poetical pieces when in England, which is very likely ; but it appears to me, that *Peblis to the Play* could not be one of these. He being not more than twelve years of age when he left Scotland, it is not to be supposed that he was so familiar with the manners of his countrymen, as to paint them so minutely as is done in this poem.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.] Peblis or Peebles is the county-town of Twedale. Ettrick forest is not far distant from it. That forest was a royal chace : hence the kings of Scotland frequently resided there. Darnley was there in the winter before his death. H.

Play appears to me here to mean an *annual festival* : some of which are still celebrated in different villages in England. The day is still observed, though the occasion is lost in remote antiquity. ED.

Stanza 1. *Beltane*.] A great Celtic festival on the first or second of May. See more of it in Macpherson's Dissertations. H.

Ib. *found*.] Perhaps from the A. S. *fundian tendere*. (to go) *fundienb aliquo tendens*. Vide Lye, Lexicon Anglo-Saxon. P.

The construction of this passage, which is miserably confused, owing solely as would appear to the lust of alliteration, seems to me this ; *They found the solace* (of the singing and music) *sooth to say, by firth and by forest furth*, (or around.) EC.

One stanza of this song is preserved by Abercromby ;
and is, if my memory serves me,
What weened the king of England
So soon to win all Scotland ?
With a hey and a bow robumbelow.

ED.

St. 6. *birkin bat.*] A hat made of birch interwoven
like straw hats, worn by rusticks. P.

Ib. *There fore ane man to the bolt.*] This seems to be a
piece of an old song. P.

St. 7. *How at thai wald dispone thame.*] *How at*, that
is, *How that* ; a common Northern defect. So in the
Northumberland Household Book, *passim*. *As ye wald ef-*
cherw that at may ensue, for ' that which may follow.'

P.

St. 8. *Malkin.*] The Scots cant word for a hare, and
something of Esau's beauty. ANONYM.

St. 10. *Oly-prance.*] is a word still used by the vulgar
in Northamptonshire, for rude rustic jollity. *Oly-*
prancing doings are strange, disorderly, inordinate sport-
ings formerly used in Pilgrimages. P.

Ib. *Adone with ane mischance!*] Have done with
plague or mischief to you ! P.

Ib. (*He bydis tyt.*) Probably, *He spreads the table qu-*
expeditionally.

I do not approve of this explanation of the ver-
genious annotator, as the speaker, in the next

save one, desires the landlady to see that the *napré*, or table cloth be white, which implies he had not got it to spread. I have no doubt but we should read *be bydis zyt* without a parenthesis. *He bids dress out the table quickly.* ED.

St. 11. *At ye aucht.*] That is, *that ye owe.* P.

St. 12. *broggit stauf.*] is a stump of a small tree, stript of the bark, and stuck into the ground, with the ends of the branches left projecting out a little way; in order to hang cups, &c. on for ready use. P.

It is, I think, a staff with a spike in it, of the nature of a goad, but shorter. H.

St. 15.] Two lines of this stanza appear to be lost, which seems to throw a little embarrassment over this part of the narration. ED.

St. 18. *I wait weil qubat it was.*] The word *nocht* has been omitted by the transcriber. H.

I am rather led to think the usual phrase of this ballad, *quod be*, is here omitted, *I wait weil qubat it was, quod be.* The sense of this confused stanza appears to be '*you have bedaubed me; sy for shame!*' says the wife, *sie how you have drest me. How fell you, Sir?* (Sir is often used in Scotland for Sirrah. If you say Sir to a peasant, he will sometimes retort Sir rogue? or Sir gentleman?) He answers, *As my girden brak*—She interrupts him with *What meikle devil may left ye*, for I think it ought to be *ye*, not *me*. *Left* seems to be equivalent with *leze* to

to hurt, as *leze majesty*, high treason. *What the devil hurt you?* He answers, *I know well it was my own gray mare that threw me.* As (Or seems an error of the old transcriber, indeed in old writ the words will be quite similar,) *if I was faint, and lay down to rest me.* If this is not the sense, I leave the passage to future commentators; for when *Christs Kirk on the Green* boasts of such learned and respectable interpreters as Bishop Gibson, and Mr. Calendar, it is not to be supposed that a poem of such superior antiquity and curiosity as this is, will want illustration. ED.

St. 19. *nocks*.] The nich in the ends of the bows in which the bowstring is inserted. P.

St. 20. *Schamon's dance*.] That is the Showman's dance. P.

I take this to be an Irish word. H.

Schamon I interpret, with Dr. P. *Show-man*; but think *Show man* here means *player*, or *actor*: *such a dance as was danced on the stage.*

In a fragment of a ballad, published in a collection, Edinburgh, 1776, 2 vols. 8vo. in the description of a fairy is this line,

His legs were scant a *shathmonts* length.

The words seem the same; perhaps *shathmont*, or *schamon*, is, after all, the old Scottish word for a cricket,
or

--or some other nimble insect ; *Schamons dance* will in that case denote a quick reel. ED.

St. 21. *Than all the wenscbis Te be thai playit.*] This bears a great resemblance to this line of a spirited modern poem,

And all the maids of honour cry Te He.

Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers, 14th edit.

ED.

St. *Tisbe*. 22.] Isabel : pronounced *Tibby*. H.

Ib. *Seckell*.] Perhaps *suckle* ; but I doubt if any hay was ever made in Scotland in the beginning of May.

ED.

Perhaps from *Sacellum* a chapel. ANONYM.

I suppose we should read *beckol* ; see Glossary.

ED.

Ib. *As her taill brynt*.] This may innocently mean, She ran as if the tail of her gown was in flames.

ED.

St. 25. *He fippillit lyke an faderles fole*.] He chirped like a featherless fowl ; like a young unfledged callow bird.

P.

He cried like a child that has lost its father. ANON.

Ib. *sayis the sang*.] This proves that love songs were current, and committed to memory in Scotland before the year 1430, about which time this poem must have been written ; and, if we may judge from this line, of

no

no mean merit, it being as smooth as could be expected at this day. ED.

St. 26. *Settand schafis.*] I suspect the word *schafis* has been brought from the end of the third line to this. The sun *settand schafis*, if it means *throwing darts*, and no other interpretation can be thought of, may indeed be that kind of bastard sense that is not uncommon in old versifiers of the middling class, but I believe James I. would not have written it. *The sun was sett, and—Or, The sun was setting*, (a word wanting,) would appear the proper way of reading this line. ED.

Settand is the old termination of the participle of the present tense, now altered to *setting*. P.

Ib. *Had thair bein mair, &c.*] This dry joke of the king's calls to remembrance a similar stroke in the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, where a hermit, in the middle of an interesting story, breaks off by telling the knight, his guest and auditor, that his candle is done, that he has no more, and must of consequence go to bed. ED.

II. CHRIST'S

M. CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

THIS edition is given from the last, intitled, *Two ancient Scottish poems; The Gabcrlunzie Man, and Christ's Kirk on the Green; with Notes and Observations by John Calendar, Esq. of Craipforth, Edinburgh, 1782, 8vo.* Bishop Gibson's edition of this ballad, printed at Oxford 1691, from Bannatyne's MS. is the earliest edition. I am sorry, however, to see Mr. Calendar quoting Ramsay's edition for some parts of his text, as there certainly never was a more ignorant or rash transcriber of ancient Scottish poetry than Allan Ramsay. He seems to have considered it as very much his property; and to have exercised his own profession upon it by shaving, curling, and powdering it at his will and pleasure. Mr. Calendar might have given us a transcript of this piece from Bannatyne's MS. in the Advocate's library at Edinburgh; in which Dr. Percy has observed in a MS. note, *Christ's Kirk on the Green* is very different from what it was when filled with the innovations of Allan Ramsay. This most ingenious and faithful of all editors of ancient English poetry has likewise the following notice prefixed to his MS. copy of *Peblis to the Play.*

Play. ' In Maitland's MS. the old song of *Christs Kirk*
 ' differs from all the copies I have seen in the con-
 ' clusion of all the stanzas ; each of which ends with
 ' this line, by way of burden or chorus,

 ' At Christs Kirk on the greene.
 ' always preceded by some short line, as in this first
 ' stanza ;

 ' Was never in Scotland hard nor sene
 ' Sic danfing nor deray,
 ' Nother in Falkland on the grene,
 ' Nor Peblis to the Play,
 ' As was of Wowairis, as I wene,
 ' At Chrystis kirk on ane day,
 ' Thair come our Kittie, wesching clene,
 ' In hir new kirtil of gray,

 ' full gay

 ' At Chrystis kirk on the grene.
 ' which I cannot help thinking is more genuine than
 ' that in the Evergreen, and the other editions, as it so
 ' exactly resembles the conclusions of the stanzas in
 ' *Peblis to the Play.*' In consequence of these well
 founded remarks, I have preserved the burthen in
 this edition throughout.

As the foregoing piece was undoubtedly written by
 James I. of Scotland, so we have good authority,
 though not so infallible, to ascribe this to James V. a
 prince

prince who delighted in low manners and adventures so much, as often to disguise himself in order to enjoy them. He reigned from 1514 to 1542. A most curious account of his death may be found in *Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland*. He was the *Zerbino* of Ariosto; and is celebrated by Ronsard in as good verses as ever came from his pen.

The notes of Mr. Calendar are fraught with that knowledge of Northern literature for which he is so justly celebrated; and, though my opinion can add nothing to the general suffrage, I cannot help saying that, for universal science of Northern Antiquities and languages, Mr. Calendar may justly be regarded as the most learned man in Europe. I am sorry to see he takes no notice of a work he published a specimen of some time ago in his present publication; which leads me to fear he has dropt that grand design. This was his *Bibliotheca Septentrionalis* in the manner of D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, containing a complete system of Northern science of every kind to be comprized in two folio volumes. An amazing work! and which ought to be made a national concern. In his present volume he promises a Glossary of the ancient Scottish language; but would he return to the large design above praised, the same would be infinitely greater, without much greater labour. Words are for pedants,

pedants, but facts are for all. There is, perhaps, no branch of learning more painful, and less glorious, than etymology. To Mr. Calendar the glossary to this volume is much obliged. They who would see what vast intelligence may be bestowed in elucidating *Christs Kirk on the green*, and the following piece called *The Gabe r lunyie man*, are referred to his work.

I must remind the reader of a curious circumstance, which is, that Sappho, the celebrated poetess, wrote a ballad (if I may so call it) on a *Country Wedding*, which is mentioned by Demetrius Phalereus; and which, I doubt not, resembled this. He observes, she made the Rustic Bridegroom and the Porter speak in mean and vulgar language, though she was herself happy in the most exquisite expression, where it was to be used with propriety. See *Dem. Phal.* §. 166 & seq.

Christs Kirk on the green.] The kirk-town of Leslie, near Falkland in Fife.

St. 1. *Falkland on the green.*] Dr. Percy observes, there possibly once existed a Scottish song of this title. Could this be recovered, he adds, the subject would be complete.

St. 3. *As ony rose, &c.*] The alliteration in the first of these two lines is happy, in the second unfortunate and harsh; *lire* signifying flesh, nor *skin*.

St. 5: *morreis dance.*] is so called from the Moore its Inventors; as they were of the fiddle or violin. Pulci mentions it as used in the days of Charles the Great, But, I suppose on no authority:

Avea Cerbante fatti torneamenti,
E giostre, e feste, e balli alla morefca.

Morgante Mag. Canto IV. st. 92.

Curious notices with regard to it may be seen in the last edition of Shakspeare.

St. 13. *Fy! he had slain a priest.*] That is, committed the most atrocious of murders. To kill a priest was thought to unite sacrilege and murder. Cardinal Beaton was sensible of this when he cried, upon receiving his mortal wound, *I am a priest, I am a priest, O, fy, all is gone.* See Knox.

III. THE GABERLUNYIE MAN,

is likewise ascribed to James V, but I am afraid upon no authority. If it is his, the stanza flows amazingly smooth indeed! From stanza II. it would appear the writer wished to have it ascribed to James I; the first lines of that stanza bearing an analogy to his imprisonment in England. The nature and naiveté of this piece are exquisite.

[St. I. *for your courtesie.*] That is, *by your courtesie.*] an adjuration.

[Ib. *ayont the ingle.*] That is, *beyond the fire*; the warmest place in the room. In farm houses of Scotland, to this day the fire-place often stands in the midst of the kitchen, so that the family can all sit around. *Ingle* is a word appropriated to familiar fire in Scotland; to call such *fire*, is thought ominous among the country people.

IV. THE JOLLIE BEGGAR

is likewise ascribed to James V. I believe upon no authority, but a blunder of Mr. Walpole's, who confounds this with the former. The adventure may be the king's, but I suspect the description is another's. This piece is no less spirited than the former. The transitions to opposite passions in both are described in such a rapid and easy manner, as would have done credit to the first comic writer.

V. THE

V. THE VISION.

In a letter which the Editor received some time ago from the author of the *Minstrel*, the following remarks are made upon this poem; which, being of so good a judge, will, he doubts not, have great weight with the reader.

‘ The best Scottish poem of modern times that I have seen (for, though the title pretends that it was written four hundred years ago, I have reason to think that it was produced in this century) is called *The Vision*. I am inclined to think that the Author of it, whoever he was, must have read Arbuthnot’s History of John Bull. But there are noble images in it, and a harmony of versification superior to every thing I have seen in the kind. I suspect that is the work of some friend of the family of Stuart, and that it must have been composed about the year 1715.’

St. 6. *Sayd Fere*.] *Fere*, for *mate*, is a common word in ancient Scottish. The Scottish writers even carried it into England with them, as we may observe in *the Tragedies of William Alexander of Menstrie*, London, 1607.

St. 13.] It is with regret I observe, that the latter part of this stanza is still applicable. Many Scottish

peers have not sufficient spirit to slight English gold, but ignobly to this hour, barter the liberties of their country, and their own independence for it. May execration pursue their memories ! Scotland is, perhaps, at this day, the only country in Europe to which the philosophical light of liberty has not penetrated. To oppose a foolish or corrupt minister is, with my countrymen, to oppose legal power. One of their most celebrated writers is just now engaged, at a rated salary, to defend the cause of corruption.—Not all his talents will save him from the contempt of more enlightened posterity.

St. 19.] This ludicrous description of the drunken gods is perfectly risible. Nothing in *Midas* or *The Golden Pippin* can exceed it. The several attributes are finely preserved.

St. 25.] *Bruce* is here used for him the Jacobites esteem legal heir of the crown. The principles of this poem are utterly detested by the Editor, as they are by every friend of mankind: he only gives it as a piece of fine writing in its way. The unhappy attachment to the family of Stuart, has wasted the finest estates, and shed some of the best blood in Scotland. It now exists only in the breasts of old women.

The real Bruce (Robert I.) was a hero; if ever any such existed. The finest epic poem in the world might
be

be founded on his story. *The famous History of the valiant Bruce in heroic verse, by Patrick Gordon, gentleman.* Dort, 1615; reprinted at Edinburgh, 1718, is the best attempt in this way. Some of the stanzas are worthy of Spenser.

VI. ANE HIS AWN ENEMY.

This and the eleven following are given from Lord Hales's very accurate publication of Ancient Scottish poems from Bannatyne's MS. dated 1568. *Edin.* 1770.

IX. ROBENE AND MAKYNE

was written by Robert Henryson, Schoolmaster at Dunfermline about 1560. It ought to have been observed before that VI, VII, VIII, are written by the celebrated William Dunbar, the author of the *Goldin Terge*, and chief of the ancient Scottish poets.

St. 3. *an A, B, C.*] That is a short instruction, a catechism, not a whimsical alphabet of virtues, as I believe we meet with in Don Quixotte: A. Amorous, B. Benevolent, &c.

St. 4. *Thay,*] That is *people*, *folks would blame us*.

St. 5. *Tak tent.*] *Take heed*. This Scotch phrase, as I am told, being used to an English lady, his patient, by a Scotch physician, occasioned a mistake almost fatal. The Physician always repeated to her, *Above a things, Ma'am, take tent*. She understood he meant she should take tent-wine after every meal; and suffered much by following the supposed prescription.

X. THE WOWING OF JOK AND JENNY.

This piece, as Lord Hales observes, exhibits a ludicrous picture of the *curta supellex* of the Scotch commons in the 16th century. Every country must be poor till agriculture or commerce enrich it. That the first of these was little cultivated in Scotland till within these late years is well known. The following epistle of James VI. to Queen Elizabeth of England, is a curious proof of the poverty of the grain in Scotland in former times. It is copied from a MS. in the Editor's possession.

‘ Richt excellent, Richt heich, and nichtie prince,
 ‘ cesse, our dearest suster, and cousing, in our hartiest
 ‘ maner we recommend us unto you. The great, and
 ‘ almaist

‘ almaist universall, failie of the peis and beanis within
 ‘ our realme, thir tua yeiris begane, occasioned be the
 ‘ continuation of maist tempestuous, and unseasonable
 ‘ wether, fallin out with us baith in the sawing and
 ‘ reaping tymes, greatlie to the interest * of the haile
 ‘ pure anis of our land, comfortit cheefly be that
 ‘ sort of graine, has moved us to requeist your favor
 ‘ to the relief and help of this necessitie, be spairing
 ‘ sum part of the great store of the said graine within
 ‘ your realme; and granting therefore licence to sum
 ‘ trustie marchand, as we ar to employ that erand, to
 ‘ by, carie, and transport fyftie thousand quarteris
 ‘ thereof quhair maist comodiouslie thay may be had to
 ‘ the said use. Quhairin ye fall baith greatlie benefite
 ‘ the puir anis of our realme, and fall alwyis find us
 ‘ lyke affected to help your subjectis distressed with ony
 ‘ sic necessitie, and having the like requeist from you.
 ‘ And thus excellent, richt heich, and michtie princes,
 ‘ our dearest fuster, &c. From haltryrudhous, the xx
 ‘ day of December, 1595. Your maist loving and af-
 ‘ fectioned brother, and cousing, James R.’

Indeed at this day *pease bannocks* or cakes made of pease, are the principal bread of the Scottish peasantry.

Among the above letters of James VI. in MS. is one to the Dutch about their detention of the Earl of Errol, and

* *Sic.*

another relating to a ship belonging to Adrian Wauchton *the king's painter*.

St. 3. *Ane fute-braid-sawin.*] That is a piece of cultivated ground of a foot square. A joke like that of the ancient writer who compared a small estate to a Spartan epistle.

XI. ANE LITTIL INTERLUD, &c.

Lord Hales observes on this singular piece, that
 ' some traces of theatrical composition may be discovered in Scotland during the 16th century, Sir David Lindsay wrote several interludes.'

By the way, Sir David Lindsay was once a most popular author in Scotland, witness the proverb, *It's no in Davie Lindsay*; meaning any thing out of the common road. He was in great celebrity in his own life time, about the period of the reformation. A story is told of an honest farmer, who being on his death-bed, a pious neighbour brought an English bible to read to him. The dying man had to that day never known of such a book, and, upon hearing some of its miraculous contents, cried out, *Hoot awa! Bring me Davie Lindsay. That's all a made story.*

St. 4.

St. 4, *Fyn Mackowul.*] ‘Better known in England, says Lord Hales, ‘under the modernised name of ‘Fingal.—Concerning this personage, whether real or ‘imaginary, there are innumerable legends in the ‘highlands of Scotland. He is more celebrated as a ‘giant, then as the hero of Ossian.’

On the next line, ‘That dang the devill, &c.’ his lordship observes, ‘This may allude to the contest with ‘the spirit of Loda. Here let me observe, that to doubt ‘Fingal and Temora being ancient compositions, is ‘indeed, a refinement in scepticism. They contain ‘various allusions to the manners of other times, ‘which have escaped the observation of Mr. Macpherson himself.’

The Editor has been called a zealous defender of the antiquity of Ossian by those who had not understanding enough to perceive the scope of his dissertation on the Oral Tradition of Poetry; which only attempts to prove that poetry may be a long time preserved by tradition; without the slightest reference to Ossian’s antiquity, but from probability only of preservation; which the candid reader will confess to be no argument. These people will stare when he assures them that, so far from being an advocate of Ossian’s antiquity, he does not regard twenty pages in the whole work as ancient, and has always expressed that notion.

Nay

Nay he must add that, if not two lines in the poems of Ossian are ancient, that circumstance would, if infallibly proved, give an infinite addition in his opinion, to their superlative merit. So little has he of the spirit of an antiquary.

St. 6.] Three flanzas are here omitted, as full of filth, without humour to palliate it.

XII. ANE BALLAT OF EVILL WYFFIS

is a singular mixture of religion and satire; as is XIII. of religion and good fellowship. Such absurd mingling of heterogeneous ideas is common in the poets of that period. Witness the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, where every canto is begun with an address to some person of the Trinity, or to the Virgin Mary, and a transition immediately made to the wild adventures of the Paladins.

XVII. RONDEL OF LUVE.

St. 2. *Anc pur tresour without messour.*] That is, a poor treasure of no measure, or account: not a pure treasure without measure, or bounds.

I

St. 3.

St. 3. *To rege with gude aduysis.*] seems a translation of *Insanire docet certa ratione modoque.*

XVIII. THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

This ballad has always been very popular in Scotland; and deserves it, as it is fraught with genuine nature and humour. In Bannatyne's MS. it is inserted in a modern hand.

XIX.

This is given from *A specimen of a book intituled, Ane compendious book of godly and spiritual songs, &c. Edin. 1765.*

XX. LUSTIE MAYE

is given from a Collection, *Edin. 1776*, in which is this note: • The first verse of this song is cited in a book
‘ intitled,

‘ intitled, The Complaint of Scotland, &c. printed at Saint Andrews, 1548; whereby it appears to have been a current old Scots song in the reign of James V.’ See the prefatory Dissertation.

This copy is evidently modernized.

XXIV.

is one of Ramsay’s songs, and one of his best; but the woeful mixture of heathen mythology quite disfigures it. *Pallas*, *Jove*, &c. never come from mortal mouth in common life, except within the walls of Bedlam; but they are a great resource to a writer who wants ideas. It may be called the *Phæbus* of poetry. The French, I think, use *le phébus* less properly for *bombast*.

XXVI.

This and XXIX, XXXI, XXXIV, XXXVI, XL, XLIII, XLV, XLVIII, have not appeared in print.

XXX. DEIL

XXX. DEIL TAK THE WARS, &c.

This favourite air is in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, London, 1719, six vols. 12mo. It is commonly thought much more modern.

XXXIII.

In the third stanza of this pretty song, the reader will observe imitations of Tibullus and Parnell.

XXXIV. BOTHWELL BANK.

‘ So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child, to sing *Bothwel bank thou blumest fair*. The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forth-
‘ with

' with in English saluted the woman, who joyfully
 ' answered him; and said she was right glad there
 ' to see a gentleman of our isle: and told him that she
 ' was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland
 ' to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her for-
 ' tune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk;
 ' who being at that instant absent, and very soon to
 ' return, she intreated the gentleman to stay there
 ' untill his return. The which he did; and she, for
 ' country-sake, to shew herself the more kind and boun-
 ' tiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming,
 ' that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon
 ' her husband entertained him very kindly; and at his
 ' departure gave him divers things of good value.'
Verslegan, in his Restitution of decayed Intelligence. Anti-
werp, 1605. Chap. Of the surnames of our ancient fa-
milies.

XXXV.

This was written by the celebrated Marquis of Mon-
 trose; and shows that he thought there was a necessity for
 displaying his superstitious loyalty, even in a song. A
 drawing second part, and one stanza of this are omitted:

This

This nobleman, who was certainly a great warrior, and is esteemed a hero by the defenders of Charles I. ' was diverse yeires very zealous for the covenant, and ' at the first time that the English came down to the ' kirks, when the Scots army lay at Dunslaw, the lot ' of his regiment was first to cross Tweed, while he did ' himself, in the midst of the winter, boots and all. ' Yet thereafter, at the subscribing of the league and ' covenant, finding that General Lesly was preferred ' to him, he changed his mind, and betook himself to ' the king's party.' *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of the Scottish Statesmen*, MS. 1662. Heroes are mighty cheap baubles in the eyes of people of reflection and knowledge of mankind.

There is a curious account of his condemnation, &c. in a MS. in the Editor's possession, intitled, *A Letter of the proceedings of the parliament (of Scotland) Anno 1650, written from Bdr. May 20, an. 1650, by Mr. Thomas Winzat, to his brother George Winzat*, 4to.

XXXIX.

This sweet air was written by the late Dr. Austin of Edinburgh, upon a lady's marriage with one of the dukes of Scotland, after she had given him much encouragement in his addresses to her.

XL.

Blackford hill is one of the romantic environs of Edinburgh, that most romantic of all cities in situation.

XLVII.

This excellent song is already popular in England. The author of the words, and of the air, are, I believe, both unknown, though they are both of superlative beauty.

XLIX.

This fine little air is in the style of what the French call a *rondelet*: and in none of their *rondelets* is the return of the words better managed.

GLOSSARY.

LOSSARY

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Any words not in this will be found in the Glossary to the First Volume.

A

ft, *abashed*.
 aill, *all and whole*.
 it, *behind*.
 rbraid, *breadth of an*
re.
 if.
 ry, *cupboard*.
 , *large chest for keeping*
val.
 ashes.
 ht, *possession*.

B.

is, *woes*.
 , *curse*.
 gane, *squabble*.
 sit, *tanned*.

Bartane, *Bretagne*.
 Baity bummil, *effeminate*
fellow.
 Barla fummil, *a parley*.
 Bedoun, *down*.
 Belomy, *bel-ami*, Fr. *boon*
companion.
 Beft, *beat*.
 Beit, *increase*.
 Beirt, *fought with noise*.
 Biel, bield, *shelter*.
 Birk, *birch*.
 Birneist, *burnished*.
 Blasnit ledder, *tanned lea-*
ther.
 Bledoch, *buttermilk*.
 Bleisfit, *kindled*.
 Bokkit, *gushed*.

O

Bowdin,

Bowdin, *swelled*.
 Boddin, *dress*.
 Bobit up wi bends, *came up with many bows*.
 Bolt, *arrow*.
 Bougars, *asters*.
 Branewod, *mad*.
 Brais, *embrace*.
 Brankit, *pranced*.
 Brangled, *shook*.
 Bree, *broth*.
 Brechame, *the collar of a work horse*.
 Browdin, *embroidered*, Gibson: rather *steeped*.
 Buchts, *sheepfolds*.
 Buff, *blow*.
 Buft, *sounded dully*.
 Burde, *table*.
 Burneist, *burnished*.
 Buschment, *ambush*.
 But the house, *the outer apartment*. ben, *the inner*.

C

Cadgear, *a retailer of fish, eggs, &c.*
 Cadgily, *jovially*.
 Cankered, *peevish*.
 Cant, *merry*.
 Carle, *fellow*.
 Chafts, *chops*.
 Chat him, *look to himself*.
 Chier, *cut sheer*.
 Cleiked, *caught*.

Clok, *beetle*.
 Clokkis, *cluks of a hen*, a proverbial saying. See Ch. Kirk.
 Coig, *a pail*.
 Corby, *a crow*.
 Cramasie, *crimson*.
 Craig, *neck*.
 Creils, *panniers*.
 Crous, *a contraction of courageous*.
 Crynit, *dwindled*.
 Curches, *couvrechefs*. Fr. *Coverings for the head*.
 Culroun, *base*.
 Counterfittet Francis, *danced like a Frenchman*.
 Curphour, *curfew*.

D

Daddy, *papa*.
 Dails, *deals, parties*.
 Dame, *mother*.
 Deid, *death*.
 Deir, *dismay*.
 Deray, *jollity*.
 Dern, *secret*.
 Dewyifs, *device*.
 Dill, *deal, share*.
 Ding, *beat*.
 Disjune, Fr. *breakfast*.
 Dow, *dove*.
 Dring, *covetous person*.
 Droichis, *dwarfs*.
 Drugged,

Drugged, *pulled*.
 Dudds, *rags*.
 Dunt, *blow*.
 Dusht, *fell suddenly*.
 Dulce amene, *a quaint phrase from some Italian poet, sweet sweetness*.

E

Effeired, *belonged*.
 Ellwand, *an ell measure*.
 Eriche, *Erse, Galic*.

F

Fash, *to take care, be anxious*.
 Fary, *tumult : fairies*.
 Farlyis, *wonders*.
 Feckles, *feeble*.
 Feck, *faith!*
 Feir, *feature*.
 Fetteritlok, *fetterlock*.
 Fidder, *128 cwt*.
 Fie, *cattle*.
 Fire slauchts, *thunder bolts*.
 Flane, *arrow*.
 Flauchter fails, *thin sods*.
 Flies of Spenyie, *Spanish flies, cantharides*.
 Flocht, *flight*.
 Flaik, *burdle*.
 Fillok, *filly*.
 Flyte, *scold*.
 Fowth, *abundance, at large*.
 Forfairn, *enfeebled, wasted*.

Fone, *fondle*.
 Forfochtin, *exhausted, wasted*.
 Foreleet, *out do, Gibson : leave off*. Cal.
 Frawful, *froward*.
 Freikes, *foolish fellows*.
 Fryggs, *freakish fellows*.
 Fudder, *a load of wood*.
 Furlet, *one fourth of a boll*.
 Fust, *roasted*.

G

Gaiflings, *Geflings*.
 Gams, *Gums*.
 Garray, *prattle*.
 Gaberlunyie, *knapsack, wallet*.
 Gaits, *brats, children, not goats as Mr. Calendar has it. They say dirty gait, or gett, of a child, in a bad sense, to this day in Scotland*.
 Genty, *genteel, slender*.
 Girnit, *grinned*.
 Glew, *mirth*.
 Gib Glaiks, *idle rogue, spoken in kindness*.
 Gled, *kite*.
 Glowming, *dusk*.
 Gobs, *mouths*.
 Granes, *groans*.
 Graythit, *clothed*.

Gruffling, *growelling*.
 Gryce, *a pig*.
 Guckit, *foolish*.

H

Hail'd the dules, *won the day*.

Harnis, *brains*.

Hause-bane, *xxii. a silver ornament on your haufe, i. e. neck*.

Hensure, *strong youth*.

Heydin, *mockery*.

Heynd, *bandy*.

Heill, *health*.

Heuch, *cliff*.

Heck, *rack*.

Heckle, *a wool-card*.

Heisit, *raised*.

Herryt, *despoiled*.

Hinny, *boney*.

Hissil, *hazel*.

Hoast, *cough*.

Hochit, *stamped*.

Holt, *wood*.

Hows, *hams*.

Hooly, *softly*.

Hog, *a sheep two years old*.

Hurklin, *crouching*.

Hubbilschow, *confusion*.

Hussyskep, *housewifery*.

Hure, *whore*.

Hyn, *home*.

Hynt, *took*.

Hynd, *back, behind*.

I J

Jangleurs, *quarrellers*.

Jak, *part of warlike dress*.

Jee, *tremble like a balance*.

Jewel, *rascal*.

Illfardly, *ill-favouredly*.

Ingle, *fire*.

K

Ka, *drive*.

Kauk and keil, *chalk and red ocre, i. e. by fortune*

telling, as such pretended to be dumb, and wrote their answers with chalk, &c.

Kapps, *caps*.

Kail, *colworts*.

Ken, *know*.

Kekel, *laugh*.

Keik, *peep*.

Kenzie, *angry man*.

Kevel, *a long staff*.

Kirn, *churn*.

Kist, *chest*.

Kirtle, *mantle*.

Know, *billock*.

Ky, *cows*.

L

Lauch, *law*.

Lane; her lane, *by her alone*.

Laith, *loth*.

feet.
 skip, dance.
 rt, country.
 learning.
 load.
 let.
 loins, back.
 leur, rather.
 lies,
 flesh.
 , linnets.
 rogue.
 lies, undervalues.
 g, beloved.
 rit, bulged, swelled out.
 love.
 gird, gave hard strokes.
 , healthy.

M

burdens.
 ne-fat, vessel to boil
 in for brewing.
 , thrush.
 , offspring, A. S.
 eg.
 mead.
 z, large.
 mare.
 meddle,
 e, company.
 , the blackbird. merle,
 merlo, It, merula,
 .

Middin, dunghill, heap.
 Minny, mother.
 Mither, mother.
 Mows, mockery, from making
 mows, or mouths.
 Muddilt, threw.
 Murgeoned, made mouths.
 Mynt, try.

N

Nevel, a blow with the fist.
 Nok, button of a spindle.
 Noudir, neither.
 Noytit, knocked.

O

Occraine, ocean.
 Clyprance, jollity.
 Ourhy, o'ertake.
 Owrryd, o'erride, or per-
 haps worry.

P

Paddock, frog.
 Pauky, cunning.
 Paiks, cuffs.
 Pais, Easter.
 Pawis, tricks.
 Pearlins, laces.
 Pennythane, quoits.
 Plack, the third part of a
 penny.
 Pleid, contest.
 Pow, head.

Prciss,

Preifs, *to strive.*
 Preist, *opprest.*
 Prieuit, *came off.*
 Preiving, *proof, first taste.*
 Prest, p. *ready, prest, Fr.*
 or plaited, *done in folds,*
 as shirt sleeves, &c. See
 Christ's Kirk, ft. 2.
 Privie, *secret.*

Q.

Qu. in old Scots is equal
 to W, which see.
 Quay, *a young cow ere she*
 gives milk.

R

Raffel, *a kind of leather.*
 Raik on raw, *is a common*
 phrase in Douglas, and
 seems to signify going in
 disorder as well as rang-
 ing in a row.
 Raik, *range.*
 Rait, *rank.*
 Raw, *row.*
 Raip, *rope.*
 Rair, *rage.*
 Rashes, *rushes.*
 Rax, *reach.*
 Reir, *have pity.*
 Red-up, *neat.*
 Reddin, *parting.*
 Reid, *advice.*

Reiling, *confusion, running*
 about.
 Reiked, *reached.*
 Reirde, *noise.*
 Richt nocht, *nothing at all.*
 Riggs, *backs.*
 Rok, *distaff.*
 Routs, *roars, blows.*
 Rouit, *wrapt.*
 Rude, *bloom.*
 Rungs, *long staves.*
 Rummil, *rumble.*
 Runging, *rummaging.*
 Rynk, *man.*
 Ryfs, *bough or stake.*

S

Sark, *shirt.*
 Schawis, *groves by the sides*
 of waters.
 Schog, *shake.*
 Shogled, *shook.*
 Schule, *shovel.*
 Scherene, *syren.*
 Seill, *happiness.*
 Servit, *deserved.*
 Sey, *filk.*
 Sevensum, *some seven.*
 Skap, *head, pate.*
 Skych, *shy.*
 Skrapit, *gave marks of ab-*
 horrence.
 Smolt, *serene.*
 Sklyfs, *slice.*

Skour,

Skour, *fly*.
 Smaik, *filly fellow*.
 Spate, *a flood*.
 Spaul, *shoulder*.
 Speel, *climb*.
 Spurtil, *a flat iron for turning cakes*, spatula.
 Soutar, *shoemaker*.
 Spoung, *purse*.
 Spunk, *spark*.
 Stappin, *stepping*.
 Stoure, *stir*.
 Stekill, *latch*.
 Steid, *place*.
 Stends, *great steps*.
 Stound, *time*.
 Stotts, *steers*.
 Styne, *not see a fyne*, not see at all.
 Sturt, *wrath*.
 Strynd, *race*.
 Sware, *the neck*.

T

Taikel, *arrow*.
 Teynd, *vexed*.
 Thik fauld, *Thickfold*.
 Thrunlan, *rolling*.
 Thraw-cruk, *a crooked stick for twisting straw ropes*.
 Throppils, *throats*.
 Trans, *the name of a dance*.
 Trene, *spout*.
 Trow, *trust*.

Tulye, *quarrel*.
 Tyte, *speedily*.
 Tyt, *draw*.
 Tynfel, *loss*.

V U

Vissy, *examine*.
 Unbirs'd, *unbruised*.
 Ungeir'd, *unprepared*.

W

Wad, *wager*.
 Wait, *wet*.
 Wauld, *would, wold, a common*.
 Warefone, *remedy*.
 Wauch, *wall*.
 Wawaris, *woovers*.
 Waime, *belly*.
 Wain, *child*.
 Wanruse, *uneasy*.
 Warsel, *worsel, wrestle*.
 Whang, *luncheon*.
 Whyte, *till*.
 Whittil, *knife*.
 Wimplers, *treffes*.
 Wincheant, *wincing*.
 Winklot, *little wench*.
 Wirry, *choke*.
 Woode, *mad*.
 Woir, *worse*.
 Wick, *cargo*.
 Wyfs, *woes*.

Y

* * Many editors confound this letter as written in MSS. thus, ʒ, with the letter z, and spell their words accordingly; as ʒour for your, &c. With equal judgment they might have

put the Greek P, not as R, but as the Roman P, because the form is the same.

Yape, ready, eager.

Yearn, curdle.

Yokkit, joined in fight.

Yowden, ~~Yowden~~.

Yule, Christmas.

Lately published,

(written by the Editor of these Volumes)

- I. Rimes, 2d edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. in boards. Dilly.
- II. Two Dithyrambic Odes, 4to. 6d.
- III. Tales in Verse, 4to. 3s. Doddsley.

22
17
18
19
44





